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MISCELLANIES

OF

LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

A NEW EDITION REVISED AND CORRECTED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

QUARRELS OF AUTHORS.

NEW-YORK:
J. & H. G. LANGLEY, 57 CHATHAM-STREET.
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QUARRELS OF AUTHORS:

OR,

SOME MEMOIRS FOR OUR LITERARY HISTORY.

"The use and end of this Work I do not so much design for curiosity, or satisfaction of those that are the lovers of learning, but chiefly for a more grave and serious purpose; which is, that it will make *learned men wise in the use and administration of learning*."—LORD BACON, *of Learning*.

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PREFACE.

THE QUARRELS OF AUTHORS may be considered as a continuation of the CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS; and both, as some Memoirs for Literary History.

These Quarrels of Authors are not designed to wound the Literary Character, but to expose the secret arts of calumny, the malignity of witty ridicule, and the evil prepossessions of unjust hatreds.

The present, like the preeeding work, includes other subjects than the one indicated by the title, and indeed they are both subservient to a higher purpose—that of our Literary History.

There is a French work, entitled "Querelles Littéraires," quoted in "Curiosities of Literature," many years ago. Whether I derive the idea of the present from the French source I cannot tell. I could point out a passage in the great Lord BACON which might have afforded the hint. But I am inclined to think, that what induced me to select this topic, was the interest which JOHNSON has given to the literary quarrels betwen *Dryden* and *Settle*, *Dennis* and *Addison*, &c.; and which Sir WALTER SCOTT, who, amid the fresh creations of fancy could delve for the buried truths of research, has thrown into his narrative of the quarrel of *Dryden* and *Luke Milbourne*.

From the French work I could derive no aid; and my plan is my own. I have fixed on each literary controversy to illustrate some principle, to portray some character, and to investigate some topic. Almost every controversy which occurred opened new views. With the subject, the character of the author connected itself; and with the character were associated those events of his life which reciprocally act on each other. I have always considered an author as a human being, who possesses at once two sorts of lives, the intellectual and the vulgar; in his books we trace the history of his mind, and in his actions those of human nature. It is this combination which interests the philosopher and the man of feeling; which provides the richest materials for reflection; and all those original details, which spring from the constituent principles of man. JOHNSON'S passion for literary history, and his great knowledge of the human heart, inspired at once the first and the finest model in this class of composition.

The Philosophy of Literary History was indeed the creation of BAYLE. He was the first who, by attempting a *critical dictionary*, taught us to think, and to be curious and vast in our researches. He ennobled a collection of facts by his reasonings, and exhibited them with the most miscellaneous illustrations; and thus conducting an apparently humble pursuit, with a higher spirit, he gave a new turn to our studies. It was felt through Europe; and many celebrated authors studied and repeated BAYLE. This father of a numerous race has an English as well as a French progeny.

JOHNSON wrote under many disadvantages; but, with scanty means, he has taught us a great end. Dr. BIRCH was the contemporary of JOHNSON. He excelled his predecessors; and yet he forms a striking contrast, as a literary historian. BIRCH was no philosopher, and I adduce him as an instance how a writer, possessing the most ample knowledge, and the most vigilant curiosity—one practised in all the secret arts of literary

research in public repositories and in private collections, and eminently skilled in the whole science of bibliography—may yet fail with the public. The diligence of BIRCH has perpetuated his memory by a monument of MSS., but his touch was mortal to genius! He palsied the character which could never die; heroes sunk pusillanimously under his hand; and in his torpid silence, even MILTON seemed suddenly deprived of his genius.

I have freely enlarged in the *notes* to this work; a practise which is objectionable to many, but indispensable perhaps in this species of literary history.

The late Mr. CUMBERLAND, in a conversation I once held with him on this subject, triumphantly exclaimed, "You will not find a single note through the whole volume of my 'Life.' I never wrote a note. The ancients never wrote notes; but they introduced into their text all which was proper to the reader to know."

I agreed with that elegant writer, that a fine piece of essay-writing, such as his own "Life," would require notes, no more than his novels and his comedies, among which it may be classed. I observed, that the ancients had no literary history; this was the result of the discovery of printing, the institution of national libraries, the general literary intercourse of Europe, and some other causes which are the growth almost of our own times. The ancients have written history without producing authorities.

Mr. CUMBERLAND was then occupied on a review of FOX's History; and of CLARENDON, which lay open before him,—he had been complaining, with all the irritable feelings of a dramatist, of the frequent suspensions and the tedious minuteness of his story.

I observed that *notes* had not then been discovered. Had Lord CLARENDON known their use, he had preserved the unity of design in his text. His Lordship has unskilfully filled it with all that historical furniture his diligence had collected, and with those minute discussions which his anxiety for truth, and his lawyer-like mode of scrutinizing into facts and substantiating evidence, amassed. Had these been cast into *notes*, and were it now possible to pass them over in the present text, how would the story of the noble historian clear up: The greatness of his genius will appear when disencumbered of its unwieldy and misplaced accompaniments.

If this observation be just, it will apply with greater force to literary history itself, which, being often the mere history of the human mind, has to record opinions as well as events—to discuss as well as to narrate—to show how accepted truths become suspicious,—or to confirm what has hitherto rested in obscure uncertainty, and to balance contending opinions and opposite facts with critical nicety. The multiplied means of our knowledge now opened to us, have only rendered our curiosity more urgent in its claims, and raised up the most diversified objects. These, though accessaries to the leading one of our inquiries, can never melt together in the continuity of a text. It is to prevent all this disorder, and to enjoy all the usefulness and the pleasure of this various knowledge, which has produced the invention of *notes* in literary history. All this forms a sort of knowledge peculiar to the present more enlarged state of literature. Writers who delight in curious and rare extracts, and in the discovery of new facts and new views of things, warmed by a fervour of research which brings everything nearer to our eye and close to our touch, study to throw contemporary feelings in their page. Such rare extracts, and such new facts, BAYLE eagerly sought, and they delighted JOHNSON: but all this luxury of literature can only be produced to the public eye, in the variegated forms of *notes*.

WARBURTON, AND HIS QUARRELS:

INCLUDING AN ILLUSTRATION OF

HIS LITERARY CHARACTER.

The name of Warburton more familiar to us than his Works—declared to be "a Colossus" by a Warburtonian, who afterwards shrinks the image into "a human size"—Lowth's caustic retort on his Attorneyship—motives for the change to Divinity—his first literary mischances—Warburton and his Welch Prophet—his Dedications—his mean flatteries—his taste more struck by the monstrous than the beautiful—the effects of his opposite studies—the SECRET PRINCIPLE which conducted Warburton through all his Works—the *curious* argument of his Alliance betwcen Church and State—the *bold* paradox of his Divine Legation—the demonstration ends in a conjecture—Warburton lost in the labyrinth he had ingeniously constructed—confesses the harassed state of his mind—attackcd by Infidels and Christians—his SECRET PRINCIPLE turns the poetical narrative of Æneas into the Eleusinian Mysteries—Hurd attacks Jortin; his Attic irony translated into plain English—Warburton's paradox on Eloquence; his levity of ideas renders his sincerity suspected—Leland refutes the whimsical paradox—Hurd attacks Leland—Leland's noble triumph—Warburton's SECRET PRINCIPLE operating in Modern Literature: on Pope's Essay on Man—Lord Bolingbroke the author of the Essay—Pope received Warburton as his tutelary genius—Warburton's systematic treatment of his friends and rival editors—his literary artifices and little intrigues—his Shakespeare—the whimsical labours of Warburton on Shakespeare annihilated by Edwards's "Canons of Criticism"—Warburton and Johnson—Edwards and Warburton's mutual attacks—the concealed motive of his edition of Shakespeare avowed in his justification—his SECRET PRINCIPLE further displayed in Pope's Works—attacks Akenside; Dyson's generous defence—correct Ridicule is a test of Truth, illustrated by a well-known case—Warburton a literary revolutionist; aimed to be a perpetual dictator—the ambiguous tendency of his speculations—the Warburtonian School supported by the most licentious principles—specimens of its peculiar style—the use to which Warburton applied the Dunciad—his Party; attentive to raise recruits—the active and subtle Hurd—his extreme sycophancy—Warburton, to maintain his usurped authority, adopted his system of literary quarrels.

The name of Warburton is more familiar to us than his works: thus was it early,* thus it continues, and thus it will be with posterity! The cause may be worth our inquiry. Nor is there, in the whole compass of our literary history, a character more instructive for its greatness and its failures; none more adapted to excite our curiosity, and which can more completely gratify it.

Of great characters, whose actions are well known, and of those who, whatever claim they may have to distinction, are not so, Aristotle has delivered a precept, with his accustomed sagacity. If *Achilles,* says the Stagirite, be the subject of our inquiries, since all know what he has done, we are simply to indicate his actions, without stopping to detail; but this would not serve for *Critias;* for whatever relates to him must be fully told, since he is known to few;† a critical precept, which ought to be frequently applied, in the composition of this work.

The history of Warburton is now well known, the facts lie dispersed in the chronological biographer;‡ but the secret connexion which exists between them, if there shall be found to be any, has not yet been brought out; and it is my business to press these together; hence to demonstrate principles, or to deduce inferences.

The literary fame of Warburton was a portentous meteor: it seemed unconnected with the whole planetary system through which it rolled, and was imagined to be darting amid new creations, as the tail of each hypothesis blazed with idle fancies.‖ Such extraordinary natures cannot be looked

* One of his lively adversaries, the author of the "Canons of Criticism," observed the difficulty of writing against an author, whose reputation so much exceeded the knowledge of his works. "It is my misfortune," says Edwards, "in this controversy, to be engaged with a person who is better known by his *name* than his *works;* or, to speak more properly, whose *works are more known than read.*"—*Preface to the Canons of Criticism.*

† Aristotle's Rhetoric, B. III. c. 16.

‡ The materials for a life of Warburton have been arranged by Mr. Nicholas, with his accustomed fidelity.—*See his Literary Anecdotes.*

‖ It is probable I may have drawn my meteor from our volcanic author himself, who had his lucid moments, even in the deliriums of his

on with calm admiration, nor common hostility; all is the tumult of wonder about such a man; and his adversaries, as well as his friends, though differently affected, are often overcome by the same astonishment.

To a Warburtonian, the object of his worship looks indeed of colossal magnitude, in the glare thrown about that hallowed spot; nor is the divinity of common stature; but the light which makes him appear so great, must not be suffered to conceal from us the real standard by which only his greatness can be determined:* even literary enthusiasm, delight-

imagination. Warburton has rightly observed, in his Divine Legation, p. 203, that "*Systems*, *Schemes*, and *Hypotheses*, all bred of heat, in the warm regions of *Controversy*, like meteors in a troubled sky, have each its turn to *blaze* and *fly away*."

* It seems, even by the confession of a Warburtonion, that his master was of "a human size;" for when Bishop Lowth rallies the Warburtonians for their subserviency and credulity to their master, he aimed a gentle stroke at Dr. Brown, who, in his "Essays on the Characteristics," had poured forth the most vehement panegyric. In his "Estimate of Manners of the Times" too, after a long *tirade* of their badness in regard to taste and learning, he thus again eulogizes his mighty master:—"Himself is abused, and his friends insulted for his sake, by those who never read his writings; or, if they did, could neither taste nor comprehend them; while every little aspiring or despairing scribbler eyes him as a Cassius did Cæsar: and whispers to his fellow—

> 'Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus; and we petty men
> Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
> To find ourselves dishonourable graves.'

No wonder, then, if the malice of the Lilliputian tribe be bent aginst this dreaded Gulliver; if they attack him with poisoned arrows, whom they cannot subdue by strength."

On this Lowth observes, that "this Lord Paramount in his pretensions *doth bestride the narrow world* of literature, and hath cast out his shoe over all the regions of science." This leads to a ludicrous comparison of Warburton, with King Pichrocole and his three ministers, who, in Urquhart's admirable version of the French wit, are Count Merdaille, the Duke of Smalltrash, and the Earl Swashbuckler, who set up for universal monarchy, and made an imaginary expedition through all the quarters of the world, as Rabelais records, and the bishop facetiously quotes.—Dr. Brown afterwards seemed to repent his panegyric, and contrives to make his gigantic hero shrink into a moderate size. "I believe still, every little aspiring fellow continues thus to eye him. For

ful to all generous tempers, may be too prodigal for its splendours, wasting itself while it shines; but truth remains behind! Truth, which, like the asbestos, is still unconsumed and unaltered amidst these glowing fires.

The genius of Warburton has called forth two remarkable anonymous criticisms; in one, all that the most splendid eloquence can bring to bear against this chief and his adherents;*

myself, I have ever considered him as *a man*, yet considerable among his species, as the following part of the paragraph *clearly demonstrates*. I speak of him here as *a Gulliver* indeed; yet still of *no more than human size*, and only apprehended to be of *colossal magnitude* by certain of his Lilliputian enemies." Thus subtilely would poor Dr. Brown save appearances! It must be confessed that, in a dilemma, never was a giant got rid of so easily!—The plain truth, however, was, that Brown was on the point of quarrelling with Warburton; for he laments, in a letter to a friend, that "he had not avoided all personal panegyric. I had thus saved myself the trouble of setting right a character which I far over-painted." A part of this letter is quoted in the Biographia Britannica.

* "Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian, not admitted into the Collections of their respective Works," itself a collection which our shelves could ill spare, though maliciously republished by Dr. Parr. The dedication by Parr stands unparalleled for comparative criticism. It is the eruption of a volcano; it sparkles, it blazes, and scatters light and destruction. How deeply ought we to regret that this Nazarite suffered his strength to be shorn by the Delilahs of spurious Fame. Never did this man, with his gifted strength, grasp the pillars of a temple, to shake its atoms over Philistines; but pleased the child-like simplicity of his mind, by pulling down houses over the heads of their unlucky inhabitants. He consumed, in local and personal literary quarrels, a genius which might have made the next age his own. With all the stores of erudition, and all the eloquence of genius, he mortified a country parson for his politics, and a London accoucheur for certain obstetrical labours performed on Horace; and now his collected writings lie before us, volumes unsaleable and unread. His insatiate vanity was so little delicate, as often to snatch its sweatmeat from a foul plate; it now appears, by the secret revelations in Griffith's own copy of his "Monthly Review," that the writer of a very elaborate article on the works of Dr. Parr, was no less a personage than the Doctor himself. His egotism was so declamatory, that it unnaturalized a great mind. by the distortions of Johnsonian mimicry; his fierceness, which was pushed on to brutality on the unresisting, retreated with a child's terrors when resisted; and the pomp of petty pride in table-triumphs and evening circles, ill compensated for the lost century he might have made his own!

and in the other, all that taste, warmed by a spark of Warburtonian fire, can discriminate in an impartial decision.* Mine is a colder and less grateful task. I am but a historian! I have to creep along in the darkness of human events, to lay my hand cautiously on the truths so difficult to touch; and which either the panegyrist or the writer of an invective cover over, and throw aside into corners.

Much of the moral, and something too of the physical dispositions of the man, enter into the literary character; and moreover, there are localities—the place where he resides, the circumstances which arise, and the habits he contracts; to all these, the excellences and the defects of some of our great literary characters may often be traced. With this clue we may thread our way through the labyrinth of Genius.

Warburton long resided in an obscure provincial town, the articled clerk of a country attorney,† and then an unsuccess-

> Lord o'er the greatest, to the least a slave,
> Half-weak, half-strong, half-timid, and half-brave;
> To take a compliment of too much pride,
> And yet most hurt when praises are denied.
> Thou art so deep discerning, yet so blind,
> So learn'd, so ignorant, cruel yet so kind;
> So good, so bad, so foolish and so wise;—
> By turns I love thee, and by turns despise.
>
> MS. Anon., (said to be by the late Dr. Homer.)

* The Quarterly Review, vol. vii. p. 383.—So masterly a piece of criticism has rarely surprised the public in the leaves of a periodical publication. It comes, indeed, with the feelings of another age, and the reminiscences of the old and vigorous school. I cannot implicitly adopt all the sentiments of the critic, but it exhibits a highly-finished portrait, enamelled by the love of the artist.—This article was written by the late Dr. Whitaker, the historian of Craven, &c.

† When Warburton, sore at having been refused academical honours at Oxford, which were offered to Pope, then his fellow-traveller, and who, in consequence of this refusal, did himself not accept them—in his controversy with Lowth (then the Oxford Professor), gave way to his angry spirit, and struck at the University itself, for its political jesuitism, being a place where men "were taught to distinguish between *de facto* and *de jure*," caustic was the retort. Lowth, by singular felicity of application, touched on Warburton's original designation, in a character he hit on in Clarendon. After remonstrating with spirit and dignity on this petulant attack, which was not merely personal, Lowth continues:—

ful practising one. He seems, too, once to have figured as "a wine-merchant in the Borough," and rose into notice as

"Had I not your Lordship's example to justify me, I should think it a piece of extreme impertinence to inquire where you were bred; though one might justly plead, in excuse for it, a natural curiosity to know *where* and *how* such a phenomenon was produced. It is commonly said that your Lordship's education was of that particular kind, concerning which it is a remark of that great judge of men and manners, Lord Clarendon (on whom you have, therefore, with a wonderful happiness of allusion, justness of application, and elegance of expression, conferred 'the unrivalled title of the Chancellor of Human Nature'), that it peculiarly disposes men to be proud, insolent, and pragmatical." Lowth, in a note, inserts Clarendon's character of Colonel Harrison: "He had been bred up in the place of a clerk, under a lawyer of good account in those parts; which kind of education introduces men into the language and practice of business; and if it be not resisted by the great ingenuity of the person, inclines young men to more pride than any other kind of breeding, and disposes them to be pragmatical and insolent" "Now, my Lord, (Lowth continues), as you have in your whole behaviour, and in all your writings, remarkably distinguished yourself by your humility, lenity, meekness, forbearance, candour, humanity, civility, decency, good manners, good temper, moderation with regard to the opinions of others, and a modest diffidence of your own, this unpromising circumstance of your education is so far from being a disgrace to you, that it highly redounds to your praise."—*Lowth's Letter to the Author of the D. L.* p. 63.

Was ever weapon more polished and keen? This Attic style of controversy finely contrasts with the tasteless and fierce invective of the Warburtonians, although one of them is well known to have managed too adroitly the cutting instrument of irony; but the frigid malignancy of Hurd diminishes the pleasure we might find in his skill. Warburton ill concealed his vexation in the contempt he vented in a letter to Hurd on this occasion. "All you say about Lowth's pamphlet breathes the purest spirit of friendship. His *wit* and his *reasoning*, God knows, and I also (as a certain critic said once in a matter of the like great importance), are much below the qualities that deserve those names."—He writes too of "this man's boldness in publishing his letters."—"If he expects an answer, he will certainly find himself disappointed; though I believe I could make *as good sport with this devil of a vice*, for the public diversion as ever was made with him in the old Moralities."—But Warburton did reply! Had he ever possessed one feeling of taste, never would he have figured the elegant Lowth as this grotesque personage. He was, however, at that moment, sharply stung!

This circumstance of *Attorneyship* was not passed over in Mallet's "Familiar Epistle to the most impudent man living." Comparing, in the spirit of "familiarity," Arnall, an impudent scribbling attorney and

"the orator of a disputing club;" but, in all his shapes, still keen in literary pursuits, without literary connections; struggling with all the defects of a desultory and self-taught education, but of a bold aspiring character, he rejected, either in pride or in despair, his little trades, and took Deacon's orders —to exchange a profession, unfavourable to continuity of study, for another, more propitious to its indulgence.* In a

political scribe, with Warburton, he says, "You have been an attorney as well as he, but a little more impudent than he was; for Arnall never presumed to conceal his turpitude under the gown and the scarf." But this is mere invective!

* I have given a tempered opinion of his motive for this sudden conversion from Attorneyship to Divinity; for it must not be concealed, in our enquiry into Warburton's character, that he has frequently been accused of a more worldly one. He was so fierce an advocate for some important causes he undertook, that his sincerity has been liable to suspicion; the pleader, in some points, certainly acting the part of a sophist. Were we to decide by the early appearances of his conduct, by the rapid change of his profession, by his obsequious servility to his Country-squire, and by what have been termed the hazardous "fooleries in criticism, and outrages in controversy" which he systematically pursued, he looks like one not in earnest, and more zealous to maintain the character of his own genius, than the cause he had espoused. Leland once exclaimed, "What are we to think of the writer and his intentions? Is he really sincere in his reasonings?" Certain it is, his paradoxes often alarmed his friends, to repeat the words of a great critic, by "the absurdity of his criticism, the heterodoxy of his tenets, and the brutality of his invectives." Our Juvenal, who, whatever might be the vehemence of his declamation, reflected always those opinions which floated about him, has drawn a full-length figure. He accounts for Warburton's early motive in taking the cassock, as being

"———————thereto drawn
By some faint omens of the Lawn,
And on the truly Christian plan,
To make himself a gentleman;
A title, in which Form arrayed him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought of when she made him.
To make himself a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote:
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it.
He wrote too of the Holy Ghost;
Of whom, no more than doth a post,

word, he set off as a literary adventurer, who was to win his way by earning it from patronage.

His first mischances were not of a nature to call forth that intrepidity which afterwards hardened into the leading feature of his character. Few great authors have begun their race with less auspicious omens, though an extraordinary event in

> He knew; nor, should an angel show him,
> Would he or know, or choose to know him."
>
> CHURCHILL'S *Duellist.*

I would not insinuate that Warburton is to be ranked among the class he so loudly denounced, that of "Free-thinkers;" his mind, warm with imagination, seemed often tinged with credulity. But from his want of sober-mindedness, we cannot always prove his earnestness in the cause he advocated. He often sports with his fancies; he breaks out into the most familiar levity; and maintains, too broadly, subtile and refined principles, which evince more of the political than the primitive Christian. It is certain his infidelity was greatly suspected; and Hurd, to pass over the stigma of Warburton's sudden conversion to the Church insinuates that "*an early seriousness of mind* determined him to the Ecclesiastical profession."—"It may be so," says the critic in the Quarterly Review, no languid admirer of this great man; "but the symptoms of that *seriousness were very equivocal afterwards;* and the *certainty of an early provision, from a generous patron in the country*, may perhaps be considered by those who are disposed to assign human conduct to ordinary motives, as quite adequate to the effect."

Dr. Parr is indignant at such surmises; but the feeling is more honourable than the decision! In an admirable character of Warburton in the Westminster Magazine for 1779, it is acknowledged, "at his outset in life he was suspected of being inclined to Infidelity; and it was not till many years had elapsed, that the orthodoxy of his opinions was generally assented to." On this Dr. Parr observes, "Why Dr. Warburton was *ever* suspected of secret infidelity I know not. What he was *inclined to think* on subjects of religion, before, perhaps, he had leisure or ability to examine them, depends only upon obscure surmise, or vague report." The words *inclined to think* seems a periphrase for *secret infidelity.* Our critic attributes these reports to "an English dunce, whose blunders and calumnies are now happily forgotten, and repeated by a French buffoon, whose morality is not commensurate with his wit."—*Tracts* by Warburton, &c., p. 186.

"The English Dunce" I do not recollect; of this sort there are so many! Voltaire is "the French buffoon;" who, indeed, compares Warburton in his Bishopric, to Peachum in the Beggar's Opera—who, as Keeper of Newgate, was for hanging all his old accomplices!

the life of an author happened to Warburton,—he had secured a patron, before he was an author.

The first publication of his which we know, was his "Translations in prose and verse from Roman Poets, Orators, and Historians," 1724. He was then about twenty-five years of age. The fine forms of classic beauty could never be cast in so rough a mould as his prose; and his turgid unmusical verses betrayed qualities of mind incompatible with the delicacy of poetry. Four years afterwards he repeated another bolder attempt, in his "Critical and Philosophical Inquiry into the Causes of Prodigies and Miracles." After this publication, I wonder Warburton was ever suspected of infidelity or even scepticism.* So radically deficient in Warburton was

* Warburton was far more extravagant in a later attempt which he made to expound the odd visions of a crack-brained Welchman, a prophesying knave; a knave by his own confession, and a prophet by Warburton's. This commentary, inserted in Jortin's "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History," considerably injured the reputation of Jortin. The story of Warburton and his Welch Prophet, would of itself be sufficient to detect the shiftings and artifices of his genius. Rice or Arise Evans! was one of the many prophets who rose up in Oliver's fanatical days; and Warburton had the hardihood to insert, in Jortin's learned work, a strange commentary to prove that Arise Evans, in Cromwell's time, in his "Echo from Heaven," had manifestly *prophesied the Hanoverian Succession!* The Welchman was a knave by his own account in subscribing with his *right* hand the confession he calls his prophecy, before a justice, and with his *left*, that which was his recantation, signed before the recorder, adding, "I know the bench and the people thought I recanted; but, alas! they were deceived;" and this Warburton calls "an uncommon fetch of wit," to save the truth of the prophecy, though not the honour of the prophet. If Evans meant anything, he meant what was then floating in all men's minds, the probable restoration of the Stuarts. By this prelude of that inventive genius which afterwards commented, in the same spirit, on the Æneid of Virgil, and the "Divine Legation itself," and made the same sort of discoveries, he fixed himself in this dilemma: either Warburton was a greater impostor than Arise Evans! or he was more credulous than even any follower of the Welch prophet, if he really had any. But the truth is, that Warburton was always writing for a present purpose, and believed, and did not believe, as it happened. "Ordinary men believe *one* side of a contradiction at a time, whereas his Lordship" (says his admirable antagonist) "frequently believes, or at least defends *both*. So that it would have been no great wonder if he should maintain that Evans was both a real prophet and

that fine internal feeling which we call taste, that through his early writings he acquired not one solitary charm of diction,* and scarcely betrayed, amid his impurity of taste, that nerve and spirit which afterwards crushed all rival force. His translations *in imitation of Milton's style* betray his utter want of ear and imagination. He attempted to suppress both these works during his life-time.

When these unlucky productions were republished by Dr. Parr, the *Dedications* were not forgotten; they were both addressed to the same opulent baronet, not omitting "the

an impostor." Yet this is not the only awkward attitude into which Warburton has here thrown himself; to strain the vision of the raving Welchman to events of which he could have no notion, Warburton has plunged into the most ludicrous difficulties, all which ended, as all his discoveries have done, in making the fortune of an adversary who, like the Momus of Homer, has raised through the skies "inextinguishable laughter," in the amusing tract of "Confusion worse confounded, Rout on Rout, or the Bishop of G—'s Commentary on Arise Evans; by Indignatio, 1772.' The writer was the learned Henry Taylor, the author of Ben Mordecai's Apology.

* The correct taste of Lowth with some humour describes the last sentence of the "Enquiry on Prodigies" as "the Musa Pedestris got on horseback in a high prancing style." He printed it in measured lines, without, however, changing the place of a single word, and it produced blank verse. Thus it reads—

> "Methinks I see her like the mighty Eagle
> renewing her immortal youth, and purging
> her opening sight, at the unobstructed beams
> of our benign meridian Sun," &c.

Such a glowing metaphor, in the uncouth prose of Warburton, startled Lowth's classical ear. It was indeed "the Musa Pedestris who had got on horseback in a high prancing style;" for as it has since been pointed out, it is a well-known passage towards the close of the Areopagitica of Milton, whose prose is so often purely poetical. See Birch's Edition of Milton's Prose Works, I. 158. Warburton was familiarly conversant with our great vernacular writers at a time when their names generally were better known than their works, and when it was considered safe to pillage their most glorious passages. Warburton has been convicted of snatching their purple patches, and sewing them into his coarser web, without any acknowledgment; he did this in the present remarkable instance, and at a later day in the preface to his Julian, he laid violent hands on one of Raleigh's splendid metaphors.

virtues" of his lady the Countess of Sunderland, whose marriage he calls "so divine a union." Warburton had shown no want of judgment in the choice of his patrons; for they had more than one living in their gift—and, perhaps, knowing his patrons, none in the Dedications themselves. They had, however, this absurdity; that in freely exposing the servile practices of dedicators, the writer was himself indulging in that luxurious sin, which he so forcibly terms "Public Prostitution." This early management betrays no equivocal symptoms of that traffic in *Dedications*, of which he has been so severely accused,* and of that paradoxical turn and hardy

* When Warburton was considered as a Colossus of literature, RALPH, the political writer, pointed a severe allusion to the awkward figure he makes in these Dedications. "The Colossus himself creeps between the legs of the late Sir Robert Sutton; in what posture, or for what purpose, need not be explained."

CHURCHILL has not passed by unnoticed Warburton's humility, even to meanness, combined with pride which could rise to haughtiness.

> "He was so proud, that should he meet
> The twelve apostles in the street,
> He'd turn his nose up at them all,
> And shove his Saviour from the wall."

Yet this man

> —— "Fawned through all his life,
> For patrons first, then for a wife;
> Wrote *Dedications*, which must make
> The heart of every Christian quake."
>
> *The Duellist.*

It is certain that the proud and supercilious Warburton long crouched and fawned. MALLET, at least, well knew all that passed between Warburton and Pope. In the "Familiar Epistle" he asserts, that Warburton was introduced to Pope by his "nauseous flattery." A remarkable instance, besides the Dedications we have noticed, occurred in his correspondence with Sir Thomas Hanmer. He did not venture to attack "The Oxford Editor," as he sarcastically distinguishes him, without first demanding back his letters, which were immediately returned, from Sir Thomas's high sense of honour. Warburton might otherwise have been shown strangely to contradict himself, for in these letters he had been most lavish of his flatteries and encomiums on the man whom he covered with ridicule in the preface to his Shakespeare. See "An Answer to certain passages in Mr. W.'s Preface to Shakespeare, 1748."

His dedication, to the plain unlettered Ralph Allen of Bath, his great-

effrontery, which distinguished his after-life. These Dedications led to preferment, and thus hardily was laid the foundation-stone of his aspiring fortunes.

Till his thirtieth year, Warburton evinced a depraved taste, but a craving appetite for knowledge. His mind was constituted to be more struck by the Monstrous than the Beautiful, much like that Sicilian prince who furnished his villa with the most hideous figures imaginable : the delight resulting from harmonious and delicate forms raised emotions of

est of patrons, of his "Commentary on Pope's Essay on Man" is written in the same spirit as those to Sir Robert Sutton ; but the former unlucky gentleman was more publicly exposed by it. The subject of this Dedication turns on "the growth and progress of *Fate*, divided into four principal branches !" There is an episode about *Free-will* and *Nature* and *Grace*, and "a *contrivance* of Leibnitz about *Fatalism*." Ralph Allen was a good Quaker-like man, but he must have lost his temper if he ever read the Dedication ! Let us not, however, imagine that Warburton was at all insensible to this violation of literary decorum ; he only sacrificed *propriety* to what he considered a more urgent principle —his own personal interest. No one had a juster conception of the true nature of *Dedications ;* for he says in the famous one "to the Freethinkers :"—"I could never approve the custom of dedicating books to men whose professions made them strangers to the subjects. A Discourse on the Ten Predicaments to a Leader of Armies, or a System of Casuistry to a Minister of State, always appeared to me a high absurdity."

All human characters are mixed—true : yet still we feel indignant to discover some of the greatest, often combining the most opposite qualities ; and then they are not so much mixed as the parts are naturally joined together. Could one imagine that so lofty a character as Warburton could have been liable to have incurred even the random stroke of the Satirist ? whether true or false, the events of his life, better known at this day than in his own, will show. Churchill says, that

> "He could cringe and creep, be civil,
> And hold a stirrup for the devil,
> If, *in a journey to his mind*,
> He'd let him mount, and ride behind."

The author of the "Canons of Criticism," with all his sprightly sarcasm, gives a history of Warburton's later Dedications. "The first edition of 'The Alliance' came out without a dedication, but was presented to the bishops : and when nothing came of that, the second was addressed to both the Universities ; and when nothing came of that, the third was dedicated to a noble Earl, and nothing has yet come of that." Appendix to "Canons of Criticism," seventh edit. 261.

too weak a nature to move his obliquity of taste; roused, however, by the surprise excited by colossal ugliness. The discovery of his intellectual tastes, at this obscure period of his life, besides in those works we have noticed, is confirmed by one of the most untoward accidents which ever happened to a literary man; it was the chance discovery of a letter he had written to one of the heroes of the Dunciad, forty years before. At the time that letter was written, his literary connexions were formed with second-rate authors; he was in strict intimacy with Concanen and Theobald, and other "ingenious gentlemen who made up our last night's conversation," as he expresses himself.* This letter is full of the heresies of taste: one of the most anomalous is the comment on that well-known passage in Shakespeare, on "the genius and the mortal instruments;" Warburton's is a miraculous specimen of fantastical sagacity and critical delirium, or the art of discovering meanings never meant, and of illustrations the author could never have known. Warburton declares to "the ingenious gentlemen," (whom afterwards with a Pharaoh's heart, he hanged by dozens to posterity in the Dunciad,) that "Pope borrowed for want of genius;" that poet, who when the day

* This letter was written in 1726, and first found by Dr. Knight in 1750, in fitting up a house where Concanen had probably lodged. It was suppressed, till Akenside, in 1766, printed it in a sixpenny pamphlet, entitled, "An Ode to Mr. Edwards." He preserved the curiosity, with "all its peculiarities of grammar, spelling, and punctuation." The insulted poet took a deep revenge for the contemptuous treatment he had received from the modern Stagirite. The "peculiarities" betray most evident marks of the self-taught lawyer; the orthography and the double letters were minted in the office. When I looked for the letter in *Akenside's Works* I discovered that it had been silently dropped. Some interest, doubtless, had been made to suppress it, for Warburton was humbled when reminded of it. Malone, fortunately, has preserved it in his Shakespeare, where it may be found, in a place not likely to be looked into for it, at the close of Julius Cæsar: this literary curiosity had otherwise been lost for posterity; its whole history is a series of wonderful escapes.

By this document we became acquainted with the astonishing fact, that Warburton, early in life, was himself one of those very dunces whom he has so unmercifully registered in their Doomsday-book; one who admired the genius of his brothers, and spoke of Pope's with the utmost contempt!

arrived he was to comment on as the first of poets! His insulting criticisms on the popular writings of Addison,—his contempt for what Young calls "sweet elegant Virgilian prose,"—show how utterly insensible he was to that classical taste in which Addison had constructed his materials. But he who could not taste the delicacy of Addison, it may be imagined might be in raptures with the rant of Lee. There is an unerring principle in the false sublime: it seems to be governed by laws, though they are not ours; and we know what it will like, that is, we know what it will mistake for what ought not to be liked, as surely as we can anticipate what will delight correct taste. Warburton has pronounced one of the raving passages of poor Nat, "to contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery that poetry could conceive or paint." Joseph Warton, who indignantly rejects it from his edition of Pope, asserts, that "we have not in our language a more striking example of true turgid expression, and genuine fustian and bombast."* Yet such was the man whom ill fortune (for the public at least) had chosen to become the commentator of our greater poets! Again Churchill throws light on our character:—

> "He, with an all-sufficient air,
> Placed himself in the critic's chair,
> And wrote, to advance his Maker's praise,
> Comments on rhymes, and notes on plays—
> A judge of genius, though, confest,
> With not one spark of genius blest:

* Lee introduces Alexander the Great, saying,

> "When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
> Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood,
> When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
> And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore;
> When the Immortals on the billows rode,
> And I myself appear'd the leading God!"

In the province of taste Warburton was always at sea without chart or compass, and was as unlucky in his panegyric on Milton as on Lee. He calls the "Paradise regained" "a charming poem, *nothing inferior* in the *poetry* and the *sentiments* to the Paradise Lost." Such extravagance could only have proceeded from a critic too little sensible to the the essential requisites of poetry itself.

Among the first of critics placed,
Though free from every taint of taste."

Not encouraged by the reception his first literary efforts received, but having obtained some preferment from his patron, we now come to a critical point in his life. He retreated from the world, and, during a seclusion of near twenty years, persevered in uninterrupted studies. The force of his character placed him in the first order of thinking beings. This resolution no more to court the world for literary favours, but to command it by hardy preparation for mighty labours, displays a noble retention of the appetite for fame; Warburton scorned to be a scribbler!

Had this great man journalized his readings, as Gibbon has done, we should perhaps be more astonished at his miscellaneous pursuits. He read everything, and, I suspect, with little distinction, and equal delight.* Curiosity, even to its

* Such opposite studies shot themselves into the most fantastical forms in his rocket-writings, whether they streamed in "The Divine Legation," or sparkled in "The Origin of Romances," or played about in giving double senses to Virgil, Pope, and Shakespeare. CHURCHILL, with a good deal of ill-nature and some truth, describes them,

"A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, while he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharged the weary brain
With more than she could well contain;
More than she was with spirit fraught
To turn and methodize to thought;
And which, *like ill-digested food,*
To humours turn'd, and not to blood."

The opinion of BENTLEY, when he saw "The Divine Legation," was a sensible one. "This man," said he, "has a monstrous appetite, with a very bad digestion."

The Warburtonians seemed to consider his great work, as the Bible by which all literary men were to be sworn. LOWTH ridicules their credulity. "The Divine Legation, it seems, contains in it all knowledge, divine and human, ancient and modern: it is a perfect Encyclopædia, including all history, criticism, divinity, law, politics, from the law of Moses down to the Jew bill, and from Egyptian hieroglyphics to modern Rebus-writing, &c."

delirium, was his first passion; which produced those new systems of hypothetical reasoning by which he startled the world; and his efforts to save his most ingenious theories from absurdity resembled, to use his own emphatic words applied to the philosophy of Leibnitz, "a contrivance against Fatalism," for though his genius has given a value to the wildest paradoxes, paradoxes they remain.

But if Warburton read so much, it was not to enforce opinions already furnished to his hands, or with cold scepticism to reject them, leaving the reader in despair. He read that he might write what no one else had written, and which at least required to be refuted before it was condemned. He hit upon a SECRET PRINCIPLE, which prevails through all his his works, and this was INVENTION; a talent, indeed, somewhat dangerous to introduce in researches where Truth, and not Fancy, was to be addressed. But even with all this originality he was not free from imitation, and has even been accused of borrowing largely without hinting at his obligations. He had certainly one favourite model before him: Warburton has delineated the portrait of a certain author with inimitable minuteness, while he caught its general effect; we feel that the artist, in tracing the resemblance of another, is inspired by all the flattery of a self-painter—he perceived the kindred features, and he loved them!

This author was BAYLE! And I am unfolding the character of Warburton, in copying the very original portrait:

"In the 2014 pages of the unfinished 'Divine Legation,'" observes the sarcastic GIBBON, "four hundred authors are quoted, from St. Austin down to Scarron and Rabelais!"

Yet, after all that satire and wit had denounced, listen to an enlightened votary of Warburton. He asserts, that "the Divine Legation has taken its place at the head, not to say of English theology, but almost of English literature. To the composition of this prodigious performance, HOOKER and STILLINGFLEET could have contributed the erudition, CHILLINGWORTH and LOCKE the acuteness, TAYLOR an imagination even more wild and copious, SWIFT, and perhaps EACHARD, the sarcastic vein of wit; but what power of understanding, except WARBURTON'S, could first have amassed all these materials, and then compacted them into a bulky and elaborate work, so consistent and harmonious?"—*Quarterly Review*, vol. vii.

"Mr. Bayle is of a quite different character from these Italian sophists: a writer, whose strength and clearness of *reasoning* can be equalled only by the gaiety, easiness, and delicacy of his *wit; who, pervading human nature with a glance,* STRUCK INTO THE PROVINCE OF PARADOX, *as an exercise for the restless vigour of his mind;* who, with a soul superior to the sharpest attacks of fortune, and a heart practised to the best philosophy, had *not yet enough of real greatness, to overcome that last foible of superior geniuses,* the temptation of honour, which the ACADEMIC EXERCISE OF WIT is conceived to bring to its professors." *

Here, then, we discover the SECRET PRINCIPLE which conducted Warburton through all his works, although of the most opposite natures. I do not give this as an opinion to be discussed, but as a fact to be demonstrated.

The faculties so eminent in Bayle were equally so in Warburton. In his early studies he had particularly applied himself to logic; and was not only a vigorous reasoner, but one practised in all the *finesse* of dialectics. He had wit, fertile indeed, rather than delicate; and a vast body of erudition, collected in the uninterrupted studies of twenty years. But it was the SECRET PRINCIPLE, or, as he calls it, "*the Academic exercise of Wit,*" on an enlarged system, which carried him so far in the new world of INVENTION he was creating.

This was a new characteristic of investigation; it led him on to pursue his profounder inquiries beyond the clouds of antiquity; for what he could not *discover*, he CONJECTURED and ASSERTED. Objects, which in the hands of other men were merely matters resting on authentic researches, now received the stamp and lustre of original invention. Nothing was to be seen in the state in which others had viewed it: the hardiest paradoxes served his purpose best, and this licen-

* The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated, vol. i. sect. iv. Observe the remarkable expression, "that last foible of superior genius." He had, evidently, running in his mind, Milton's line on Fame,

"That last infirmity of noble mind."

In such an exalted state was Warburton's mind, when he was writing this, his own character.

tious principle produced unlooked-for discoveries. He humoured his taste, always wild and unchastised, in search of the monstrous and the extravagant; and, being a wit, he delighted in finding resemblances in objects which to more regulated minds had no similarity whatever. *Wit* may exercise its ingenuity as much in combining *things* unconnected with each other, as in its odd assemblage of *ideas;* and Warburton, as a literary antiquary, proved to be as witty in his combinations, as BUTLER and CONGREVE in their comic images. As this principle took full possession of the mind of this man of genius, the practice became so familiar, that it is possible he might at times have been credulous enough to have confided in his own reveries. As he forcibly expressed himself on one of his adversaries, Dr. STEBBING, "Thus it is to have to do with a head, whose *sense is all run to system.*" "His Academic Wit" now sported amid whimsical theories, pursued bold but inconclusive arguments, marked out subtile distinctions, and discovered incongruous resemblances; but they were maintained by an imposing air of conviction, furnished with the most prodigal erudition, and they struck out many ingenious combinations. The importance or the curiosity of the topics awed or delighted his readers; the principle, however licentious, by the surprise it raised, seduced the lovers of novelties. Father HARDOUIN had studied as hard as Warburton, rose as early, and retired to rest as late, and the obliquity of his intellect resembled that of Warburton—but he was a far inferior genius; he only discovered that the classical works of antiquity, the finest compositions of the human mind, in ages of its utmost refinement, had been composed by the droning monks of the middle ages; a discovery which only surprised by its tasteless absurdity—but the absurdities of Warburton had more dignity, were more delightful, and more dangerous: they existed, as it were, in a state of illusion, but illusion which required as much genius and learning as his own to dissipate. His spells were to be disturbed only by a magician, great as himself. Conducted by this solitary principle, Warburton undertook, as it were, a magical voyage into antiquity. He passed over the ocean of time, sailing amid rocks, and half lost on quicksands; but he never failed

to raise up some *terra incognita;* or point at some scene of the *Fata Morgana*, some earthly spot, painted in the heaven one knows not how.

In this secret principle of resolving to *invent*, what no other had before conceived, by means of *conjecture* and *assertion;* and of maintaining his theories with all the pride of a sophist, and all the fierceness of an inquisitor, we have the key to all the contests by which this great mind so long supported his literary usurpations.

The first step the giant took showed the mightiness of his stride. His first great work was the famous "Alliance between Church and State." It surprised the world, who saw the most important subject depending on a mere *curious* argument, which, like all political theories, was liable to be overthrown by writers of opposite principles."* The term "Alliance" seemed to the dissenters to infer that the *church* was an independent power, forming a contract with the *state*, and not acknowledging that it is only an integral part, like that of the *army* or the *navy*.† Warburton had not probably decided, at that time, on the principle of ecclesiastical power: whether it was paramount by its divine origin, as one party asserted; or whether, as the new philosophers, Hobbes, Selden, and

* The author of the "Canons of Criticism" addressed a severe sonnet to Warburton, and alludes to the "Alliance:"—

> "Reign the sole king in paradoxal land,
> And for Utopia plan his idle schemes
> Of *visionary leagues, alliance vain*
> '*Twixt* Will and Warburton—"

On which he adds this note, humourously stating the grand position of the work:—"The whole argument, by which the *alliance between church and state* is established, Mr. Warburton founds upon this supposition—'that people, considering themselves in a religious capacity, may contract with themselves, considered in a civil capacity.' The conceit is ingenious, but is not his own. *Scrub*, in the 'Beaux Stratagem,' had found it out long ago: he considered himself as acting the different parts of all the servants in the family; and so *Scrub*, the coachman, ploughman, or justice's clerk, might contract with *Scrub*, the butler, for such a quantity of ale as the other assumed character demanded."—Appendix, p. 261.

† Monthly Review, vol. xvi. p. 324, the organ of the dissenters.

others, insisted, the spiritual was secondary to the civil power.*

The intrepidity of this vast genius appears in the plan of his greater work. The omission of a future state of reward and punishment, in the Mosaic writing, was perpetually urged as a proof that the mission was not of divine origin: the ablest defenders strained at obscure or figurative passages, to force unsatisfactory inferences; but they were looking after what could not be found. Warburton at once boldly acknowledged it was not there; at once adopted all the objections of the infidels; and roused the curiosity of both parties by the hardy assertion, that this very *omission* was a *demonstration* of its divine origin.†

* See article HOBBES, for his system. The great Selden was an *Erastian;* a distinction extremely obscure. *Erastus* was a Swiss physician of little note, who was for restraining the ecclesiastical power from all temporal jurisdiction. Selden did him the honour of adopting his principles. Selden wrote against the *divine right* of tithes, but allowed the *legal* right; which gave, at first, great offence to the clergy, who afterwards perceived the propriety of his argument, as Wotton has fully acknowledged.

† It does not always enter into the design of these volumes to examine those great works which produced *literary quarrels.* But some may be glad to find here a word on this original project.

The grand position of the *Divine Legation* is, that the knowledge of the immortality of the soul, or a future state of reward and punishment, is absolutely necessary in the moral government of the universe. The author shows how it has been inculcated by all good legislators, so that no religion could ever exist without it; but the Jewish could, from its peculiar government, which was theocracy—a government where the presence of God himself was perpetually manifested by miracles and new ordinances; and hence temporal rewards and punishments were sufficient for that people, to whom the unity and the power of the Godhead were never doubtful. As he proceeded, he would have opened a new argument, viz., that the Jewish religion was only the *part* of a revelation, showing the necessity of a further one for its *completion;* which produced Christianity.

When Warburton was in good spirits with his great work (for he was not always so), he wrote thus to a friend:—"You judge right, that the *next* volume of the D. L. will not be the *last.* I thought I had told you that I had divided the work into three parts: the first, gives you a view of Paganism; the second, of Judaism; and the third, of Christianity.

The first idea of this new project was bold and delightful, and the plan magnificent. Paganism, Judaism, and Christianity, the three great religions of mankind, were to be marshalled in all their pomp, and their awe, and their mystery. But the procession changed to a battle! To maintain one great paradox, he was branching out into innumerable ones. This great work was never concluded: the author wearied himself, without, however, wearying his readers; and, as his volumes appeared, he was still referring to his argument, "as far as it is yet advanced." The *demonstration* appeared in great danger of ending in a *conjecture;* and this work, always beginning and never ending, proved to be the glory and misery of his life.* In perpetual conflict with those nume-

You will wonder how this last inquiry can come into *so simple an argument* as that which I undertake to enforce. I have not room to tell you more than this—that after I have proved a future state not to be, *in fact*, in the Mosaic dispensation, I next show, that, if Christianity be true, *it could not possibly be there;* and this necessitates me to explain the nature of Christianity, with which the whole ends. But this *inter nos*. If it be known, I should possibly have somebody writing against *this part too* before it appears."—*Nichols's Lit. Anec.*, vol. v., p. 551.

Thus he exults in the true tone, and with all the levity, of a sophist. It is well that a true feeling of religion does not depend on the quirks and quibbles of human reasonings, or, what are as fallible, on masses of fanciful erudition.

* Warburton lost himself in the labyrinth he had so ingeniously constructed. This work harassed his days, and exhausted his intellect. Observe the tortures of a mind, even of so great a mind as that of Warburton's, when it sacrifices all to the perishable vanity of sudden celebrity. Often he flew from his task in utter exhaustion and despair. He had quitted the smooth and even line of truth, to wind about and split himself on all the crookedness of paradoxes. He paints his feelings, in a letter to Birch. He says, "I was so disgusted with an old subject, that I had deferred it from month to month, and year to year." He had recourse to "an expedient;" which was, "to set the press on work, and so oblige himself to supply copy." Such is the confession of the author of the "Divine Legation!" this "encyclopædia" of all ancient and modern lore—all to proceed from "a simple argument!" But when he describes his sufferings, hard is the heart of that literary man who cannot sympathize with such a giant caught in the toils! I give his words:—"Distractions of various kinds, inseparable from human life, joined with a naturally melancholy habit, contribute greatly to increase my indolence. This makes my reading wild and desultory; and I seek refuge from *the*

rous adversaries it aroused, Warburton often shifted his ground, and broke into so many divisions, that when he cried out, Victory! his scattered forces seemed rather to be in a flight than in pursuit.*

The same SECRET PRINCIPLE led him to turn the poetical narrative of Æneas in the infernal regions, an episode evidently imitated by Virgil from his Grecian master, into a

uneasiness of thought, from any book, let it be what it will. *By my manner of writing upon subjects, you would naturally imagine they afford me pleasure, and attach me thoroughly. I will assure you*, No!"

Nichols's Lit. Anec., vol. v. p. 562.

Warburton had not the cares of a family: they were merely literary ones. The secret cause of his "melancholy," and his "indolence," and that "want of attachment and pleasure to his subjects," which his friends "naturally imagined" afforded him so much, was the controversies he had enkindled, and the polemical battles he had raised about him. However boldly he attacked in return, his heart often sickened in privacy; for how often must he have beheld his noble and his whimsical edifices built on sands, which the waters were perpetually eating into!

At the last interview of Warburton with Pope, the dying poet exhorted him to proceed with "The Divine Legation." "Your reputation," said he, "as well as your duty, is concerned in it. People say you can get no farther in your proof. Nay, Lord Bolingbroke himself bids me expect no such thing." This anecdote is rather extraordinary; for it appears in "Owen Ruffhead's Life of Pope," p. 497, a work written under the eye of Warburton himself; and in which I think I could point out some strong touches from his own hand, on certain important occasions, when he would not trust to the creeping dullness of Ruffhead.

* His temerity had raised against him not only infidels, but Christians. If any pious clergyman now wrote in favour of the opinion that God's people believed in the immortality of the soul,—which can we doubt they did? and which Menasseh Ben Israel has writted his treatise, "De Resurrectione Mortuorum," to prove—it was a strange sight to behold a bishop seeming to deny so rational and religious a creed! Even Dr. Balguy confessed to Warburton, that, "there was one thing in the argument of the 'Divine Legation,' that stuck more with candid men than all the rest: how a religion, without a future state, could be worthy of God!" This Warburton promised to satisfy, by a fresh appendix. His volatile genius, however, was condemned to "the pelting of a merciless storm." Lowth told him:—"You gave yourself out as *demonstrator* of the *divine legation* of Moses; it has often been demonstrated before; a young student in theology might give a better—that is, a more satisfactory and irrefragable demonstration of it, in five pages, than you have done in five volumes."—*Lowth's Letter to Warburton*, p. 12.

minute description of the initiation into the Eleusinian Mysteries. A notion so perfectly new, was at least worth a common-place truth. Was it not delightful, to have so many particulars detailed of a secret transaction, which even its contemporaries of two thousand years ago did not presume to know any thing about? Father Hardouin seems to have opened the way for Warburton, since he had discovered that the whole Æneid was an allegorical voyage of St. Peter to Rome! When Jortin, in one of his "Six Dissertations," modestly illustrated Virgil by an interpretation inconsistent with Warburton's strange discovery, it produced a memorable quarrel. Then Hurd, the future shield, scarcely the sword, of Warburton, made his first sally; a dapper, subtle, and cold-blooded champion, who could dexterously turn about the polished weapon of irony. So much our *Railleur* admired the volume of Jortin, that he favoured him with "A Seventh Dissertation, addressed to the Author of the Sixth, on the Delicacy of Friendship," one of the most malicious, but the keenest pieces of irony. It served as the foundation of a new School of Criticism, in which the arrogance of the master was to be supported by the pupil's contempt of men, often his superiors. To interpret Virgil differently from the modern Stagirite, was, by the aggravating art of the ridiculer, to be considered as the violation of a moral feeling.* Jortin bore the slow tor-

* The Attic irony was translated into plain English, in "Remarks on Dr. Warburton's Account of the sentiments of the early Jews, 1757;" and the following rules for all who dissented from Warburton are deduced:—"You must not write on the same subject that he does. You must not glance at his arguments, even without naming him or so much as referring to him. If you find his reasonings ever so faulty, you must not presume to furnish him with better of your own, even though you prove, and are desirous to support his conclusions. When you design him a compliment, you must express it in full form, and with all the circumstance of panegyrical approbation, without impertinently qualifying your civilities by assigning a reason why you think he deserves them; as this might possibly be taken for a hint that you know something of the matter he is writing about as well as himself. You must never call any of his *discoveries* by the name of *conjectures*, though you allow them their full proportion of elegance, learning, &c.; for you ought to know, that this capital genius never proposed anything to the judgment of the public (though ever so new and uncommon), with diffidence in his life. Thus

ture, and the teasing of Hurd's dissecting-knife, in dignified silence.

At length a rising genius demonstrated how Virgil could not have described the Eleusinian Mysteries in the sixth book of the Æneid. One blow from the arm of Gibbon shivered the allegorical fairy palace into glittering fragments.*

When the sceptical Middleton, in his "Essay on the Gift of Tongues," pretended to think that "an inspired language would be perfect in its kind, with all the purity of Plato and the eloquence of Cicero," and then asserted that "the style of the New Testament was utterly rude and barbarous, and abounding with every fault that can possibly deform a language;" Warburton, as was his custom, instantly acquiesced; but hardily maintained that "*this very barbarism was one certain mark of a divine original.*" †—The curious may follow his subtile argument in his "Doctrine of Grace;" but, in delivering this paradox, he struck at the fundamental prin-

stands the decree prescribing our demeanour towards this sovereign in the Republic of Letters, as we find it promulged, and bearing date at the palace of Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 25. 1755."—From whence Hurd's "Seventh Dissertation" was dated.

* Gibbon's "Critical Observations on the Design of the Sixth Book of the Æneid." Dr. Parr considers this clear, elegant, and decisive work of criticism, as a complete refutation of Warburton's discovery.

† It is curious enough to observe, that Warburton himself, acknowledging this to be a paradox, exultingly exclaims, "Which, *like so many others* I have had the ODD FORTUNE to advance, will be seen to be only another name for Truth." This has all the levity of a sophist's language! Hence we must infer that some of the most important subjects could not be understood and defended, but by Warburton's "*odd fortune?*" It was this levity of ideas that raised a suspicion that he was not always sincere. He writes, in a letter, of "living in mere spite, to rub another volume of the Divine Legation in the noses of bigots and zealots." He employs the most ludicrous images, and the coarsest phrases, on the most solemn subjects. In one of his most unlucky paradoxes with Lowth, on the age and style of the writings of Job, he accuses that elegant scholar of deficient discernment; and, in respect to style, as not "distinguishing partridge from horseflesh;" and in quoting some of the poetical passages, of "paying with an old song," and "giving rhyme for reason." Alluding to some one of his adversaries, whom he calls "the weakest, as well as the wickedest, of all mankind," he employs a striking image: "I shall hang him and his fellows, as they do vermin in a warren, and leave them to posterity, to stink and blacken in the wind."

ciples of eloquence : he dilated on all the abuses of that human art. It was precisely his utter want of taste, which afforded him so copious an argument ; for he asserted, that the principles of eloquence were arbitrary and chimerical, and its various modes "mostly fantastical;" and that, consequently, there was no such thing as a good taste,* except what the *consent of the learned* had made ; an expression borrowed from Quintillian. A plausible and a consolatory argument for the greater part of mankind ! It, however, roused the indignation of Leland, the eloquent translator of Demosthenes, and the rhetorical professor at Trinity College, in Dublin, who has nobly defended the cause of classical taste and feeling by profounder principles. His classic anger produced his "Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence;" a volume so much esteemed, that it is still reprinted. Leland refuted the whimsical paradox, yet complimented Warburton, who, "with the spirit and energy of an ancient orator, was writing against eloquence," while he showed that the style of the New Testament was defensible on surer grounds. Hurd, who had fleshed his polished weapon on poor Jortin, and had been received into the arms of the hero under whom he now fought, adventured to cast his javelin at Leland: it was dipped in the cold poison of contempt and petulance. It struck, but did not canker, leaves that were immortal.† Leland, with the

* Warburton, in this work (the "Doctrine of Grace,") has a curious passage, too long to quote, where he observes, that "The Indian and Asiatic eloquence were esteemed hyperbolic and puerile by the more phlegmatic inhabitants of Rome and Athens : and the Western eloquence, in its turn, frigid or insipid, to the hardy and inflamed imaginations of the East. The same expression, which in one place had the utmost simplicity, had in another the utmost sublime." The jackal, too, echoes the roar of the lion ; for the polished Hurd, whose taste was far more decided than Warburton's, was bold enough to add, in his Letter to Leland, "That which is thought supremely *elegant* in one country, passes in another for *finical ;* while what in this country is accepted under the idea of *sublimity,* is derided in that other as no better than *bombast.*" So unsettled were the *no-taste* of Warburton, and the *prim-taste* of Hurd !

† The Letter to Leland is characterized in the Critical Review for April, 1765, as the work of "a preferment-hunting toad-eater, who, while his patron happened to go out of his depth, tells him that he is treading good

native warmth of his soil, could not resist the gratification of a reply; but the nobler part of the triumph was, the assistance he lent to the circulation of Hurd's letter, by reprinting it with his own reply, to accompany a new edition of his "Dissertation on Eloquence."

We now pursue the SECRET PRINCIPLE, operating on lighter topics; when, turning commentator, with the same originality as when an author, his character as a literary adventurer is still more prominent, extorting double senses, discovering the most fantastical allusions, and making men of genius but of confined reading, learned, with all the lumber of his own unwieldy erudition.

When the German professor CROUSAZ published a rigid examen of the doctrines in POPE's Essay on Man, Warburton volunteered a defence of Pope. Some years before, it appears, that Warburton himself, in a literary club at Newark, had produced a dissertation against those very doctrines! where he asserted that "the Essay was collected from the worst passages of the worst authors." This probably occurred at the time he declared that Pope had no genius! BOLINGBROKE really WROTE the *Essay on Man*, which Pope *versified*.* His principles may be often objectionable; but those

ground; but at the same time offers him the use of a cork-jacket to keep him above water."

* In a rough attack on Warburton, respecting Pope's privately printing 1500 copies of the "Patriot King" of Bolingbroke, which I conceive to have been written by Mallet, I find a particular account of the manner in which the "Essay on Man" was written, over which Johnson seems to throw great doubts.

The writer of this angry epistle, in addressing Warburton, says: "If you were as intimate with Mr. Pope as you pretend, you must know the truth of a fact which several others, as well as I, who never had the honour of a personal acquaintance with Lord Bolingbroke or Mr. Pope, have heard. The fact was related to me by a certain senior fellow of one of our Universities, who was very intimate with Mr. Pope. He started some objections, one day, at Mr. Pope's house, to the doctrine contained in the Ethic Epistles: upon which Mr. Pope told him, that he would soon convince him of the truth of it, by laying the argument at large before him; for which purpose he gave him *a large prose manuscript* to peruse, telling him, at the same time, the author's name. From this perusal, whatever other conviction the doctor might receive, he collected at least this: that Mr. Pope had from his friend not only the *doctrine*, but even the *finest and*

who only read this fine philosophical poem for its condensed verse, its imagery, and its generous sentiments, will run no danger from a metaphysical system they will not care to comprehend.

But this serves not as an apology for Warburton, who now undertook an elaborate defence of what he had himself condemned, and for which purpose he has not unjustly depressed Crousaz—an able logician, and a writer ardent in the cause of religion. This commentary on the Essay on Man, then, looks much like the work of a sophist, and an adventurer! Pope, who was now alarmed at the tendency of some of those principles he had so innocently versified, received Warburton as his tutelary genius. A mere poet was soon dazzled by the sorcery of erudition; and he himself having nothing of that kind of learning, believed Warburton to be the Scaliger of the age, for his gratitude far exceeded his knowledge.*

strongest ornaments of his Ethics. Now, if this fact be true (as I question not but you know it to be so), I believe no man of candour will attribute such merit to Mr. Pope as you would insinuate, for acknowledging the wisdom and the friendship of the man who was his instructor in philosophy; nor consequently that this acknowledgment, and the *dedication of his own system, put into a poetical dress by Mr. Pope*, laid his Lordship under the necessity of never resenting any injury done to him by the poet afterwards. Mr. Pope told no more than literal truth, in calling Lord Bolingbroke his *guide, philosopher, and friend.*" The existence of this very manuscript volume was authenticated by Lord Bathurst, in a conversation with Dr. Blair and others, where he said, "he had read the MS. in Lord Bolingbroke's hand-writing, and was at a loss whether most to admire the elegance of Lord Bolingbroke's prose, or the beauty of Mr. Pope's verse."—See the letter of Dr. Blair in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

* Of many instances, the following one is the most curious. When Jarvis published his "Don Quixote," Warburton, who was prompt on whatever subject was started, presented him with "A Dissertation on the Origin of the Books of Chivalry." When it appeared, it threw Pope, their common friend, into raptures. He writes, "I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the gods, by the first pace and the very gait." True enough! Warburton's strong genius stamped itself on all his works. But neither the translating painter, nor the simple poet, could imagine the heap of absurdities they were admiring! Whatever Warburton here asserted was false, and whatever he conjectured was erroneous; but his blunders were quite original.—The good sense and knowledge of Tyrwhitt have demolished the whole edifice, without

The poet died in this delusion: he consigned his immortal works to the mercy of a ridiculous commentary and a tasteless commentator, whose labours have cost so much pains to subsequent editors to remove. Yet from this moment we date the worldly fortunes of Warburton.—Pope presented him with the entire property of his works; introduced him to a blind and obedient patron, who bestowed on him a rich wife, by whom he secured a fine mansion; till, at length, the mitre crowned his last ambition. Such was the large chapter of accidents in Warburton's life!

There appears in Warburton's conduct respecting the editions of the great poets which he afterwards published, something systematic; he treated the several editors of those very poets, THEOBALD, HANMER, and GREY, who were his friends, with the same odd sort of kindness: when he was unknown to the world, he cheerfully contributed to all their labours, and afterwards abused them with the liveliest severity.* It

leaving a single brick standing. The absurd rhapsody has been worth preserving, for the sake of the masterly confutation: no uncommon result of Warburton's literary labours!

It forms the concluding note in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour Lost."

* Of THEOBALD he was once the companion, and to Sir Thomas HANMER he offered his notes for his edition. Sir Thomas says he found Warburton's notes "sometimes just, but mostly wild and out of the way." Warburton paid a visit to Sir Thomas for a week, which he conceived was to assist him in perfecting his darling text; but hints were now dropped by Warburton, that *he* might publish the work corrected, by which a greater sum of money might be got than could be by that plaything of Sir Thomas, which shines in all its splendour in the Dunciad; but this project did not suit Hanmer, whose life seemed greatly to depend on the magnificent Oxford edition, which "was not to go into the hands of booksellers." On this, Warburton, we are told by Hanmer, "flew into a great rage, and there is an end of the story." With what haughtiness he treats these two friends, for once they were such! Had the Dey of Algiers been the editor of Shakespeare, he could not have issued his orders more peremptorily for the decapitation of his rivals. Of Theobald and Hanmer he says, "the one was recommended to me as a poor man, the other as a poor critic: and to each of them at different times I communicated a great number of observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the relief of their several distresses. Mr. Theobald was naturally turned to industry and labour. What he read he could transcribe; but as to what he thought, if ever he did think, he

is probable, that he had himself projected these editions as a source of profit, but had contributed to the more advanced labours of his rival editors, merely as specimens of his talent, that the public might hereafter be thus prepared for his own more perfect commentaries.

Warburton employed no little art* to excite the public curiosity respecting his future Shakespeare: he liberally present-

could but ill express, so he read on: and by that means got a character of learning, without risking to every observer the imputation of wanting a better talent."—See what it is to enjoy too close an intimacy with a man of wit! "As for the Oxford Editor, he wanted nothing (alluded to Theobald's want of money) but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a critic," &c. &c.—*Warburton's Preface to Shakespeare.*

His conduct to Dr. GREY, the editor of Hudibras, cannot be accounted for by any known fact. I have already noticed their quarrels in the "Calamities of Authors." Warburton cheerfully supplied Grey with various notes on Hudibras, though he said he had thought of an edition himself, and they were gratefully acknowledged in Grey's Preface; but behold! shortly afterwards they are saluted by Warburton as "an execrable heap of nonsense;" further, he insulted Dr. Grey for the *number* of his publications! Poor Dr. Grey and his "Coadjutors," as Warburton sneeringly called others of his friends, resented this by "A free and familiar Letter to that great Preserver of Pope and Shakespeare, the Rev. Mr. William Warburton." The doctor insisted, that Warburton had had sufficient share in those very notes, to be considered as one of the "Coadjutors." "I may venture to say, that whoever was *the fool of the company* before he entered (or the *fool of the piece*, in his own diction) he was certainly so after he engaged in that work; for, as Ben Jonson observes 'he that *thinks* himself the *Master-Wit*, is commonly the *Master-Fool.*'"

* Warburton certainly used little intrigues: he trafficked with the obscure Reviews of the times. He was a correspondent in "The Works of the Learned," where the account of his first volume of the Divine Legation, he says, is "a nonsensical piece of stuff;" and when Dr. Doddridge offered to draw up an article for his second, the favour was accepted, and it was sent to the miserable journal, though acknowledged "to be too good for it." In the same Journal were published all his specimens of Shakespeare, some years after they had appeared in the General Dictionary, with a high character of these wonderful discoveries.—"The Alliance," when first published, was announced in "The present State of the Republic of Letters," to be the work of a gentleman whose capacity, judgment, and learning deserve some eminent dignity in the Church of England, of which he is now an inferior minister."—One may

ed Dr. Birch with his MS. notes, for that great work the General Dictionary, no doubt as the prelude of his after-celebrated edition. Birch was here only a dupe; he escaped, unlike Theobald, Hanmer, and Grey, from being overwhelmed with ridicule and contempt. When these extraordinary specimens of emendatory and illustrative criticism appeared in the General Dictionary, with general readers they excited all the astonishment of perfect novelty. It must have occurred to them that no one as yet had understood Shakespeare; and, indeed, that it required no less erudition than that of the new luminary now rising in the critical horizon, to display the amazing erudition of this most recondite poet. Conjectural criticism not only changed the words but the thoughts of the author; perverse interpretations of plain matters. Many a striking passage was wrested into a new meaning; plain words were subtilized to remote conceits; here one line was rejected; and there an interpolation, inspired alone by critical sagacity, pretended to restore a lost one; and finally, a source

presume to guess at "the gentleman," a little impatient for promotion who so much cared whether Warburton was only "now an inferior minister."

These are little arts. Another was, that Warburton sometimes acted Falstaff's part, and ran his sword through the dead! In more instances than one this occurred. Sir Thomas Hanmer was dead when Warburton, then a bishop, ventured to assert that Sir Thomas's letter concerning their intercourse about Shakespeare was "one continued falsehood from beginning to end." The honour and veracity of Hanmer must prevail over the "liveliness" of Warburton, for Hurd lauds his *lively* preface to his Shakespeare." But the Biog. Brit. bears marks of Warburton's violence, in a cancelled sheet. See the *Index*, art. Hanmer. He did not choose to attack Dr. Middleton in form, during his life-time, but reserved his blow when his antagonist was no more. I find in Cole's MSS. this curious passage:—"It was thought, at Cambridge, that Dr. Middleton and Dr. Warburton did not cordially esteem one another; yet both being keen and thorough sportsmen, they were mutually afraid to engage to each other, for fear of a fall. If that was the case, the bishop judged prudently, however fairly it may be looked upon, to stay till it was out of the power of his adversary to make any reply, before he gave his answer." Warburton only replied to Middleton's Letter from Rome, in his fourth edit. of the D. L. 1765.—When Dyson firmly defended his friend Akenside from the rude attacks of Warburton, it is observed, that he bore them with "prudent patience:" he never replied!

of knowledge was opened in the notes, on subjects which no other critic suspected could, by any ingenuity, stand connected with Shakespeare's text.

At length the memorable edition appeared: all the world knows its chimeras.* One of its most remarkable results was, the production of that work, which annihilated the whimsical labours of Warburton; Edwards's "Canons of Criticism," one of those successful facetious criticims which enliven our literary history. Johnson, awed by the learning of Warburton, and warmed by a personal feeling for a great genius who had condescended to encourage his first critical labour, grudgingly bestows a moderated praise on this exquisite satire, which he characterizes for "its airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy." He compared this attack "to a fly, which may sting and teaze a horse, but yet the horse is the nobler animal."† Among the prejudices

* These critical *extravaganzas* are scarcely to be paralleled by "Bentley's Notes on Milton." How Warburton turned "an allegorical mermaid" into the "Queen of Scots;"—showed how Shakespeare, in one word, and with one epithet, "the majestic world," described the *Orbis Romanus*, alluded to the Olympic Games, &c.; yet, after all this discovery, seems rather to allude to a story about Alexander, which Warburton happened to recollect at that moment; and how he illustrated Octavia's idea of the fatal consequences of a civil war between Cæsar and Antony, who said it would "cleave the world," by the story of Curtius leaping into the chasm;—how he rejected "*allowed*, with absolute power," as not English, and read "*hallowed*," on the authority of the Roman Tribuneship being called *Sacro-santa Potestas*;—how his emendations often rose from puns; as for instance, when, in Romeo and Juliet, it is said of the Friar, that "the city is much obliged to *him*," our new critic consents to the sound of the word, but not to the spelling, and reads *hymn*; that is, to laud, to praise! These, and more extraordinary instances of perverting ingenuity and abused erudition, would form an uncommon specimen of criticism, which may be justly ridiculed, but which none, except an exuberant genius, could have produced. The most amusing work possible would be a real Warburton's Shakespeare, which would contain not a single thought, and scarcely an expression, of Shakespeare's!

† Had Johnson known as much as we do of Warburton's opinion of his critical powers, it would have gone far to have cured his amiable prejudice in favour of Warburton, who really was a critic without taste, and who considered literature as some do politics, merely as a party business. I shall give a remarkable instance. When Johnson published his first critical attempt on "Macbeth," he commended the critical talents of

of criticism, is one which hinders us from relishing a masterly performance, when it ridicules a favourite author; but to us, mere historians, truth will always prevail over literary favouritism. The work of Edwards effected its purpose, that of "laughing down Warburton to his proper rank and character."

Warburton designates himself as "a Critic by profession;" and tells us, he gave this edition "to deter the *unlearned writer* from wantonly trifling with an art he is a stranger to, at the expense of the integrity of the text of established authors." Edwards has placed a N. B. on this declaration:—"A writer may properly be called *unlearned*, who, notwithstanding all his other knowledge, does not understand the subject which he writes upon." But the most dogmatical absurdity was Warburton's declaration, that it was once his design to have given "a body of Canons for criticism, drawn out in form, with a glossary;" and further he informs the reader, that though this has not been done by him, if the reader will take the trouble, he may supply himself, as these Canons of criticism lie scattered in the course of the notes. This idea was seized on with infinite humour by Edwards, who, from these very notes, has framed a set of "Canons

Warburton; and Warburton returned the compliment in the preface to his Shakespeare, and distinguishes Johnson as "a man of parts and genius." But, unluckily, Johnson afterwards published his own edition; and, in his editorial capacity, his public duty prevailed over his personal feelings: all this went against Warburton; and the opinions he now formed of Johnson were suddenly those of insolent contempt. In a letter to Hurd, he writes: "Of *this Johnson*, you and I, I believe, think alike!" And to another friend: "The remarks he makes, in every page, on *my Commentaries*, are full of *insolence and malignant reflections*, which, had they not in them *as much folly as malignity*, I should have reason to be offended with." He consoles himself, however, that Johnson's notes, accompanying his own, will enable even "the trifling part of the public" not to mistake in the comparison.—Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. v. p. 595.

And what became of Johnson's noble Preface to Shakespeare? Not a word on that!—Warburton, who himself had written so many spirited ones, perhaps did not like to read one finer than his own,—so he passed it by! He travelled through Egypt, but held his hands before his eyes, at a pyramid!

of Criticism," as ridiculous as possible; but every one illustrated by authentic examples, drawn from the labours of our new Stagirite.*

At length, when the public had decided on the fate of Warburton's edition, it was confessed, that the editor's design

* Some grave dull men, who did not relish the jests, doubtless the booksellers, who, to buy the *name of Warburton*, had paid down 500*l.* for the edition, loudly complained that Edwards had injured both him and them, by stopping the sale! On this Edwards expresses his surprise, how "a little twelvepenny pamphlet could stop the progress of eight large octavo volumes;" and apologizes, by applying a humorous story to Warburton, for "puffing himself off in the world for what he is not, and now being discovered."—"I am just in the case of a friend of mine, who, going to visit an acquaintance, upon entering his room, met a person going out of it:—'Prythee, Jack,' says he, 'what do you do with that fellow?' 'Why, 'tis Don Pedro di Mondongo, my Spanish master.' —'Spanish master!' replies my friend; 'why, he's an errant Teague; I know the fellow well enough: 'tis Rory Gehagan. He may possibly have been in Spain; but, depend on't, he will sell you the Tipperary brogue for pure Castilian.' Now honest Rory has just the same reason of complaint against this gentleman, as Mr. Warburton has against me, and I suppose abused him as heartily for it; but nevertheless the gentleman did both parties justice."

Some secret history is attached to this publication, so fatal to Warburton's critical character in English literature. This satire, like too many which have sprung out of Literary Quarrels, arose from *personal motives!* When Edwards, in early life, after quitting college, entered the army, he was on a visit at Mr. Allen's, at Bath, whose niece Warburton afterwards married. Literary subjects formed the usual conversation. Warburton, not suspecting the red coat of covering any Greek, showed his accustomed dogmatical superiority. Once, when the controversy was running high, Edwards taking down a Greek author, explained a passage in a manner quite contrary to Warburton He did unluckily something more —he showed that Warburton's mistake had arisen from having used a French translation!—and all this before Ralph Allen and his niece!—The doughty critic was at once silenced, in sullen indignation and mortal hatred. To this circumstance is attributed Edwards's Canons of Criticism, which were followed up by Warburton with incessant attacks; in every new addition of Pope, in the Essay on Criticism, and the Dunciad. Warburton asserts that Edwards is a very dull writer, (witness the pleasantry that carries one through a volume of no small size,) that he is a libeller (because he ruined the critical character of Warburton)—and "a libeller says Warburton, with poignancy), is nothing but a Grub-street critic run to seed."—He compares Edwards' wit and learning to his ancestor Tom Thimble's in the Rehearsal (because Edwards read Greek authors in their

had never been to explain Shakespeare! and that he was even conscious he had frequently imputed to the poet, meanings which he never thought! Our critic's great object was to display his own learning! Warburton wrote for Warburton, and not for Shakespeare! and the literary imposture almost rivals the confessions of Lauder and Psalmanazar!

The same SECRET PRINCIPLE was pursued in his absurd edition of Pope. He formed an unbroken Commentary on the "Essay on Criticism," to show that that admirable collection of precepts had been constructed by a systematical method, which it is well known the poet never designed; and the same instruments of torture were here used as in the "Essay on Man," to reconcile a system of fatalism to the doctrines of revelation.* Warton had to remove the incumbrance of his Commentaries on Pope, while a most laborious

original), and his air of good nature and politeness, to Caliban's in the Tempest (because he had so keenly written the "Canons of Criticism.") —I once saw a great literary curiosity: some *proof-sheets* of the *Dunciad* of Warburton's edition. I observed that some of the bitterest notes were *after-thoughts*, written on those proof-sheets after he had prepared the book for the press—one of these additions was his note on Edwards. Thus Pope's book afforded renewed opportunities for all the personal hostilities of this singular genius!

* In the Richardsoniana, p. 264, the younger Richardson, who was admitted to the intimacy of Pope, and collated the press for him, gives some curious information about Warburton's Commentary, both upon the *Essay on Man* and the *Essay on Criticism*. "Warburton's Discovery of the 'regularity' of Pope's Essay on Criticism and 'the whole scheme' of his Essay on Man, I happen to *know* to be mere absurd refinement in creating conformities; and this from Pope himself, though he thought fit to adopt them afterwards." The genius of Warburton might not have found an invincible difficulty in proving that the Essay on Criticism was in fact an Essay on man, and the reverse. Pope, before he knew Warburton, always spoke of his Essay on Criticism as "an irregular collection of thoughts thrown together as Horace's Art of Poetry was." As for the Essay on Man, says Richardson, "I *know* that he never dreamed of the scheme he afterwards adopted; but he had taken terror about the elergy, and Warburton himself, at the general alarm of its fatalism and deistical tendency, of which my father and I talked with him frequently at Twickenham, without his appearing to understand it, or ever thinking to alter those passages which we suggested."—This extract is to be valued, for the information is authentic; and it assists us in throwing some light on the subtilty of Warburton's critical impositions.

confederacy zealously performed the same task to relieve Shakespeare. Thus Warburton pursued ONE SECRET PRINCIPLE in all his labours; thus he raised edifices which could not be securely inhabited, and were only impediments in the road-way; and these works are now known by the labours of those who have exerted their skill in laying them in ruins.

Warburton was probably aware, that the SECRET PRINCIPLE which regulated his public opinions might lay him open, at numerous points, to the strokes of ridicule. It is a weapon which every one is willing to use, but which seems to terrify every one when it is pointed against themselves. There is no party or sect which have not employed it in their most serious controversies: the grave part of mankind protest against it, often at the moment they have been directing it for their own purpose. And the inquiry, whether ridicule be a test of truth, is one of the large controversies in our own literature. It was opened by Lord Shaftesbury, and zealously maintained by his school. Akenside, in a note to his celebrated poem, asserts the efficacy of ridicule as a test of truth: Lord Kaimes had just done the same. Warburton levelled his piece at the Lord in the bush fighting of a note; but came down in the open field with a full discharge of his artillery on the luckless bard.*

Warburton designates Akenside under the sneering appellative of "The Poet," and alluding to his "sublime account" of the use of ridicule, insultingly reminds him of "his Master," Shaftesbury, and of that school which made morality an object of taste, shrewdly hinting that Akenside was "a man of taste;" a new term, as we are to infer from Warburton, for "a Deist;" or, as Akenside had alluded to Spinoza, he might be something worse. The great critic loudly protested against the practice of ridicule; but, in attacking its advocate, he is himself an evidence of its efficacy, by keenly ridiculing "the Poet" and his opinions. Dyson, the patron of Akenside, nobly stepped forward to rescue his Eagle, panting in the tre-

* The postscript to Warburton's Dedication to the Freethinkers, is entirely devoted to Akenside; with this bitter opening, "The Poet was too full of the subject and of himself."

mendous gripe of the critieal Lion. His defenee of Akenside is an argumentative pieee of critieism on the nature of ridieule, eurious, but wanting the graees of the genius who inspired it.*

I shall stop one moment, sinee it falls into our subjeet to reeord this great literary battle on the use of ridicule, which has been fought till both parties, after having shed their ink, divide the field without victory or defeat, and now stand looking on eaeh other.

The advoeates for the use of RIDICULE maintain that it is a natural sense of feeling, bestowed on us for wise purposes by the Supreme Being, as are the other feelings of beauty and of sublimity;—the sense of beauty to detect the deformity, as the sense of ridieule the absurdity of an object: and they further maintain, that no real virtues, such as wisdom, honesty, bravery, or generosity, can be ridiculed.

The great Adversary of Ridicule replied, that they did not dare to ridieule the virtues openly; but, by overeharging and distorting them they could laugh at leisure. "Give them other names," he says, "call them but Temerity, Prodigality, Simplicity, &c., and your business is done. Make them ridieulous, and you may go on, in the freedom of wit and humour (as Shaftesbury distinguishes ridicule,) till there be never a virtue left to laugh out of countenance."

The ridiculers acknowledge that their favourite art may do mischief, when *dishonest men obtrude circumstances foreign to the object.* But, they justly urge, that the use of reason itself is full as liable to the same objection: grant Spinoza his false premises, and his conclusions will be considered as true. Dyson threw out an ingenious illustration. "It is so equally in the mathematics; where, in reasoning about a cir-

* "An Epistle to the Rev. Mr. Warburton, occasioned by his treatment of the author of 'The Pleasures of the Imagination,' 1744." While Dyson repels Warburton's accusations against "the Poet," he retorts some against the critic himself. Warburton often perplexed a controversy by a subtile change of a word; or by breaking up a sentence; or by contriving some absurdity in the shape of an inference, to get rid of it in a mock triumph. These little weapons against the laws of war, are insidiously practised in the war of words. Warburton never replied.

cle, if we join along with its real properties others that do not belong to it, our conclusions will certainly be erroneous. Yet who would infer from hence, that *the manner of proof* is defective or fallacious?"

Warburton urged the strongest *case* against the use of ridicule, in that of Socrates and Aristophanes. In his strong and coarse illustration he shows, that "by clapping a fool's coat on the most immaculate virtue, it stuck on Socrates like a San Benito, and at last brought him to his execution: it made the owner resemble his direct opposite; that character he was most unlike. The consequences are well known."

Warburton here adopted the popular notion, that the witty buffoon Aristophanes was the occasion of the death of the philosopher Socrates. The defence is skilful on the part of Dyson; and we may easily conceive that on so important a point Akenside had been consulted. I shall give it in his own words:—

"The Socrates of Aristophanes is as truly ridiculous a character as ever was drawn; but it is not the character of Socrates himself. The object was perverted: and the mischief which ensued was owing to the dishonesty of him who persuaded the people that that was the real character of Socrates, not from any error in the faculty of ridicule itself."—Dyson then states the fact, as it concerned Socrates. "The real intention of the contrivers of this ridicule was not so much to mislead the people, by giving them a bad opinion of Socrates, as to sound what was, at the time, the general opinion of him, that from thence they might judge whether it would be safe to bring a direct accusation against him. The most effectual way of making this trial was by ridiculing him; for they knew, if the people saw his character in its true light, they would be displeased with the misrepresentation, and not endure the ridicule. On trial, this appeared: the play met with its deserved fate; and, notwithstanding the exquisiteness of the wit, was absolutely *rejected*. A second attempt succeeded no better; and the abettors of the Poet were so discouraged from pursuing their design against Socrates, that it was not till ABOVE TWENTY YEARS after *the publication of the Play*, that they brought their accusation against

him! It was not, therefore, ridicule that did, or could destroy Socrates: he was rather sacrificed for the right use of it himself, against the Sophists, who could not bear the test."

Thus, then, stands the argument.—Warburton, reasoning on the abuses of ridicule, has opened to us all its dangers. Its Advocate concedes that Ridicule, to be a test of Truth, must not impose on us circumstances which are foreign to the object. No object can be ridiculed that is not ridiculous. Should this happen, then the ridicule is false; and as such can be proved, as much as any piece of false reasoning. We may therefore conclude, that ridicule is a taste of congruity and propriety not possessed by every one; a test which separates truth from imposture; a talent, against the exercise of which most men are interested to protest; but which, being founded on the constituent principles of the human mind, is often indulged at the very moment it is decried and complained of.

But we must not leave this great man without some notice of that peculiar style of controversy which he adopted, and which may be distinguished among our LITERARY QUARRELS. He has left his name to a school—a school which the more liberal spirit of the day we live in would not any longer endure. Who has not heard of THE WARBURTONIANS?

That SECRET PRINCIPLE which directed Warburton in all his works, and which we have attempted to pursue, could not of itself have been sufficient to have filled the world with the name of Warburton. Other scholars have published reveries; and they have passed away, after showing themselves for a time, leaving no impression: like those coloured and shifting shadows on a wall, with which children are amused; but Warburton was a literary Revolutionist, who, to maintain a new order of things, exercised all the despotism of a perpetual dictator. The bold unblushing energy which could lay down the most extravagant positions, was maintained by a fierce dogmatic spirit, and by a peculiar style of mordacious contempt and intolerant insolence, beating down his opponents from all quarters, with an animating shout of triumph, to encourage those more serious minds, who, overcome by his

genius, were yet often alarmed by the ambiguous tendency of his speculations.*

The Warburtonian School was to be supported by the most licentious principles; by dictatorial arrogance,† by gross invective, and by airy sarcasm;‡ the bitter contempt, which

* The paradoxical title of his great work was evidently designed to attract the unwary. "The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated—*from the omission of a future state!*" It was long uncertain whether it was a "covert attack on Christianity, instead of a defence of it." I have here no concern with Warburton's character as a polemical theologist; this has been the business of that polished and elegant scholar, Bishop Lowth, who has shown what it is to be in Hebrew literature "a Quack in Commentatorship, and a Mountebank in Criticism." He has fully entered into all the absurdity of Warburton's "ill-starred Dissertation on Job." It is curious to observe, that Warburton, in the wild chase of originality, often too boldly took the bull by the horns, for he often adopted the very reasonings and objections of infidels!—for instance in arguing on the truth of the Hebrew text, because the words had no points when a living language, he absolutely prefers the Koran for correctness! On this Lowth observes: "You have been urging the same argument that *Spinoza* employed, in order to destroy the authority of the Hebrew Scriptures, and to introduce infidelity and atheism." Lowth shows further, that "this was also done by 'a Society of Gentlemen,' in their 'Sacerdotism Displayed,' said to be written by a 'select committee of the Deists and Freethinkers of Great Britain,' whose author Warburton himself had represented to be 'the forwardest devil of the whole legion.'" Lowth, however, concludes that all the mischief has arisen only from "your Lordship's undertaking to treat of a subject with which you appear to be very much unacquainted."—Lowth's *Letter*, p. 91.

† Lowth remonstrated with Warburton on his "supreme authority;" —"I did not care to protest against the authoritative manner in which you proceeded; or to question *your investiture in the high office of Inquisitor General, and Supreme Judge of the Opinions of the Learned*, which you had long before assumed, and had *exercised with a ferocity and a despotism without example in the Republic of Letters, and hardly to be paralleled among the disciples of Dominic;* exacting their opinions to the standard of your infallibility, and prosecuting with implacable hatred every one that presumed to differ from you."

Lowth's *Letter to* W. p. 9.

‡ Warburton had the most cutting way of designating his adversaries, either by the most vehement abuse, or the light petulance that expressed his ineffable contempt. He says to one, "Though your teeth are short, what you want in teeth you have in venom, and know, as all other creatures do, where your strength lies." He thus announces in one of

with its many little artifices lowers an adversary in the public opinion, was more peculiarly the talent of one of the aptest scholars, the cool, the keen, the sophistical Hurd. The lowest arts of confederacy were connived at by all the dis-

the Prefaces to the Divine Legation the name of the author of a work on "A future State of Rewards and Punishments," in which were some objections to Warburton's theory:—"I shall, therefore, but do what indeed would be justly reckoned the cruelest of all things, *tell my reader the name of this miserable;* which we find to be J. TILLARD." "Mr. Tillard was first condemned, (says the author of 'Confusion worse confounded,') as a ruffian that stabs a man in the dark, because he did *not* put his name to his book against the Divine Legation; and afterwards condemned as lost to shame, both as a man and a writer, because he *did* put his name to it."—Would not one imagine this person to be one of the lowest of miscreants? He was a man of fortune and literature. Of this person Warburton says in a letter, "This is a man of fortune, and it is well he is so, for I have spoiled his trade as a writer; and as he was very abusive, free-thinking, and anonymous, I have not spared to expose his ignorance and ill-faith." But afterwards, having discovered that he was a particular friend to Dr. Oliver, he makes awkward apologies, and declares he would not have *gone so far* had he known this!—He was often so vehement in his abuse, that I find he confessed it himself; for, in preparing a new edition of the Divine Legation, he tells Dr. Birch that he has made "several omissions of passages which were thought *vain*, *insolent*, and *ill-natured*."

It is amusing enough to observe how he designates men as great as himself. When he mentions the learned *Hyde*, he places him "at the head of a rabble of lying Orientalists." When he alludes to *Peters*, a very learned and ingenious clergyman, he passes him by as "The Cornish Critic." A friend of Peters observed, that "he had given Warburton 'A Cornish hug,' of which he might be sore as long as he lived." Dr. *Taylor*, the learned editor of Demosthenes, he selects from "his fellows," that is, other dunces; a delicacy of expression which offended scholars. He threatens Dr. *Stebbing*, who had preserved an anonymous character, "to catch this Eel of Controversy, since he hides his head, by the tail, the only part that sticks out of the mud, more dirty indeed than slippery, and still more weak than dirty, as passing through a trap, where he was forced, at every step, to leave part of his skin, that is, his system." Warburton has often true wit.—With what provoking contempt he calls Sir Thomas Hanmer always "The Oxford Editor!" and in his attack on Akenside, never fails to nick-name him, in derision, "The Poet!" I refer the reader to a postscript of his Dedication to the Freethinkers, for a curious specimen of supercilious causticity, in his description of Lord Kaimes as a critic, and Akenside as "The Poet!" Of this pair he tells us, in bitter derision, "they are both men of taste."

ciples,* prodigal of praise to themselves, and retentive of it to all others; the world was to be divided into two parts, the *Warburtonians* and the *Anti.*

Hurd imitated his master successfully, by using some qualifying epithet, or giving an adversary some odd nick-name, or discreetly dispensing a little mortifying praise. The antagonists he encounters were men sometimes his superiors, and these he calls "sizeable men." Some are styled "insect blasphemers!" The learned Lardner is reduced to "the laborious Dr. Lardner;" and Hume's History is treated with the discreet praise of being "the most readable history we have." He carefully hints to Leland, that "he had never read his works, nor looked into his translations; but what he has *heard* of his writings makes him think favourably of him." Thus, he teazes the rhetorical professor, by mentioning the "elegant translation, which, *they say*, you have made of Demosthenes!" And he understands that he is "a scholar, who, *they say*, employs himself in works of learning and taste."

Lowth seems to have discovered this secret art of Warburton; for he says, "You have a set of names always at hand, a kind of infamous list, or black calendar, where every offender is sure to find a niche ready to receive him; nothing so easy as the application, and slight provocation is sufficient."

* Sometimes Warburton left his battles to be fought by subaltern genius; a circumstance to which Lowth, with keen pleasantry, thus alludes:—"Indeed, my Lord, I was afterwards much surprised, when, having been with great civility dismissed from your presence, I found *your footman at your door, armed with his master's cane, and falling upon me without mercy;* yourself looking on and approving, and having probably put the weapon with proper orders into his hands. You think, it seems, that I ought to have taken my beating quietly and patiently, in respect to the livery which he wore. I was not of so tame a disposition: I wrested the weapon from him, and broke it. Your lordship, it seems, by an oblique blow, got an unlucky rap on the knuckles; though you may thank yourself for it, you lay the blame on me."—Lowth's *Letter to* W. p. 11.

Warburton and Hurd frequently concerted together on the manner of attack and defence. In one of these letters of Hurd's it is very amusing to read, "*Taylor* is a more creditable dunce than *Webster*.—What do you think to do with the Appendix against *Tillard* and *Sykes?* Why might not *Taylor* rank with them," &c. The Warburtonians had also a system of *espionage*. When Dr. Taylor was accused by one of them of having *said* that Warburton was no scholar, the learned Grecian replied, that he did not recollect ever saying that Dr. Warburton was no scholar, but that indeed he had always *thought* so.—Hence a tremendous quarrel! Hurd, the Mercury of our Jupiter, cast the first light shaft against the Doctor, then Chancellor of Lincoln, by alluding to the Preface of his

To establish this new government in the literary world, this great Revolutionist was favoured by Fortune with two important aids; the one was a *Machine*, by which he could wield public opinion; and the other a *Man*, who seemed born to be his minister, or his viceroy.

The *machine* was nothing less than the immortal works of Pope; as soon as Warburton had obtained a royal patent to secure to himself the sole property of Pope's works, the public were compelled, under the disguise of a Commentary on the most classical of our Poets, to be concerned with all his literary quarrels, and have his libels and lampoons perpetually before them; all the foul waters of his anger were deposited here as in a common reservoir.*

work on Civil Law, as "*a certain thing* prefatory to a learned work, intituled, The Elements of Civil Law;" but at length Jove himself rolled his thunder on the hapless Chancellor. The Doctor had said in his work, that "the Roman Emperors persecuted the first Christians, not so much from a dislike of their tenets as from a jealousy of their nocturnal assemblies." Warburton's doctrine was, that "they held nocturnal assemblies because of the persecution of their enemies. One was the fact, and the other the consequence. But the Chancellor of Lincoln was to be outrageously degraded among the dunces! that was the real motive; the "nocturnal assemblies" only the ostensible one. A pamphleter, in defence of the Chancellor, in reply, thought that in "this literary persecution," it might be dangerous "if Dr. Taylor should be provoked to *prove in print*, what he only *dropped in conversation*."—How innocent was this gentleman of the arts and stratagems of Logomachy, or book-wars! The *proof* would not have altered the cause! Hurd would have disputed it tooth and nail; Warburton was running greater risks, every day of his life, than any he was likely to receive from this flourish in the air. The great purpose was to make the Chancellor of Lincoln the but of his sarcastic pleasantry; and this object was secured by Warburton's forty pages of preface, in which the Chancellor stands to be buffeted, like an ancient quintain, "a mere lifeless block."—All this came upon him for only *thinking* that Warburton was no *scholar!*

* See what I have said at the close of note pp. 37-38 of this vol. In a collection, entitled "Verses occasioned by Mr. Warburton's late edition of Mr. Pope's Works, 1751, are numerous epigrams, parodies, and similes on it. I give one:—

"As on the margin of Thames' silver flood
Stand little *necessary* piles of wood,
So Pope's fair page appears with *notes* disgraced:
Put down the nuisances, ye men of taste!"

Fanciful as was the genius of Warburton, it delighted too much in its eccentric motions, and in its own solitary great-

Lowth has noticed the use Warburton made of his patent for vending Pope. "I thought you might possibly whip me at the cart's-tail in a note to the 'Divine Legation,' the ordinary place of your literary executions; or *pillory me in the Dunciad*, another engine which, as legal proprietor, you have very ingeniously and judiciously applied to the same purpose; or, perhaps, have ordered me a kind of Bridewell correction, by one of your beadles, in a pamphlet."—LOWTH'S *Letter to Warburton*, p. 4.

Warburton carried the licentiousness of the pen in all these notes to the Dunciad to a height which can only be paralleled in the gross logomachies of Schioppius, Gronovius, and Scaliger, and the rest of that snarling crew. But his wit exceeded even his grossness. He was accused of not sparing—

"Round-house wit and Wapping choler."
Verses occasioned by Mr. W.'s late edition of Pope.

And one of his most furious assailants thus salutes him:—"Whether you are a wrangling Wapping attorney, a pedantic pretender to criticism, an impudent paradoxical priest, or an animal yet stranger, a heterogeneous medley of all three, as your farraginous style seems to confess." *An Epistle to the Author of a Libel* entitled, "*A Letter to the Editor of Bolingbroke's Works, &c.*—See NICHOLS, vol. v. p. 651.

I have ascertained that Mallet was the author of this furious Epistle. He would not acknowledge what he dared not deny. Warburton treated Mallet, in this instance, as he often did his superiors—he never replied! The silence seems to have stung this irascible and evil spirit: he returned again to the charge, with another poisoned weapon. His rage produced "A *familiar* Epistle to the most impudent man living, 1749."—The style of this second letter has been characterized as "bad enough to disgrace even goals and garrets. Its virulence could not well exceed its predecessor. The oddness of its title has made this worthless thing often inquired after. It is merely personal. It is curious to observe Mallet, in this pamphlet, treat Pope as an object of pity, and call him "this poor man." *Orator* Henley took some pains, on the first appearance of this catching title, to assure his friends that it did not refer to *him*. The title proved contagious; which shows the abuse of Warburton was very agreeable. Dr. Z. Grey, under the title of "A Country Curate," published "A free and *familiar* Letter to the great Refiner of Pope and Shakespeare, 1750;" and in 1753, young Cibber tried also at "A *familiar* Epistle to Mr. William Warburton, from Mr. Theophilus Cibber," prefixed to the Life of Barton Booth. Dr. Z. Grey's "freedom and *familiarity*" are designed to show Warburton that he has no wit; but unluckily, the doctor having none himself, his arguments against Warbur-

ness, amid abstract and recondite topics, to have strongly attracted the public attention, had not a party been formed around

ton's are not decisive. "The *familiarity*" of Mallet is that of a scoundrel, and the *younger* Cibber's that of an idiot: the genius of Warburton was secure. Mallet overcharged his gun with the fellest intentions, but found his piece, in bursting, annihilated himself. The popgun of the *little* Theophilus could never have been heard!

But Warburton's rage was only a part of his *secret principle;* for can anything be more witty than his attack on poor Cooper, the author of "The Life of Socrates?" Having called his book "a late worthless and now forgotten thing, called the Life of Socrates," he adds, "where the head of the author has just made a shift to do the office of a *camera obscura*, and represent things in an inverted order, himself *above*, and Rollin, Voltaire, and every other author of reputation, *below*." When Cooper complained of this, and of some severer language, to Warburton, through a friend, Warburton replied that Cooper had attacked him, and that he had only taken his revenge "with a slight joke." Cooper was weak and vain enough to print a pamphlet, to prove that this was a serious accusation, and no joke; and if it was a joke, he shows it was not a correct one. In fact, Cooper could never comprehend how his head was like a *camera obscura!*—Cooper was of the Shaftesburian school,—philosophers who pride themselves on "the harmony" of their passions, but are too often in discords at a slight disturbance. He equalled the virulence of Warburton, but could not attain to the wit. "I found," says Cooper, "previous to his pretended wittieism about the *camera obscura*, such miserable spawn of wretched malice, as nothing but the inflamed brain of a rank monk could conceive, or the oyster-selling maids near London-bridge could utter." One would not suppose all this came from the school of Plato, but rather from the tub of Diogenes. Something must be allowed for poor Cooper, whose "Life of Socrates" had been so positively asserted to be "a late worthless and forgotten thing." It is curious enough to observe Cooper declaring, after this sally, that Warburton "has very unfortunately used the word *impudent* (which epithet Warburton had applied to him), as it naturally reminds every reader, that the pamphlet published about two years ago, addressed 'to the most impudent man living,' was universally acknowledged to be dedicated to our commentator." Warburton had always the Dunciad in his head when a new quarrel was rising, which produced an odd blunder on the side of Edwards, and provoked that wit to be as dull as Cooper. Warburton said, in one of his notes on Edwards, who had entitled himself "a gentleman of Lincoln's-Inn."—"This gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, is in reality a gentleman only of the Dunciad, or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such mushrooms, a *gentleman of the last edition.*"—Edwards misunderstood the allusion, and sore at the personal attack which followed, of his having

him, at the head of which stood the active and subtle Hurd; and amid the gradations of the votive brotherhood, the profound Balguy, the spirited Brown, till we descend—

"To his tame jackall, parson Towne."
Verses on Warburton's late Edition.

This Warburtonian party reminds one of an old custom among our elder poets, who formed a kind of freemasonry among themselves, by adopting younger poets by the title of their *sons*.—But that was a domestic society of poets; this, a revival of the Jesuitic order instituted by its founder, that—

"By him supported with a proper pride,
They might hold all mankind as fools beside.
Might, like himself, teach each adopted son,
'Gainst all the world, to quote a Warburton."*
Churchill's Fragment of a Dedication.

"eluded the solicitude of his careful father," considered himself "degraded of his gentility," that it was "a reflection on his birth," and threatened to apply to "Mr. Warburton's Masters of the Bench, for degrading a 'barrister of their house.'"—This afforded a new triumph to Warburton, in a new note, where he explains his meaning of these "mushrooms," whom he meant merely as literary ones; and assures 'Fungoso and his friends, who are all gentlemen, that he meant no more than that Edwards had become a gentleman *of the last edition of the Dunciad!*" Edwards and his fungous friends had understood the phrase as applied to new-fangled gentry. One of these wits, in the collection of verses cited above, says to Warburton:—

"This mushroom has made sauce for you.
He's meat; thou'rt poison—plain enough—
If he's a *mushroom*, thou'rt a *puff!*"

Warburton had the full command over the Dunciad, even when Pope was alive; for it was in consequence of Warburton's being refused a degree at Oxford, that the poet, though one had been offered to himself, produced the celebrated lines of "Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen," in the fourth Dunciad. Thus it is that the personal likes and dislikes of witty men come down to posterity, and are often mistaken as just satire, when, after all, they are nothing but Literary Quarrels, seldom founded on truth, and very often complete falsehoods!

* Warburton, indeed, was always looking about for fresh recruits: a circumstance which appears in the curious Memoirs of the late Dr. Heathcote, written by himself. Heathcote, when young, published, anonymously, a pamphlet in the Middletonian controversy. By the de-

The character of a literary sycophant was never more perfectly exhibited than in Hurd. A Whig in principle, yet he had all a courtier's arts for Warburton; to him he devoted all his genius, though that, indeed, was moderate; aided him with all his ingenuity, which was exquisite; and lent his cause a certain delicacy of taste and cultivated elegance, which, although too prim and artificial, was a vein of gold running through his mass of erudition; it was Hurd who aided the usurpation of Warburton in the province of criticism, above Aristotle and Longinus.* Hurd is justly characterized by

sire of Warburton, the bookseller transmitted his compliments to the anonymous author. "I was greatly surprised," says Heathcote, "but soon after perceived, that Warburton's state of authorship being a state of war, *it was his custom to be particularly attentive to all young authors, in hopes of enlisting them into his service.* Warburton was more than civil, when necessary, on these occasions, and would procure such adventurers some slight patronage."—Nichols's *Lit. Anecdotes*, vol. v. p. 536.

* We are astonished at the boldness of the minor critic, who even, after the fatal edition of Warburton's Shakespeare, he should still venture, in the life of his great friend, to assert that "this fine edition must ever be highly valued by men of sense and taste; a spirit congenial to that of the author, breathing throughout!"

Is it possible that the man who wrote this should ever have read the "Canons of Criticism?" Yet is it to be supposed that he who took so lively an interest in the fortunes of his literary friend should *not* have read them? The Warburtonians appear to have adopted one of the principles of the Jesuits, in their controversies; which was, to repeat arguments which had been confuted over and over again, to insinuate that they had not been so! But this was not too much to risk, by him who, in his dedication of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, with a Commentary, had hardily and solemnly declared that "Warburton, in his *enlarged view of things*, had not only revived the two models of Aristotle and Longinus, but had rather struck out *a new original plan of criticism*, which should unite the virtues of each of them. This experiment was made on the two greatest of our own poets—Shakespeare and Pope. Still (he adds, addressing Warburton) *you went farther*, by joining to those powers a perfect insight into human nature; and so ennobling the exercise of literary, by the justest moral censure, *you have now, at length, advanced criticism to its full glory.*"

A perpetual intercourse of mutual adulation, animated the Sovereign and his viceroy, and, by mutual support, each obtained the same reward: two mitres crowned the greater and the minor critic. This intercourse

Warton, in his Spenser, vol. ii, p. 36, as "the *most sensible* and *ingenious* of modern critics."

He was a lover of his studies; and he probably was sincere, when he once told a friend of the literary antiquary Cole, that he would have chosen not to quit the university, for he loved retirement; and on that principle Cowley was his favourite poet, which he afterwards showed, by his singular edition of that poet. He was called, from the cloistered shades, to asume the honourable dignity of a Royal Tutor. Had he devoted his days to literature, he would have still enriched its stores. But he had other more supple and more serviceable qualifications. Most adroit was he in all the archery of controversy: he had the subtlety that can evade the aim of the assailant, and the slender dexterity, substituted for vigour, that struck when least expected. The subaltern genius of Hurd required to be animated by the heroic energy of Warburton; and the careless courage of the chief wanted one who could maintain the unguarded passages he left behind him in his progress.

was humourously detected by the lively author of "Confusion worse confounded."—"When the late Duke of R. (says he) kept wild beasts, it was a common diversion to make two of his bears drunk (not metaphorically with flattery, but literally with strong ale,) and then daub them over with honey. It was excellent sport to see how lovingly (like a couple of critics) they would lick and claw one another." It is almost amazing to observe how Hurd, who naturally was of the most frigid temperament, and the most subdued feelings, warmed, heated, and blazed, in the progressive stages, "of that pageantry of praise spread over the Rev. Mr. Warburton, when the latter was advancing fast towards a Bishoprick," to use the words of Dr. Parr, a sagacious observer of man. However, notwithstanding the despotic mandates of our Pichrocole and his dapper minister, there were who did not fear to meet the greater bear of the two so facetiously described above. And the author of "Confusion worse confounded" tells a familiar story, which will enliven the history of our great critic.—"One of the bears mentioned above happened to get loose, and was running along the street in which a tinker was gravely walking. The people all cried 'Tinker! tinker! beware of the bear!'—Upon this Magnano faced about, with great composure; and raising his staff, knocked down Bruin; then setting his arms a-kimbo, walked off very sedately; only saying—'Let the bear beware of the tinker'—which is now become a proverb in those parts."—*Confusion worse confounded*, p. 75.

Such, then, was WARBURTON, and such the quarrels of this great author. He was, through his literary life, an adventurer, guided by that secret principle, which opened an immediate road to fame. By opposing the common sentiments of mankind, he awed and he commanded them; and by giving a new face to all things, he surprised, by the appearances of discoveries. All this, so pleasing to his egotism, was not however fortunate for his ambition. To sustain an authority, which he had usurped; to substitute for the taste he wanted, a curious and dazzling erudition; and to maintain those reckless decisions which so often plunged him into perils, Warburton adopted his *system of Literary Quarrels.* These were the illegitimate means which raised a sudden celebrity; and which genius kept alive, as long as that genius lasted; but Warburton suffered that literary calamity, too protracted a period of human life: he outlived himself and his fame. This great and original mind sacrificed all his genius to that secret principle we have endeavoured to develop—it was a self-immolation!

The learned SELDEN, in the curious little volume of his "Table-Talk," has delivered to posterity a precept for the learned, which they ought to wear like the Jewish phylacteries, as "a frontlet between their eyes." *No man is the wiser for his Learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.*—Sir THOMAS HANMER, who was well acquainted with Warburton, during their correspondence about Shakespeare, often said of him: "The only use he could find in Mr Warburton was, *starting the game;* he was not to be trusted *in running it down.*" A just discrimination! His fervid curiosity was absolutely creative; but his taste and his judgment, perpetually stretched out by his system, could not save him from even inglorious absurdities!

Warburton, it is probable, was not really the character he appears. It mortifies the lovers of genius to discover how a natural character may be thrown into a convulsed unnatural state, by some adopted system; it is this system which, carrying it, as it were, beyond itself, communicates a more than natural, but a self-destroying energy. All then becomes re-

versed! The arrogant and vituperative Warburton was only such in his assumed character; for, in still domestic life, he was the creature of benevolence, touched by generous passions. But in public life, the artificial, or the acquired character, prevails over the one which nature designed for us; and by that all public men, as well as authors, are usually judged by posterity.

POPE,

AND HIS MISCELLANEOUS QUARRELS.

POPE adopted a system of literary politics—collected, with extraordinary care, every thing relative to his Quarrels—no politician ever studied to obtain his purposes by more oblique directions and intricate stratagems—some of his manœuvres—his systematic hostility not practised with impunity—his claim to his own Works contested—CIBBER's facetious description of POPE's feelings, and WELSTED's elegant satire on his genius—DENNIS's account of POPE's Introduction to him—his political prudence further discovered in the Collection of all the Pieces relative to the Dunciad, in which he employed SAVAGE—the THEOBALDIANS and the POPEIANS; an attack by a Theobaldian—The Dunciad ingeniously defended, for the grossness of its imagery, and its reproach of the poverty of the authors, supposed by POPE himself, with some curious specimens of literary personalities—the Litterary Quarrel between AARON HILL and POPE distinguished for its romantic cast—a Narrative of the extraordinary transactions respecting the publication of POPE's Letters; an example of Stratagem and Conspiracy, illustrative of his character.

POPE has proudly perpetuated the history of his Literary Quarrels; and he appears to have been among those authors, surely not forming the majority, who have delighted in, or have not been averse to provoke, hostility. He has registered the titles of every book, even to a single paper, or a copy of verses, in which their authors had committed treason against his poetical sovereignty.* His am-

*Pope collected these numerous literary libels with extraordinary care. He had them bound in volumes of all sizes; and a range of twelves, octavos, quartos, and folios, were marshalled in portentous order on his shelves. He wrote the names of the writers, with remarks on these *Anonymiana*. He prefixed to them this motto, from Job:

bition seemed gratified in heaping these trophies to his genius, while his meaner passions could compile one of the most voluminous of the scandalous chronicles of litera-

"Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary had written a book: surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me." xxxi. 35. Ruffhead, who wrote Pope's Life under the eye of Warburton, who revised every sheet of the volume, and suffered this mere lawyer and singularly wretched critic to write on, with far inferior taste to his own—offered "the entire collection to any public library or museum, whose search is after *curiosities*, and may be desirous of enriching their common treasure with it: it will be freely at the service of that which asks first." Did no one accept the invitation? As this was written in 1769, it is evidently pointed towards the British Museum; but there I have not heard of it. This collection must have contained much of the Secret Memoirs of Grub-street: it was always a fountain whence those "waters of bitterness," the notes in the Dunciad, were readily supplied. It would be curious to discover by what stratagem Pope obtained all that secret intelligence about his Dunces, with which he has burthened posterity, for his own particular gratification. Arburthnot, it is said, wrote some notes merely literary; but Savage, and still humbler agents, served him as his *Espions de Police*. He pensioned Savage to his last day, and never deserted him. In the account of "the phantom Moore," Scriblerus appeals to Savage to authenticate some story. One curious instance of the fruits of Savage's researches in this way he has himself preserved, in his memoirs of "An Author to be Let, by Iscariot Hackney." The portrait of "a perfect Town-Author" is not deficient in spirit: the hero was one Roome, a man only celebrated in the Dunciad for his funereal-frown." But it is uncertain whether this fellow had really so dismal a countenance; for the epithet was borrowed from his profession, being the son of an undertaker! Such is the nature of some satire! Dr. Warton is astonished, or mortified, for he knew not which, to see the pains and patience of Pope and his friends in compiling the Notes to the Dunciad, to trace out the lives and works of such paltry and forgotton scribblers. "It is like walking through the darkest alleys in the dirtiest part of St. Giles's." Very true! But may we not be allowed to detect the vanities of human nature at St. Giles's as well as St. James's? Authors, however obscure, are always an amusing race to authors. The greatest find their own passions in the least, though distorted, or cramped in too small a compass.

It is doubtless from Pope's great anxiety for his own literary celebrity that we have been furnished with so complete a knowledge of the gro-

ture. We are mortified on discovering so fine a genius in the text, humbling itself through all the depravity of a commentary full of spleen, and not without the fictions of satire. The unhappy influence his *Literary Quarrels* had on this great poet's life remains to be traced. He adopted a system of literary politics, abounding with stratagems, conspiracies, manœuvres, and factions.

Pope's literary quarrels were the wars of his poetical ambition, more perhaps than of the petulance and strong irritability of his character. They were some of the artifices he adopted, from the peculiarity of his situation.

Thrown out of the active classes of society, from a variety of causes, sufficiently known,* concentrating his passions into a solitary one, his retired life was passed in the

tesque groups in the Dunciad. "Give me a shilling," said Swift facetiously, "and I will insure you that posterity shall never know one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved." A very useful hint for a man of genius to leave his wretched assailants to dissolve away in their own weakness. But Pope, having written a Dunciad, by accompanying it with a commentary, took the only method to interest posterity. He felt that Boileau's satires on bad authors are liked only in the degree the objects alluded to are known. But he loved too much the subject for its own sake. He abused the powers genius had conferred on him, as other imperial sovereigns have done. It is said that he kept the whole kingdom in awe of him. In "the frenzy and prodigality of vanity," he exclaimed—

"————Yes, I am proud to see
Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me!"

Tacitus Gordon said of him, that Pope seemed to persuade the nation that all genius and ability were confined to him and his friends.

* Pope, in his energetic Letter to Lord Hervey, that "master-piece of invective," says Warton, which Tyers tells us he kept long back from publishing, at the desire of Queen Caroline, who was fearful her counseller would become insignificant in the public esteem, and at last in her own, such was the power his genius exercised;—has pointed out one of these causes. It describes himself as "a private person under penal laws, and many other disadvantages, not for want of

contemplation of his own literary greatness. Reviewing the past, and anticipating the future, he felt he was creating a new era in our Literature, an event which does not always occur in a century; but eager to secure present celebrity, with the victory obtained in the open field, he combined the intrigues of the cabinet: thus, while he was exerting great means, he practised little artifices. No politician studied to obtain his purposes by more oblique directions, or with more intricate stratagems; and Pope was at once the lion and the fox of Machiavel. A book might be written on the Stratagems of Literature, as Frontinus has composed one on War, and among its subtilest heroes we might place this great poet.

To keep his name alive before the public, was one of his early plans. When he published his "Essay on Criticism," anonymously, the young and impatient poet was mortified with the inertion of public curiosity: he was almost in despair.* Twice, perhaps oftener, Pope attacked Pope;†

honesty or conscience; yet it is by these alone I have hitherto lived *excluded from all posts of profit or trust.* I can interfere with the views of no man."

* The first publisher of the Essay on Criticism must have been a Mrs. Lewis, a Catholic bookseller in Covent-garden; for, from a descendant of this Lewis, I heard that Pope, after publication, came every day, persecuting with anxious inquiries the cold impenetrable bookseller, who, as the poem lay uncalled for, saw nothing but vexatious importunities in a troublesome youth. One day, Pope, after nearly a month's publication, entered, and in despair, tied up a number of the poems, which he addressed to several who had a reputation in town, as judges of poetry. The scheme succeeded, and the poem, having reached its proper circle, soon got into request.

† He was the author of "The Key to the Lock," written to show that "The Rape of the Lock" was a political poem, designed to ridicule the Barrier Treaty. Its innocent extravagances could only have been designed to increase attention to a work, which hardly required any such artifice. In the same spirit he composed the Guardian, in which Phillips's Pastorals were insidiously preferred to his own. Pope sent this ironical panegyrical criticism on Phillips anonymously to

and he frequently concealed himself under the names of others, for some particular design. Not to point out his dark familiar Scriblerus, always at hand for all purposes, he made use of the names of several of his friends. When he employed SAVAGE in "a collection of all the pieces, in verse and prose, published on occasion of the Dunciad," he subscribed his name to an admirable dedication to Lord Middlesex, where he minutely relates the whole history of the Dunciad, "and the weekly clubs held to consult of hostilities against the author;" and, for an express introduction to that Work, he used the name of Cleland, to which is added a note, expressing surprise that the world did not believe that Cleland was the writer! Wanting a pretext for the publication of his letters, he delighted CURLL by conveying to him some printed surreptitious copies, who soon discovered, that it was but a fairy treasure, which he could not grasp; and Pope, in his own defence, had soon ready the authentic edition.* Some lady observed that Pope "Hardly drank tea without a stratagem!" The female genius easily detects its own peculiar faculty, when it is exercised with inferior delicacy.

But his systematic hostility did not proceed with equal impunity: in this perpetual war with dullness, he discovered that every one he called a dunce was not so; nor did he find the dunces themselves less inconvenient to him; for many successfully substituted, for their deficien-

the Guardian, and Steele not perceiving the drift, hesitated to publish it, till Pope advised it. Addison detected it. I doubt whether we have discovered all the *supercheries* of this kind. After writing the finest works of genius, he was busily employed in attracting the public attention to them. In the antithesis of his character, he was so great and so little! But he knew mankind! and present fame was the great business of his life.

* The narrative of this dark transaction, which seems to have been imperfectly known to Johnson, being too copious for a note, will be found at the close of this article.

cies in better qualities, the lie, that lasts long enough to vex a man; and the insolence, that does not fear him: they attacked him at all points, and not always in the spirit of legitimate warfare. They filled up his asterisks, and accused him of treason. They asserted that the panegyrical verses, prefixed to his works (an obsolete mode of recommendation, which Pope condescended to practice,) were his own composition, and to which he had affixed the names of some dead or some unknown writers. They published lists of all whom Pope had attacked; placing at the head, "God Almighty; the king;" descending to the "lords and gentlemen."* A few suspected his skill in

* Pope is, perhaps, the finest *character-painter* of all satirists. Atterbury, after reading the portrait of Atticus, advised him to proceed in a way which his genius had pointed out; but Arbuthnot, with his dying breath, conjured him "to reform, and not to chastise;" that is, not to spare the vice, but the person. It is said, Pope answered, that, to correct the world with due effect, they became inseparable; and that, deciding by his own experience, he was justified in this opinion. Perhaps, at first, he himself wavered; but he strikes bolder as he gathers strength. The two first editions of the Duneiad, now before me, could hardly be intelligible: they exhibit lines after lines gaping with an hiatus, or obscured with initial letters: in subsequent editions, the names stole into their places. We are told, that the personalities in his Satires quickened the sale: the portraits of Sporus, Bufo, Clodius, Timon, and Atossa, were purchased by everybody; but when he once declared, respecting the *characters* of one of his best satires, that no real persons were intended, it checked public curiosity, which was felt in the sale of that edition. Personality in his satires, no doubt, accorded with the temper and the talent of Pope; and the malice of mankind afforded him all the conviction necessary to indulge it. Yet Young could depend solely on abstract characters and pure wit; and I believe that his "Love of Fame" was a series of admirable satires, which did not obtain less popularity than Pope's. Cartwright, one of the poetical sons of Ben Jonson, describes, by a beautiful and original image, the office of the satirist, though he praises Jonson for exercising a virtue he did not always practise; as Swift celebrates Pope with the same truth, when he sings:—

Greek; but every hound yelped in the halloo against his Homer.* Yet the more extraordinary circumstance was, their hardy disputes with Pope respecting his claim to his own works, and the difficulty he more than once found to establish his rights. Sometimes they divided public opinion by even indicating the real authors; and witnesses, from White's and St. James's, were ready to be produced. Among these literary cotcries, several of Pope's productions, in their anonymous, and even in their MS. state, had been appropriated by several pseudo authors: and when Pope called for restitution, he seemed to be claiming nothing less than their lives. One of these gentlemen had enjoyed a very fair reputation for more than two years on the "Memoirs of a Parish-Clerk;" another, on "The Messiah;" and there were many other vague claims. All this was vexatious; but not so much as the ridiculous attitude in which Pope was sometimes placed by his enraged adversaries.† He must have found himself in a more perilous

"Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name."

Cartwright's lines are:—

"————'t is thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still;
As he who, when he saw the serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping son, and as he breathed,
Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive."

* Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, published a letter in Mists's Journal, insisting that Pope had *mistaken the whole character of Tersites*, from ignorance of the language. I regret I have not drawn some notes from that essay. The subject might be made curious by a good Greek scholar, if Pope has really erred in the degree Cooke asserts. Theobald, who seems to have been a more classical scholar than has been allowed, besides some versions from the Greek tragic bards, commenced a translation of the Odyssey as soon as Pope's Iliad appeared.

† In one of these situations, Pope issued a very grave, but very ludicrous, advertisement. They had the impudence to publish an

situation, when he hired a brawny champion, or borrowed the generous courage of some military friend.* To all these troubles we may add, that Pope has called down on himself more lasting vengeance; and the good sense of Theobald, the furious, but often acute remarks of Dennis; the good-humoured, yet keen remonstrance of Cibber; the silver shaft, tipped with venom, sent from the injured but revengeful Lady Mary; and many a random-shot, that often struck him, inflicted on him many a sleepless night.† The

account of Pope having been flagellated by two gentlemen in Ham Walks, during his evening promenade. This was avenging Dennis for what he had undergone from the narrative of his madness. In "The Memoirs of Grub-street," vol. i. p. 96, this tingling narrative appears to have been the ingenious forgery of Lady Mary! On this occasion, Pope thought it necessary to publish the following advertisement in the Daily Post, June 14, 1728:—

"Whereas, there has been a scandalous paper cried aloud about the streets, under the title of 'A Pop upon Pope,' insinuating that I was whipped in Ham Walks, on Thursday last:—This is to give notice, that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham on that day, and the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report.—A. P."

It seems that Phillips hung up a birchen-rod at Button's. Pope, in one of his letters, congratulates himself that he never attempted to use it.

* According to the scandalous chronicle of the day, Pope, shortly after the publication of the Dunciad, had a tall Irishman to attend him. Colonel Duckett threatened to cane him, for a licentious stroke aimed at him, which Pope recanted. Thomas Bentley, nephew to the doctor, for the treatment his uncle had received, sent Pope a challenge. The modern, like the ancient Horace, was of a nature liable to panic at such critical moments. Pope consulted some military friends, who declared that his *person* ought to protect him from any such redundance of valour as was thus formally required: however, one of them accepted the challenge for him, and gave Bentley the option either of fighting or apologizing; who, on this occasion, proved, what is usual, that the easiest of the two was the quickest done.

† I shall preserve one specimen, so classically elegant, that Pope himself might have composed it. It is from the pen of that Leonard Welsted whose Agan*i*ppe Pope has so shamefully characterized—

younger Richardson has recorded the personal sufferings of Pope, when, one day, in taking up Cibber's letter, while his face was writhing with agony, he feebly declared that "these things were as good as hartshorn to him;" but he appeared, at that moment, rather to want a little. And it

"Flow, Welsted, flow, like thine inspirer, beer!"

Can the reader credit, after this, that Welsted, who was clerk in ordinary at the Ordnance Office, was a man of family and independence, of elegant manners and of fine fancy, but who considered poetry only as a passing amusement? He has, however, left behind, amid the careless productions of his muse, some passages wrought up with equal felicity and power. There are several original poetical views of nature scattered in his works, which have been collected by Mr. Nichols, that would admit of a comparison with some of established fame.

Welsted imagined that the spirit of English poetry was on its decline in the age of Pope, and allegorizes the state of our poetry in a most ingenious comparison. The picture is exquisitely wrought, like an ancient gem: one might imagine Anacreon was turned critic:—

"A flask I rear'd whose sluice began to fail,
And told, from Phædrus, this facetious tale:—
Sabina, very old and very dry,
Chanced, on a time, an EMPTY FLASK to spy!
The flask but lately had been thrown aside.
With the rich grape of Tusean vineyards dyed;
But lately, gushing from the slender spout,
Its life, in purple streams, had issued out.
The costly flavour still to sense remain'd,
And still its sides the violet colour stain'd:
A sight so sweet taught wrinkled age to smile;
Pleased, she imbibes the generous fumes awhile,
Then, downwards turn'd, the vessel gently props,
And drains with patient care the lucid drops:
O balmy spirit of Etruria's vine!
O fragrant flask, she said, too lately mine!
If such delights, THOUGH EMPTY, *thou canst yield,*
What wondrous raptures hadst thou given, if fill'd!"

Palæmon to Cœlia at Bath, or the Triumvirate.

"The empty flask" only retaining "the costly flavour," was the verse of Pope.

is probably true, what Cibber facetiously says of Pope, in his second letter: "Everybody tells me that I have made you as uneasy as a rat in a hot kettle, for a twelvemonth together."

Pope was pursued through life by the insatiable vengeance of Dennis. The young poet, who had got introduced to him among his first literary acquaintances, could not fail, when the occasion presented itself, of ridiculing this uncouth son of Aristotle. The blow was given in the character of Appius, in the Art of Criticism; and it is known Appius was instantaneously recognized by the fierce shriek of the agonized critic himself. From that moment Dennis resolved to write down every work of Pope's. How dangerous to offend certain tempers, verging on madness!* Dennis, too, called on every one to join him in the common cause; and once he retaliated on Pope in his own way. Accused by Pope of being the writer of an account of himself, in Jacob's Lives of the Poets, Dennis procured a letter from Jacob, which he published, and in which it appears

* Dennis tells the whole story. "At his first coming to town, he was importunate with Mr. Cromwell to introduce him to me. The recommendation engaged me to be about thrice in company with him; after which I went to the country, till I found myself most insolently attacked in his very superficial Essay on Criticism, by which he endeavoured to destroy the reputation of a man who had published pieces of criticism, and to set up his own. I was moved with indignation to that degree, that I immediately writ remarks on that Essay. I also writ upon part of his translation of Homer, his Windsor Forest, and his infamous Temple of Fame." In the same pamphlet he says:—"Pope writ his Windsor Forest in envy of Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill; his infamous Temple of Fame, in envy of Chaucer's poem upon the same subject; his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, in envy of Dryden's Feast of Alexander."—In reproaching Pope with his peculiar rhythm, that monotonous excellence, which soon became mechanical, he has an odd attempt at a pun:—"Boileau's Pegasus has all his paces; the Pegasus of Pope, like a *Kentish post-horse*, is always upon the *Canterbury*."—*Remarks upon several passages in the Preliminaries to the Dunciad*, 1729.

that Pope's own character in this collection, if not written by him, was by him very carefully corrected on the proof-sheet; so that he stood in the same ridiculous attitude into which he had thrown Dennis, as his own trumpeter.—Dennis, whose brutal energy remained unsubdued, was a rhinoceros of a critic, shelled up against the arrows of wit. This monster of criticism awed the poet; and Dennis proved to be a Python, whom the golden shaft of Apollo could not pierce.

The political prudence of Pope was further discovered in the "Collection of all the Pieces relative to the Dunciad," on which he employed Savage: these exemplified the justness of the satire, or defended it from all attacks. The precursor of the "Dunciad," was a single chapter in "The Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry;" where the humorous satirist discovers an analogy between flying fishes, parrots, tortoises, &c. and certain writers, whose names are designated by initial letters. In this unlucky alphabet of dunces, not one of them but was applied to some writer of the day; and the loud clamours these excited could not be appeased by the simplicity of our poet's declaration, that the letters were placed at random: and while his oil could not smooth so turbulent a sea, every one swore to the flying-fish or the tortoise, as he had described them. It was still more serious when the "Dunciad" appeared. Of that class of authors who depended for a wretched existence on their wages, several were completely ruined, for no purchasers were to be found for the works of some authors, after they had been inscribed in the chronicle of our provoking and inimitable satirist.*

* Two parties arose in the literary republic, the *Theobaldians* and the *Popeians*. The Grub-street Journal, a kind of literary gazette of some campaigns of the time, records the skirmishes with tolerable neutrality, though with a strong leaning in favour of the prevailing genius.

The *Popeians* did not always do honour to their great leader; and

It is in this Collection by Savage I find the writer's admirable satire on the class of literary prostitutes. It is en-

the *Theobaldians* proved themselves, at times, worthy of being engaged, had fate so ordered it, in the army of their renowned enemy. When Young published his "Two Epistles to Pope, on the Authors of the Age," there appeared "One Epistle to Mr. A. Pope, in answer to two of Dr. Young's." On this, a Popeian defends his master from some extravagant accusations, in "The Grub-street Memoirs." He insists, as his first principle, that all accusations against a man's character, without an attester, are presumed to be slanders and lies, and in this case every gentleman, though "Knight of the Bathos," is merely a liar and scoundrel.

"You assure us he is not only a bad poet, but a stealer from bad poets: if so, you have just cause to complain of invasion of property. You assure us he is not even a versifier, but steals the *sound* of his verses; now, to *steal a sound* is as ingenious as to *paint an echo*. You cannot bear *gentlemen* should be treated as vermin and reptiles; now, to be impartial, you were compared to *flying fishes*, *didappers*, *tortoises*, and *parrots*, &c. not vermin, but curious and beautiful creatures"—alluding to the abuse, in this Epistle, on such authors as Atterbury, Arbuthnot, Swift, the Duke of Buckingham, &c. The Popeian concludes:—

"After all, *your poem*, to comfort you, is more innocent than the *Dunciad;* for in the one there's no man abused, but is very well pleased to be abused in such company; whereas, in the other, there's no man so much as named, but is extremely affronted to be ranked with such people as style each other the *dullest of men*."

The publication of the Dunciad, however, drove the *Theobaldians* out of the field. Guerillas, such as the "One Epistle," sometimes appeared, but their heroes struck and skulked away. A *Theobaldian*, in an Epigram, compared the Duneiad of Pope to the offspring of the celebrated Pope Joan. The neatness of his wit is hardly blunted by a pun. He who talks of Pope's "stealing a sound," seems to have practised that invisible art himself, for the verse is musical as Pope's.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE DUNCIAD.

"With rueful eyes thou view'st thy wretched race,
The child of guilt, and destined to disgrace.
Thus when famed Joan usurp'd the Pontiff's chair,
With terror she beheld her new-born heir:

titled "An Author to be let, by Iscariot Hackney." It has been ably commended by Johnson in his Life of Savage, and on his recommendation, Thomas Davies inserted it in his Collection of Fugitive Pieces; but such is the careless curiosity of modern re-publishers, that often, in preserving a decayed body, they are apt to drop a limb: this was the case with Davies; for he has dropped the preface, far more exquisite than the work itself. A morsel of such poignant relish betrays the hand of the master, who snatched the pen for a moment.

This preface defends Pope from the two great objections justly raised at the time against the "Dunciad:" one is, the grossness and filthiness of its imagery: and the other, its reproachful allusions to the poverty of the authors.

The *indelicacies* of the "Dunciad" are thus wittily apologized for:—

"They are suitable to the subject; a subject composed, for the most part, of authors whose writings are the refuse of wit, and who in life are the very excrement of Nature. Mr. Pope has, too, used dung; but he disposes that dung in such a manner that it becomes rich manure, from which he raises a variety of fine flowers. He deals in rags; but like an artist, who commits them to a paper mill, and brings them out useful sheets. The chemist extracts a fine cordial from the most nauseous of all dung; and Mr. Pope has drawn a sweet poetical spirit from the most offensive and unpoetical objects of the creation—unpoetical, though eternal writers of poetry."

The reflections on the *poverty* of its heroes are thus in-

> Ill-starr'd, ill-favour'd into birth it came;
> In vice begotten, and brought forth with shame!
> In vain it breathes, a lewd abandon'd hope!
> And calls in vain, the unhallow'd father—Pope!

The answers to this Epigram by the Popeians are too gross. The "One Epistle" is attributed to James Moore Smyth, in alliance with Welsted, and other unfortunate heroes.

geniously defended :—" Poverty, not proceeding from folly, but which may be owing to virtue, sets a man in an amiable light; but when our wants are of our own seeking, and prove the motive of every ill action (for the poverty of bad authors has always a bad heart for its companion,) is not a vice, and properly the subject of satire?" The preface then proceeds to show how " all these *said writers* might have been *good mechanics*." He illustrates his principles with a most ungracious account of several of his contemporaries. I shall give a specimen of what I consider as the polished sarcasm and caustic humour of Pope, on some favourite subjects.

" Mr. Thomas *Cooke*.—His enemies confess him not without merit. To do the man justice, he might have made a tolerable figure as a *Tailor*. 'Twere too presumptuous to affirm he could have been a *master* in any profession; but, dull as I allow him, he would not have been despicable for a third or a fourth hand journeyman. Then had his wants have been avoided; for, he would at least have learned to *cut his coat according to his cloth*.

" Why would not Mr. *Theobald* continue an attorney? Is not *Word-catching* more serviceable in splitting a cause, than explaining a fine poet?

" When *Mrs. Haywood* ceased to be a strolling actress, why might not the lady (though once a theatrical queen) have subsisted by turning *washerwoman?* Has not the fall of greatness been a frequent distress in all ages? She might have caught a beautiful bubble, as it arose from the suds of her tub, blown it in air, seen it glitter, and then break! Even in this low condition, she had played with a bubble; and what more is the vanity of human greatness?

" Had it not been an honester and more decent livelihood for *Mr. Norton*, (Daniel De Foe's son of love by a lady who vended oysters) to have dealt in a *fish-market*,

than to be dealing out the dialects of Billingsgate in the Flying-Post?

"Had it not been more laudable for *Mr. Roome*, the son of an *undertaker*, to have borne a link and a mourning-staff, in the long procession of a funeral—or even been more decent in him to have sung psalms, according to education, in an Anabaptist meeting, than to have been altering the *Jovial Crew, or Merry beggars*, into a *wicked* imitation of the *Beggar's Opera?*"

This satire seems too exquisite for the touch of Savage, and is quite in the spirit of the author of the Dunciad. There is, in Ruffhead's Life of Pope, a work to which Warburton contributed all his care, a passage which could only have been written by Warburton. The strength and coarseness of the imagery could never have been produced by the dull and feeble intellect of Ruffhead: it is the opinion, therefore, of Warburton himself on the Dunciad. "The *good purpose* intended by this satire was, to the *herd* in general, of less efficacy than our author hoped; for *scribblers* have not the common sense of *other vermin*, who usually abstain from mischief, when they see any of their kind *gibbetted* or *nailed up*, as terrible examples."—Warburton employed the same strong image in one of his threats.—

One of Pope's Literary Quarrels must be distinguished for its romantic cast.

In the Treatise on the *Bathos*, the initial letters of the bad writers occasioned many heart-burns; and, among others, Aaron Hill suspected he was marked out by the letters A. H. This gave rise to a large correspondence between Hill and Pope. Hill, who was a very amiable man, was infinitely too susceptible of criticism; and Pope, who seems to have had a personal regard for him, injured those nice feelings as little as possible. Hill had published a panegyrical poem on Peter the Great, under the title of "The Northern Star;" and the bookseller had conveyed

to him a criticism of Pope's of which Hill publicly acknowledged he mistook the meaning. When the Treatise of "The Bathos" appeared, Pope insisted he had again mistaken the initials A. H.—Hill gently attacked Pope in "a paper of very pretty verses," as Pope calls them. When the Dunciad appeared, Hill is said "to have published pieces, in his youth, bordering upon the bombast." This was as light a stroke as could be inflicted; and which Pope, with great good-humour, tells Hill, might be equally applied to himself; for he always acknowledged, that when a boy, he had written an Epic poem of that description; would often quote absurd verses from it, for the diversion of his friends; and actually inserted some of the most extravagant ones in the very Treatise on "The Bathos." Poor Hill, however, was of the most sickly delicacy, and produced "The Caveat," another gentle rebuke, where Pope is represented as "sneakingly to approve, and want the worth to cherish or befriend men of merit." In the course of this correspondence, Hill seems to have projected the utmost stretch of his innocent malice; for he told Pope, that he had almost finished "an Essay on Propriety and Impropriety in Design, Thought and Expression, illustrated by examples in both kinds, from the writings of Mr. Pope;" but he offers, if this intended work should create the least pain to Mr. Pope, he was willing, with all his heart, to have it run thus: "An Essay on Propriety and Impropriety, &c., illustrated by Examples of the first from the writings of Mr. Pope, and of the rest, from those of the author."—To the romantic generosity of this extraordinary proposal, Pope replied, "I acknowledge your generous offer, to give *examples of imperfections* rather out of *your own works* than mine: I consent, with all my heart, to your confining them to *mine*, for two reasons: the one, that I fear your sensibility that way is greater than my my own: the other is a better; namely, that I intend to

correct the faults you find, if they are such as I expect from Mr. Hill's cool judgment."*

Where, in literary history, can be found the parallel of such an offer of self-immolation? This was a literary quarrel like that of lovers, where to hurt each other would have given pain to both parties. Such skill and desire to strike, with so much tenderness in inflicting a wound; so much compliment, with so much complaint; have perhaps never met together, as in the romantic hostility of this literary chivalry.

* The six Letters are preserved in Ruffhead's Appendix, No. I.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE

EXTRAORDINARY TRANSACTIONS RESPECTING THE PUBLICATION OF POPE'S LETTERS.

JOHNSON observes, that "one of the passages of POPE's life which seems to deserve some inquiry, was the publication of his letters by CURLL, the rapacious bookseller." Our great literary biographer has expended more research on this occasion than his usual penury of literary history allowed; and yet has only told the close of the strange transaction—the previous parts are more curious, and the whole cannot be separated. Joseph Warton has only transcribed Johnson's narrative. It is a piece of literary history of an uncommon complexion; and it is worth the pains of telling, if Pope, as I consider him to be, was the subtile weaver of a plot, whose texture had been close enough for any political conspiracy. It throws a strong light on the portrait I have touched of him. He conducted all his literary transactions with the arts of a Minister of State; and the genius which he wasted on this literary stratagem, in which he so completely succeeded, might have been perhaps sufficient to have organized rebellion.

It is well known that the origin of Pope's first letters given to the public, arose from the distresses of a cast-off mistress of one of his old friends (H. Cromwell,) who had given her the letters of Pope, which she knew to value: these she afterwards sold to Curll, who preserved the originals in his shop, so that no suspicion could arise of their authenticity. This very collection is now deposited among Rawlinson's MSS. at the Bodleian.

This single volume was successful; and when Pope, to do justice to the memory of Wycherley, which had been injured by a posthumous volume, printed some of their let-

ters, Curll, who seemed now to consider that all he could touch was his own property, and that his little volume might serve as a foundation-stone, immediately announced *a new edition* of it, with *Additions*, meaning to include the letters of Pope and Wycherley. Curll now became so fond of *Pope's Letters*, that he advertised for any: "no questions to be asked." Curll was willing to be credulous; having proved to the world he had some originals, he imagined these would sanction even spurious ones. A man who, for a particular purpose, sought to be imposed on, easily obtained his wish: they translated letters of Voiture to Mademoiselle Rambouillet, and despatched them to the eager Bibliopolist to print, as Pope's to Miss Blount. He went on increasing his collection; and, skilful in catering for the literary taste of the town, now inflamed their appetite by dignifying it with "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence!"

But what were the feelings of Pope during these successive surreptitious editions? He had discovered that his genuine letters were liked; the grand experiment with the public had been made for him, while he was deprived of the profits; yet for he himself to publish his own letters, which I shall prove he had prepared, was a thing unheard of in the nation. All this was vexatious; and to stop the book-jobber and open the market for himself, was a point to be obtained.

While Curll was proceeding, wind and tide in his favour, a new and magnificent prospect burst upon him. A certain person, masked by the initials P. T., understanding Curll was preparing *a Life of Pope*, offered him "divers Memoirs gratuitously;" hinted that he was well known to Pope; but the poet had lately "treated him as a stranger." P. T. desires an answer from E. C. by the Daily Advertiser, which was complied with. There are passages in this letter which, I think, prove Pope to be the projector of it: his family is here said to be allied to Lord Downe's;

his father is called a merchant. Pope could not bear the reproach of Lady Mary's line :—

"Hard as thy heart, and as *thy birth obscure*."

He always hinted at noble relatives; but Tyers tells us, from the information of a relative, that "his father turns out, at last, to have been a linen-draper in the Strand;" therefore P. T. was at least telling a story which Pope had no objection should be repeated.

The second letter of P. T., for the first was designed only to break the ice, offers Curll "a large Collection of Letters from the early days of Pope to the year 1727." He gives an excellent notion of their value : "They will open very many scenes new to the world, and make the most authentic Life and Memoirs that could be." He desires they may be announced to the world immediately, in Curll's precious style, that he "might not appear himself to have set the whole thing a-foot, and afterwards he might plead he had only sent some letters to complete the Collection." He asks nothing, and the originals were offered to be deposited with Curll.

Curll, secure of this promised addition, but still craving for more and more, composed a magnificent announcement, which, with P. T.'s entire correspondence, he enclosed in a letter to Pope himself. The letters were now declared to be a "Critical, Philological, and Historical Correspondence." His own letter is no bad specimen of his keen sense ; but after what had so often passed, his impudence was equal to the better quality.

"Sir,

"To convince you of my readiness to oblige you, the enclosed is a demonstration. You have, as he says, disobliged a gentleman, the initial letters of whose name are P. T. I have some other papers in the same hand, relating to your *family*, which I will show, if you desire a sight of them. Your letters to Mr. Cromwell are out of print; and I intend to print them very beautifully, in an oc-

tavo volume. I have more to say than is proper to write; and if you will give me a meeting, I will wait on you with pleasure, and close all differenees between you and yours,

"E. CURLL."

Pope, surprised, as he pretends, at this address, eonsulted with his friends; everything evil was suggested against Curll. They coneeived that his real design was "to get Pope to look over the former edition of his Letters to Cromwell, and then to print it, as *revised* by Mr. Pope; as he sent an *obscene book* to a *Bishop*, and then advertised it as *corrected* and *revised* by him;" or perhaps to extort money from Pope for suppressing the MS. of P. T. and then publish it, saying P. T. had kept another eopy. Pope thought proper to answer only by this publie advertisement:

"Whereas A. P. hath reeeived a letter from E. C., bookseller, pretending that a person, the initials of whose name are P. T., hath offered the said E. C. to print a large Colleetion of Mr. P.'s Letters, to which E. C. required an answer: A. P. having never had, nor intending to have, any private eorrespondenee with the said E. C., gives it him in this manner. That he knows no sueh person as P. T.; that he believes he hath no such eollection; and that he thinks the whole a forgery, and shall not trouble himself at all about it."

Curll replied, denying he had endeavoured to *correspond* with Mr. Pope, and affrms that he had written to him by *direction*.

It is now the plot thickens. P. T. suddenly takes umbrage, accuses Curll of having "betrayed him to 'Squire Pope,' but you and he both shall soon be eonvinced it was no forgery. Since you would not eomply with my proposal to advertise, I have printed them at my own expense." He offers the books to Curll for sale.

Curll on this has written a letter, which takes a full view of the entire transaetion. He seems to have grown

tired of what he calls "such jealous, groundless, and dark negotiations." P. T. now found it necessary to produce something more than a shadow—an agent appears, whom Curll considered to be a clergyman, who assumed the name of R. Smith. The first proposal was that P. T.'s letters should be returned, that he might feel secure from all possibility of detection; so that P. T. terminates his part in this literary free-masonry as a non-entity.

Here Johnson's account begins.—"Curll said, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's Epistolary Correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorized to use his purchase to his own advantage." Smith, the clergyman, left him some copies, and promised more.

Curll now, in all the elation of possession, rolled his thunder in an advertisement still higher than ever.—"Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence regularly digested, from 1704 to 1734:" to lords, earls, baronets, doctors, ladies, &c. with their respective answers, and whose names glittered in the advertisement. The original MSS. were also announced to be seen at his house.

But at this moment Curll had not received many books, and no MSS. The advertisement produced the effect designed: it roused public notice, and it alarmed several in the House of Lords. Pope doubtless instigated his friends there. The Earl of Jersey moved, that to publish letters of lords was a breach of privilege; and Curll was brought before the House.

This was an unexpected incident; and P. T. once more throws his dark shadow across the path of Curll to hearten him, had he wanted courage to face all the lords. P. T. writes to instruct him in his answers to their examination; but to take the utmost care to conceal P. T.; he assures him that the lords could not touch a hair of his

head if he behaved firmly; that he should only answer to their interrogatories by declaring he received the letters from different persons; that some were given, and some were bought. P. T. reminds one, on this occasion, of Junius's correspondence on a like threat with his publisher.

"Curll appeared at the bar," says Johnson, "and knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence. 'He has,' said Curll, 'a knack at versifying; but in prose I think myself a match for him.' When the orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed: Curll went away triumphant, and Pope was left to seek some other remedy." The fact, not mentioned by Johnson, is, that though Curll's flourishing advertisement had announced *letters written by lords*, when the volumes were examined not one written by a lord appeared.

The letter Curll wrote on the occasion to one of these dark familiars, the pretended clergyman, marks his spirit and sagacity. It contains a remarkable passage. Some readers will be curious to have the productions of so celebrated a personage, who appears to have exercised considerable talents.

"Dear Sir, 15th May, 1735.

"I am just again going to the Lords to finish Pope. I desire you to send me the *sheets* to *perfect* the first fifty books, and likewise the *remaining three hundred books:* and pray be at the Standard Tavern this evening, and I will pay you twenty pounds more. My defence is right; I only told the lords I did not know from whence the books came, and that my wife received them. This was strict truth, and prevented all farther inquiry. *The lords declared they had been made Pope's tools.* I put myself on this single point, and insisted, as there was not any Peer's letter in the book, I had not been guilty of any breach of privilege. I depend that the *books* and the *imperfections* will

be sent; and believe of P. T. what I hope he believes of me.

"For the Rev. Mr. Smith."

The reader observes that Curll talks of a great number of *books not received*, and of *the few* which he has received, as *imperfect*. The fact is, the whole bubble is on the point of breaking. He, masked in the initial letters, and he, who wore the masquerade dress of a clergyman's gown with a lawyer's band, suddenly picked a quarrel with the duped bibliopolist: they now accuse him of a design he had of betraying them to the Lords.

The tantalized and provoked Curll then addressed the following letter to "The Rev. Mr. Smith," which, both as a specimen of this celebrated personage's "prose," in which he thought himself "a match for Pope," and exhibiting some traits of his character, will entertain the curious reader.

"Sir, Friday, 16th May, 1735.

"1st, I am falsely accused. 2. I value not any man's change of temper; I will never change my VERACITY for falsehood, in owning a fact of which I am innocent. 3. I did not own the books came from *across the water*, nor ever *named you;* all I said was, that the books came *by water*. 4. When the books were seized, I sent my son to convey a letter to you: and as you told me every body knew you in Southwark, I bade him make a strict inquiry, as I am sure you would have done in such an exigency. 5. Sir, *I have acted justly* in this affair, and that is what I shall always think wisely. 6. I will be kept no longer in the dark; P. T. is *Will o' the Wisp;* all the books I have had are imperfect; the first fifty had no titles nor prefaces; the last five bundles seized by the Lords contained but thirty-eight in each bundle, which amounts to one hundred and ninety, and fifty, is in all but two hundred and forty books. 7. As to the loss of a future copy, I despise it, nor

will I be eoneerned with any more such dark suspicious dealers. But now, sir, I'll tell you what I will do: when I have the *books perfected* which I have already received, and *the rest of the impression*, I will pay you for them. But what do you call this usage? First take a note for a month, and then want it to be changed for one of Sir Richard Hoare's. My note is as good, for any sum I give it, as the Bank, and shall be as punctually paid. I always say, *gold is better than paper.* But if this dark converse goes on, I will instantly reprint the whole book; and, as a supplement to it, all the letters P. T. ever sent me, of whieh I have exaet eopies, together with all your originals, and give them in upon oath to my Lord Chancellor. You talk of *trust*—P. T. has not reposed any in me, for he has my money and notes for imperfect books. Let me see, sir, either P. T. or yourself, or you'll find the Scots proverb verified, *Nemo me impune lacessit.*

"Your abused humble servant,

"E. CURLL.

"P.S. Lord ——— I attend this day. LORD DELAWAR I SUP WITH TO-NIGHT. Where *Pope* has one lord, I have twenty."

After this, Curll annouueed "Mr. Pope's Litcrary Correspondenee, with the *initial correspondence* of P. T. R. S. &c." But the shadowy eorrespondents now publicly declared that they could give *no title* whatever to Mr. Pope's letters, with which they had furnished CURLL, and never pretendcd any; that thcrefore any bookseller had the same right of printing them: and, in respeet to money matters between them, he had given them notes not negotiable, and had never paid them fully for the eopies, perfect and imperfcct, which he had sold.

Thus terminated this dark transaetion between Curll and his *initial* correspondents. He still persisted in printing several editions of the letters of Pope, which furnished the

poet with a modest pretext to publish an authentic edition—the very point to which the whole of this dark and intricate plot seems to have been really directed.

Were Pope not concerned in this mysterious transaction, how happened it that the letters which P. T. actually printed were genuine? To account for this, Pope promulgated a new fact. Since the first publication of his letters to his friend Cromwell, wrenched from the distressed female who possessed them, our poet had been advised to collect his letters; and these he had preserved by inserting them in two books; either the originals or the copies. For this purpose an amanuensis or two were employed by Pope when these books were in the country, and by the Earl of Oxford when they were in town. Pope pretended that Curll's letters had been extracted from these two books, but sometimes imperfectly transcribed, and sometimes interpolated. Pope, indeed, offered a reward of twenty pounds to "P. T." and "R. Smith, who passed for a clergyman," if they would come forward, and discover the whole of this affair; or "if they had acted, as it was reported, by the *direction* of any other person." They never appeared. Lintot, the son of the great rival of Curll, told Dr. Johnson, that his father had been offered the same parcel of printed books, and that Pope knew better than anybody else how Curll obtained the copies.

Dr. Johnson, although he appears not to have been aware of the subtle intricacy of this extraordinary plot, has justly drawn this inference: "To make the copies public was the only purpose of Pope, because the numbers offered for sale by the private messengers, showed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression. It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; when he could complain that his

letters were surreptitiously printed, he might decently and defensively publish them himself."

I have observed, how the first letter of P. T. pretending to be written by one who owed no kindness to Pope, bears the evident impression of his own hand; for it contains matters not exactly true, but exactly what Pope wished should appear in his own life. That he had prepared his letters for publication, appears by the story of the two MS. books—that the printed ones came by water, would look as if they had been sent from his house at Twickenham; and, were it not absurd to pretend to decipher initials, P. T. might be imagined to indicate the name of the owner, as well as his place of abode.

Worsdale, an indifferent painter, was a man of some humour in personating a character, for he performed "Old Lady Scandal" in one of his own farces. He was also a literary adventurer, for, according to Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs, wishing to be a poet as well as a mimic, he got her and her husband to write all the verses which passed with his name; such a man was well adapted to be this clergyman with the lawyer's band, and Worsdale has asserted that he was really employed by his friend Pope on this occasion.

Such is the intricate narrative of this involved transaction. Pope completely succeeded, by the most subtile manœuvres imaginable; the incident which perhaps was not originally expected, of having his letters brought before the examination at the House of Lords most amply gratified his pride, and awakened public curiosity. "He made the House of Lords," says Curll, "his tools." Greater ingenuity, perplexity, and secrecy, have scarcely been thrown into the conduct of the writer, or writers, of the Letters of Junius.

POPE AND CIBBER:

CONTAINING

A VINDICATION OF THE COMIC WRITER.

POPE attacked Cibber from personal motives—by dethroning Theobald, in the Dunciad, to substitute CIBBER, he made the satire not apply—CIBBER's facetious and serious remonstrance—CIBBER's inimitable good-humour—an apology for what has been called his "effrontery"—perhaps a modest man, and undoubtedly a man of genius—his humourous defence of his deficiency in Tragedy, both in acting and writing—Pope more hurt at being exposed as a ridiculous lover than as a bad man—an account of "The Egotist, or Colley upon Cibber," a kind of supplement to the "Apology for his Life," in which he has drawn his own character with great freedom and spirit.

POPE's quarrel with Cibber may serve to check the haughtiness of genius; it is a remarkable instance how good-humour can gently draw a boundary round the arbitrary power, whenever the wantonness of satire would conceal calumny. But this quarrel will become even more interesting, should it throw a new light on the character of one, whose originality of genius seems little suspected. Cibber showed a happy address in a very critical situation; and obtained an honourable triumph over the malice of a great genius, whom, while he complained of he admired, and almost loved the Cynic.

Pope, after several "flirts," as Cibber calls them, from slight personal motives, which Cibber has fully opened,*

* Johnson says, that though "Pope attacked Cibber with acrimony, the provocation is not easily discoverable." But the state-

at length from "peevish weakness," as Lord Oxford has happily expressed it, closed his insults by dethroning Theobald, and substituting Cibber; but as he would not lose what he had already written, this change disturbed the

ments of Cibber, which have never been contradicted, show sufficient motives to excite the poetic irascibility. It was Cibber's "fling" at the unowned and condemned comedy of the triumvirate of wits, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, "Three hours after Marriage," when he performed Bayes in the Rehearsal, that incurred the immortal odium. There was no malice on Cibber's side; for it was then the custom to restore the zest of that obsolete dramatic satire, by introducing allusions to any recent theatrical event. The plot of this ridiculous comedy hinging on the deep contrivance of two lovers getting access to the wife of a virtuoso, "one curiously swathed up like an Egyptian mummy, and the other slily covered in the pasteboard skin of a crocodile," was an incident so *extremely natural*, that it seemed congenial with the high imagination and the deep plot of a Bayes! Poor Cibber, in the gaiety of his *impromptu*, made the "fling;" and, unluckily, it was applauded by the audience! The irascibility of Pope too strongly authenticated one of the three authors. "In the swelling of his heart, after the play was over, he came behind the scenes with his lips pale and his voice trembling, to call me to account for the insult; and accordingly fell upon me with all the foul language that a wit out of his senses could be capable of, choked with the foam of his passion." Cibber replied with dignity, insisted on the privilege of the character, and that he would repeat the same jest as long as the public approved of it. Pope would have certainly approved of Cibber's manly conduct, had he not been the author himself. To this circumstance may be added the reception which the town and the court bestowed on Cibber's "Nonjuror," a satire on the politics of the Jacobite faction; Pope appears, under the assumed name of *Barnevelt*, to have published "an odd piece of wit, proving that the Nonjuror, in its design, its characters, and almost every scene of it, was a closely-couched jacobite libel against the government." Cibber says that "this was so shrewdly maintained, that I almost liked the jest myself." Pope seems to have been fond of this new species of irony; for, in the Pastorals of Phillips, he showed the same sort of ingenuity, and he repeated the same charge of political mystery against his own finest poem; for he proved by many "merry inuendoes," that "The Rape of the Lock" was as audacious a libel as the pretended Barnevelt had made out the Nonjuror to be.

whole decorum of the satiric fiction. Things of opposite natures, joined into one, became the poetical chimera of Horace. The hero of the Dunciad is neither Theobald nor Cibber; Pope forced a dunce to appear as Cibber; but this was not making Cibber a dunce. This error in Pope emboldened Cibber in the contest, for he still insisted that the satire did not apply to him;* and humorously compared the libel "to a purge with a wrong label," and Pope "to an apothecary who did not mind his business."

Cibber triumphed in the arduous conflict—though sometimes he felt that, like the Patriarch of old, he was wrestling, not with an equal, but one of celestial race, "and the hollow of his thigh was out of joint." Still, however, he triumphed, by that singular fecility of character, that inimitable *gaieté de cœur*, that honest simplicity of truth, from which flowed so warm an admiration of the genius of his adversary; and that exquisite *tact* in the characters of men, which carried down this child of airy humour to the verge of his ninetieth year, with all the enjoyments of strong animal

* Cibber did not obtrude himself in this contest. Had he been merely a poor vain creature, he had not preserved so long a silence.—His good temper was without anger, but he remonstrates with no little dignity, when he chooses to be solemn; though to be playful was more natural to him. "If I have lain so long stoically silent, or unmindful of your satirical favours, it was not so much for want of a proper reply as that I thought there never needed a public one; for all people of sense would know what truth or falsehood there was in what you said, of me, without my wisely pointing it out to them. Nor did I choose to follow your example, of being so much a self-tormentor, as to be concerned at whatever opinion of me any published invective might infuse into people unknown to me. Even the malicious, though they may like the libel, don't always believe it." His reason for reply is, that his silence should not be further reproached "as a plain confession of my being a bankrupt in wit, if I don't immediately answer those bills of discredit you have drawn upon me." There is no doubt that Cibber perpetually found instigators to encourage these attacks; and one forcible argument he says was, that "a disgrace, from such a pen, would stick upon me to posterity." He seems to be aware, that his acquaintance cheer him to the lists "for their particular amusement."

spirits, and all that innocent egotism which became frequently a source of his own raillery.* He has applied to himself the epithet "Impenetrable," which was probably in the mind of Johnson when he noticed his "impenetrable impudence." A Critic has charged him with "effrontery."†

* Armstrong, who was a keen observer of man, has expressed his uncommon delight in the company of Cibber. "Besides his abilities as a writer, (as a writer of Comedies, Armstrong means,) and the singular variety of his powers as an actor, he was to the last one of the most agreeable, cheerful, and best-humoured men you would ever wish to converse with."—*Warton's Pope, vol.* iv. 169.

Cibber was one of those rare beings, whose dispositions Hume describes "as preferable to an inheritance of 10,000*l.* a year."

† Dr. Aiken, in his Biographical Dictionary, has thus written on Cibber: "It cannot be doubted, that, at the time, the contest was more painful to Pope than to Cibber. But Pope's satire is immortal, whereas Cibber's sarcasms are no longer read. *Cibber may therefore be represented to future times with less credit for abilities than he really deserves;* for he was certainly no dunce, though not, in the higher sense of the word, a man of genius. *His effrontery and vanity* could not be easily overcharged, even by a foe. Indeed, they are striking features in the portrait drawn by himself." Dr. Aiken's political morality often vented its indignation at the successful injustice of great Power!—Why should not the same spirit conduct him in the Literary Republic? With the just sentiments he has given on Cibber, it was the duty of an intrepid Critic to raise a moral feeling against the despotism of genius, and to have protested against the arbitrary power of Pope. It is participating in the injustice to pass it by, without even a regret at its effect.

As for Cibber himself, he declares he was *not impudent*, and I am disposed to take his own word, for he *modestly* asserts this, in a remark on Pope's expression,

"Cibberian forehead,"

"by which I find you modestly mean *Cibberian impudence*, as a sample of the strongest.—Sir, your humble servant—but pray, sir, in your 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot' (where, by the way, in your ample description of a great Poet, you slily hook in a whole hat-full of virtues to your own character) have not you this particular line—

"And thought a *Lie*, in verse or prose, the same—"

Cibber laments it is not so, for "any accusation in smooth verse will

Critics are apt to admit too much of traditional opinion into their own; it is necessary sometimes to correct the knowledge we receive. For my part, I can almost believe that Cibber was a *modest man!** as he was most certainly

always sound well, though it is not tied down to hvae a tittle of truth in it, when the strongest defence in poor humble prose, not having that harmonious advantage, takes nobody by the ear—very hard upon an innocent man! For suppose in prose, now, I were as confidently to insist that you were an *honest, good-natured, inoffensive creature*, would my barely saying so be any proof of it? No, sure. Why, then, might it not be supposed an equal truth, that both our assertions were equally false? *Yours*, when you call me *impudent; mine*, when I call you *modest*, &c. While my superiors suffer me occasionally to sit down with them, I hope it will be thought that rather the *Papal* than the *Cibberian* forehead ought to be out of countenance." I give this as a specimen of Cibber's serious reasonings—they are poor; and they had been so from a greater genius; for ridicule and satire, being only a mere abuse of eloquence, can never be effectually opposed by truisms. Satire must be repelled by satire; and Cibber's *sarcasms* obtained what Cibber's *reasonings* failed in.

* Vain as Cibber has been called, and vain as he affects to be, he has spoken of his own merits as a comic writer—and he was a very great one—with a manly moderation, very surprising indeed in a vain man. Pope has sung in his Dunciad, most harmoniously inhuman,

> "How, with less reading than makes felons scape,
> Less human genius than God gives an ape,
> Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
> A patch'd, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd new piece;
> 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,
> Can make a CIBBER, JOHNSON, and OZELL."

Blasting as was this criticism, it could not raise the anger of the gay and careless Cibber. Yet what could have put it to a sharper test?—Johnson and Ozell are names which have long disappeared from the dramatic annals, and could only have been coupled with Cibber to give an idea of what the Satirist meant by "the human genius of an ape." But listen to the mild, yet the firm tone of Cibber—he talks like injured innocence, and he triumphs over Pope, in all the dignity of truth. I appeal to Cibber's posterity!

"And pray, sir, why my name under this scurvy picture? I flatter myself, that if you had not put it there, nobody else would have thought it like me; nor can I easily believe that you yourself do: but perhaps you imagined it would be a laughing ornament to your verse, and had

a man of genius. Cibber had lived a dissipated life, and his philosophical indifference, with his careless gaiety, was the breast-plate which even the wit of Pope failed to pierce. During twenty years' persecution for his unlucky Odes, he never lost his temper; he would read to his friends the best things pointed against them, with all the spirit the authors could wish; and would himself write epigrams, for the pleasure of hearing them repeated while sitting in coffee-houses; and whenever they were applauded as "Pal-

a mind to divert other people's spleen with it as well as your own. Now let me hold up my head a little, and then we shall see how the features hit me." He proceeds to relate, how "many of those plays have lived the longer for my meddling with them." He mentions several, which "had been dead to the stage out of all memory, which have since been in a constant course of acting above these thirty or forty years." And then he adds: "Do those altered plays at all take from the merit of those *more successful pieces*, which were *entirely my own?* When a man is abused, he has a right to speak even laudable truths of himself, to confront his slanderer. Let me therefore add, that my first Comedy of *the Fool in Fashion* was as much (though not so valuable) an original, as any work Mr. Pope himself has produced. It is now forty-seven years since its first appearance on the stage, where it has kept its station, to this very day, without ever lying one winter dormant. Nine years after this, I brought on *The Careless Husband*, with still greater success; and was that too

'A patch'd, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd new piece?'

Let the many living spectators of these plays, then, judge between us, whether the above verses came from the honesty of a Satirist, who would be thought, like you, the upright censor of mankind. Sir, this libel was below you! Satire, without truth, recoils upon its author, and must, at other times, render him suspected of prejudice, even where he may be just; as frauds, in religion, make more Atheists than Converts: and the bad heart, Mr. Pope, that points an injury with verse, makes it the more unpardonable, as it is not the result of sudden passion, but of an indulged and slowly meditating ill-nature. What a merry mixed mortal has nature made you, that can debase that strength and excellence of genius to the lowest human weakness, that of offering unprovoked injuries, at the hazard of your being ridiculous too, when the venom you spit falls short of your aim!" I have quoted largely, to show that Cibber was capable of exerting a dignified remonstrance, as well as pointing the lightest, yet keenest, shafts of sarcastic wit.

pable hits !"—" Keen !"—" Things with a spirit in them !" —he enjoyed these attacks on himself by himself.* If this be vanity, it is at least " *Cibberian.*"

It was, indeed, the singularity of his personal character, which so long injured his genius, and laid him open to the perpetual attacks of his contemporaries, who were mean enough to ridicule undisguised foibles, but dared not be just to the redeeming virtues of his genius. Yet his genius far exceeded his literary frailties. He knew he was no poet, yet he would string wretched rhymes, even when not salaried for them; and once wrote an Essay on Cicero's character, for which his dotage was scarcely an apology;—so much he preferred amusement to prudence. Another foible was to act tragedies with a squeaking voice,† and to write

* Ayre's Memoirs of Pope, vol. ii. p. 82.

† With what good humour he retorts a piece of sly malice of Pope's; who, in the notes to the Dunciad, after quoting Jacob's account of Cibber's talents, adds: " Mr. Jacob omitted to remark, that he is particularly admirable in tragedy."—To which Cibber rejoins: " Ay, sir, and your remark has omitted, too, that (with all his commendations) I can't dance upon the rope, or make a saddle, nor play upon the organ. My dear, dear Mr. Pope, how could a man of your stinging capacity let so tame, so low a reflection escape him? Why, this hardly rises above the pretty malice of Miss Molly. 'Aye, aye, you may think my sister as handsome as you please, but if you were to see her legs!'—If I have made so many crowded theatres laugh, and in the right place too, for above forty years together, am I to make up the number of your dunces, because I have not the equal talent of making them cry too? Make it your own case. Is what you have excelled in at all the worse, for your having so dismally dabbled in the farce of 'Three Hours after Marriage?'—What mighty reason will the world have to laugh at my weakness in tragedy, more than at yours in comedy?"

I will preserve one anecdote of that felicity of temper, that undisturbed good humour, which never abandoned Cibber in his most distressful moments. When he brought out, in 1724, his " Cæsar in Egypt," at a great expense, and " a beggarly account of empty boxes" was the result, it raised some altercations between the poet and his brother managers, the bard still struggling for another and

them with a genius about the same size for the sublime; but the malice of his contemporaries seemed to forget that he was creating new dramatic existences, in the exquisite personifications of his comic characters; and was producing some of our standard comedies, composed with such real genius, that they still support the reputation of the English stage.

In the "Apology for his Life," Cibber had shown himself a generous, and an ill-treated adversary, and at all times was prodigal of his eulogiums, even after the death of Pope; but, when remonstrance and good temper failed to sheathe with their oil the sharp sting of the wasp, as his weakest talent was not the ludicrous, he resolved to gain the laughers over, and threw Pope into a very ridiculous attitude.*

another night. At length he closed the quarrel with a pun, which confessed the misfortune, with his own good humour. In a periodical publication of the times, I find the circumstance recorded in this neat Epigram :—

"*On the Sixth Night of* CIBBER'S '*Cæsar in Egypt.*'

"When the pack'd audience from their posts retired,
And Julius in a general hiss expired;
Sage Booth to Cibber cried, 'Compute our gains!
These dogs of Egypt and their dowdy queans,
But ill requite these habits and these scenes,
To rob Corneille for such a motley piece:
His geese were swans; but zounds! thy swans are geese!'
Rubbing his firm invulnerable brow,
The bard replied—'The critics must allow
'Twas ne'er in *Cæsar's destiny* TO RUN!'
Wilks bow'd, and bless'd the gay pacific pun."

* A wicked wag of a Lord had enticed Pope into a tavern, and laid a love-plot against his health. Cibber describes his resolute interference by snatching "our little Homer by the heels. This was done for the honour of our nation. Homer would have been too serious a sacrifice to our evening's amusement." He has metamorphosed our Apollo into a "Tom-tit;" but the Ovidian warmth, however ludicrous, will not *now* admit of a narrative. This story, by our comic writer, was accompanied by a print, that was seen by more persons, probably, than read the Dunciad. In his second letter, Cibber, al-

It was extorted from Cibber by this insulting line of Pope's:—

"And has not Colley, too, his Lord and w—e?"

It seems that Pope had once the same! But a ridiculous story, suited to the taste of the loungers, nettled Pope more than the keener remonstrances and the honest truths which Cibber has urged. Those who write libels, invite imitation.

Besides the two letters addressed by Cibber to Pope, this quarrel produced a moral trifle, or rather a philosophical curiosity, respecting Cibber's own character, which is stamped with the full impression of all its originality.

The title, so expressive of its design, and the whim and good-humour of the work, which may be considered as a curious supplement to the "Apology for his Life," could scarcely have been imagined, and most certainly could not have been executed, but by the genius who dared it. I give the title in the note.* It is a curious exemplification of what Shaftesbury has so fancifully described as "self-inspection." This little work is a conversation between "Mr. Frankly, and his old acquaintance, Colley Cibber."

luding to the vexation of Pope on this ridiculous story, observes: "To have been exposed as *a bad man*, ought to have given thee thrice the concern of being shown a *ridiculous lover*."—And now that he had discovered that he could touch the nerves of Pope, he throws out one of the most ludicrous analogies to the figure of our bard:—"When crawling in thy dangerous deed of darkness, I gently, with a finger and a thumb, picked off thy small round body by thy long legs, like a spider making love in a cobweb."

* "The EGOTIST, or *Colley* upon *Cibber;* being his own picture retouched, to so *plain* a likeness, that no one, *now*, would have the face to own it, BUT HIMSELF.

'But one stroke more, and that shall be my last.'

DRYDEN.

London, 1743."

Cibber had the spirit of making this Mr. Frankly speak the bitterest things against himself; and he must have been an attentive reader of all the keenest reproaches his enemies ever had thrown out. This caustic censor is not a man of straw, set up to be easily knocked down. He has as much vivacity and wit as Cibber himself, and not seldom has the better of the argument. But the gravity and the levity blended in this little piece form admirable contrasts: and Cibber, in this varied effusion, acquires all our esteem for that open simplicity, that unalterable good-humour, which flowed from Nature, and that fine spirit that touches everything with life; yet, as he himself confesses, the main accusation of Mr. Frankly, that "his philosophical air will come out at last mere vanity in masquerade," may be true.

I will attempt to collect some specimens of this extraordinary production, because they harmonize with the design of the present work, and afford principles, in regard to preserving an equability of temper, which may guide us in Literary Quarrels.

Frankly observes, on Cibber's declaration that he is not uneasy at Pope's satire, that "no blockhead is so dull as not to be sore when he is called so; and (you'll excuse me) if that were to be your own case, why should we believe you would not be as uneasy at it as another blockhead?

Author. This is pushing me pretty home indeed; but I won't give out. For as it is not at all inconceivable, that a blockhead of my size may have a particular knack of doing some useful thing that might puzzle a wiser man to be master of, will not that blockhead still have something in him to be conceited of? If so, allow me but the vanity of supposing I may have had some such possible knack, and you will not wonder (though in many other points I may still be a blockhead) that I may, notwithstanding, be contented with my condition.

Frankly. Is it not commendable, in a man of parts, to be warmly concerned for his reputation?

Author. In what regards his honesty or honour, I will make some allowance; but for the reputation of his parts, not one tittle.

Frankly. How! not to be concerned for what half the learned world are in a continual war about.

Author. So are another half about religion; but neither Turk or Pope, swords or anathemas, can alter truth! There it stands! always visible to reason, self-defended and immoveable! Whatever it *was*, or *is*, it ever *will be!* As no attack can alter, so no defence can add to its proportion.

Frankly. At this rate, you pronounce all controversies in wit to be either needless or impertinent.

Author. When one in a hundred happens *not* to be so, or to make amends for being either by its pleasantry, we ought in justice to allow it a great rarity. A reply to a just satire or criticism will seldom be thought better of.

Frankly. May not a reply be a good one?

Author. Yes, but never absolutely necessary; for as your work (or reputation) must have been good or bad, before it was censured, your reply to that censure could not alter it: it would still be but what it was. If it was good, the attack could not hurt it: if bad, the reply could not mend it.*

* How many good authors might pursue their studies in quiet, would they never reply to their critics, but on matters of fact, in which their honour may be involved. I have seen very tremendous criticisms on some works of real genius, like serpents on marble columns, wind and dart about, and spit their froth, but they die away on the pillars that enabled them to erect their malignant forms to the public eye. They fall in due time; and weak must be the substance of that pillar, which does not stand, and look as beautiful, when the serpents have crawled over it, as before. Dr. Brown, in his letter to Bishop Lowth, has laid down an axiom in literary criticism: "*A mere literary attack*, however well or ill-founded, would not easily have drawn me into a *public ex-*

Frankly. But slander is not always so impotent as you seem to suppose it; men of the best sense may be misled by it, or by their not inquiring after truth, may never come at it; and the vulgar, as they are less apt to be good than ill-natured, often mistake malice for wit, and have an uncharitable joy in commending it. Now, when this is the case, is not a tame silence, upon being satirically libelled, as liable to be thought guilt, or stupidity, as to be the result of innocence, or temper?—Self-defence is a very natural and just excuse for a reply.

Author. Be it so! But still that does not always make it necessary; for though slander, by their not weighing it, may pass upon some few people of sense for truth, and might draw great numbers of the vulgar into its party, the mischief can never be of long duration. *A satirical slander, that has no truth to support it, is only a great fish upon dry land: it may flounce and fling, and make a fretful pother, but it won't bite you; you need not knock it on the head; it will soon lie still, and die quietly of itself.*

Frankly. The single-sheet critics will find you employment.

Author. Indeed they won't. I'm not so mad as to think myself a match for the invulnerable.

Frankly. Have a care; there's Foulwit; though he can't feel, he can bite.

Author. Aye, so will bugs and fleas; but that's only for sustenance: everything must feed, you know; and your creeping critics are a sort of vermin, that if they could come

postulation; for every man's true literary character is best seen in his own writings. Critics may rail, disguise, insinuate, or pervert; yet still the object of their censures lies equally open to all the world. Thus the world becomes a competent judge of the merits of the work animadverted on. Hence the mere *author* hath a fair chance for a fair decision, at least among the judicious; and it is of no mighty consequence what opinions the *injudicious* form concerning mental abilities. For this reason, I have never replied to any of those numerous critics who have on different occasions honoured me with their regard." P. 4.

to a king, would not spare him; yet, whenever they can persuade others to laugh at their jest upon me, I will honestly make one of the number; but I must ask their pardon, if that should be all the reply I can afford them—"

This "boy of seventy odd," for such he was when he wrote "The Egotist," unfolds his character by many lively personal touches. He declares he could not have "given the world so finished a coxcomb as Lord Foppington, if he had not found a good deal of the same stuff in himself to make him with." He addresses "A Postscript, To those few unfortunate Readers and Writers who may not have more sense than the Author;" and he closes, in all the fulness of his spirit, with a piece of consolation for those who are so cruelly attacked by superior genius.

"Let us then, gentlemen, who have the misfortune to lie thus at the mercy of those whose natural parts happen to be stronger than our own—let us, I say, make the most of our sterility! Let us double and treble the ranks of our thickness, that we may form an impregnable phalanx, and stand every way in front to the enemy! or, would you still be liable to less hazard, lay but yourselves down, as I do, flat and quiet upon your faces, when Pride, Malice, Envy, Wit, or Prejudice, let fly their formidable shot at you, what odds is it they don't all whistle over your head? Thus, too, though we may want the artillery of missive wit, to make reprisals, we may at least, in security, bid them kiss the tails we have turned to them. Who knows but, by this our supine, or rather prone serenity, their disappointed valour may become their own vexation? Or let us yet, at worst, but solidly stand our ground, like so many defensive stone-posts, and we may defy the proudest Jehu of them all to drive over us. Thus, gentlemen, you see that Insensibility is not without its comforts; and as I give you no worse advice than I have taken myself, and found my

account in, I hope you will have the hardness to follow it, for your own good and the glory of

"Your impenetrable humble servant,

"C. C."

After all, one may perceive, that though the good-humour of poor Cibber was real, still the immortal satire of Pope had injured his higher feelings. He betrays his secret grief at his close, while he seems to be sporting with his pen; and though he appears to confide in the falsity of the satire, as his best chance for saving him from it, still he feels that the caustic ink of such a satirist must blister and spot wherever it falls. The anger of Warburton, and the sternness of Johnson, who seems always to have considered an actor as an inferior being among men of genius, have degraded Cibber. They never suspected that "a blockhead of his size could do what wiser men could not," and as a fine comic genius—command a whole province in human nature.

POPE AND ADDISON.

The quarrel between Pope and Addison originated in one of the infirmities of genius—a subject of inquiry even after their death, by Sir William Blackstone—Pope courts Addison—suspects Addison of jealousy—Addison's foible, to be considered a great poet—interview between the rivals, of which the result was the portrait of Atticus, for which Addison was made to sit.

Among the Literary Quarrels of Pope one acquires dignity and interest from the characters of both parties. It closed by producing the severest, but the most masterly portrait of one man of genius, composed by another, which has ever been hung on the satiric Parnassus, for the contemplation of ages. Addison must descend to posterity with the dark spots of Atticus staining a purity of character which had nearly proved immaculate.

The friendship between Pope and Addison was interrupted by one of the infirmities of genius. Tempers of watchful delicacy gather up in silence and darkness motives so shadowy in their origin, and of such minute growth, that, never breaking out into any open act, they escape all other eyes but those of the parties themselves. These causes of enmity are too subtle to bear the touch; they cannot be inquired after, nor can they be described; and it may be said, that the minds of such men have rather quarrelled than they themselves: they utter no complaints, but they avoid each other. All the world perceived that two authors of the finest genius had separated from motives on which both were silent, but which had evidently operated with equal force on both. Their admirers were very

general, and at a time when literature divided with politics the public interest, the best feelings of the nation were engaged in tracking the obscure commencements and the secret growth of this literary quarrel, in which the amiable and moral qualities of Addison, and the gratitude and honour of Pope, were equally involved. The friends of either party pretended that their chiefs entertained a reciprocal regard for each other, while the illustrious characters themselves were living in a state of hostility. Even long after these literary heroes were departed, the same interest was general among the lovers of literature; but those obscure motives which had only influenced two minds—those imperceptible events, which are only events as they are watched by the jealousy of genius,—eluded the most anxious investigation. Yet so lasting and so powerful was the interest excited by this literary quarrel, that, within a few years, the elegant mind of Sir William Blackstone withdrew from the severity of profounder studies to inquire into the causes of a quarrel which was still exciting the most opposite opinions. Blackstone has judged and summed up; but though he evidently inclines to favour Addison, by throwing into the balance some explanation for the silence of Addison against the audible complaints of Pope; though sometimes he pleads as well as judges, and infers as well as proves; yet even Blackstone has not taken on himself to deliver a decision. His happy genius has only honoured literary history by the masterly force and luminous arrangement of investigation, to which, since the time of Bayle, it has been too great a stranger.*

At this day, removed from all personal influence and affections, and furnished with facts which contemporaries

* Sir William Blackstone's Discussion on the Quarrel between Addison and Pope was communicated by Dr. Kippis in his Biographia Britannica, vol. i. p. 56. Blackstone is there designated as "a gentleman of considerable rank, to whom the public is obliged for works of much higher importance."

could not command, we take no other concern in this literary quarrel, but as far as curiosity and truth delight us in the study of human nature. We are now of no party—we are only historians!

Pope was a young writer when introduced to Addison, by the intervention of that generously-minded friend of both, Steele. Addison eulogized Pope's "Essay on Criticism;" and this fine genius covering with his wing an unfledged bardling, conferred a favour which, in the estimation of a poet, claims a life of indelible gratitude.

Pope zealously courted Addison by his poetical aid on several important occasions; he gave all the dignity that fine poetry could confer on the science of medals, which Addison had written on, and wrote the finest prologue in the language for the Whig tragedy of his friend. Dennis attacked, and Pope defended, "Cato."* Addison might have disapproved both of the manner and the matter of the defence, but he did more—he insulted Pope by a letter to Dennis, which Dennis eagerly published as Pope's severest condemnation. An alienation of friendship must have already taken place, but by no overt act on Pope's side.

Not that, however, Pope had not found his affections weakened; the dark hints scattered in his letters, show that something was gathering in his mind. Warburton,

* Dennis asserts in one of his pamphlets, that Pope, fermenting with envy at the success of Addison's "Cato," went to Lintot and persuaded him to engage this redoubted critic to write the remarks on "Cato"—that Pope's gratitude to Dennis for having complied with his request, was the well-known narrative of Dennis "being placed as a lunatic in the hands of Dr. Norris, a curer of mad people, at his house in Hatton-garden, though at the same I appeared publicly every day, both in the park and in the town." Can we suppose that Dennis tells a falsehood respecting Pope's desiring Lintot to engage Dennis to write down "Cato?" If true, did Pope wish to see Addison degraded, and at the same time take an opportunity of ridiculing the critic, without, however, answering his arguments? The secret history of literature is like that of politics!

from his familiar intercourse with Pope, must be allowed to have known his literary concerns more than any one; and when he drew up the narrative,* seems to me to have stated uncouthly, but expressively, the progressive state of Pope's feelings. According to that narrative, Pope "reflected," that after he had first published "The Rape of the Lock," then nothing more than a hasty *jeu d'esprit*, when he communicated to Addison his very original project of the whole Sylphid machinery. Addison chilled the ardent bard with his coldness, advised him against any alteration, and to leave it as "a delicious little thing, *merum sal.*" It was then, says Warburton, "Mr. Pope began to *open his eyes* to Addison's character." But when afterwards he discovered that Tickell's Homer was opposed to his, and judged, as Warburton says, "by *laying many odd circumstances* together," that Addison,† and not Tickell, was the author—the alienation on Pope's side was complete. No open breach indeed had yet taken place between the rival authors, who, as jealous of dominion as two princes, would still demonstrate, in their public edicts, their inviolable regard; while they were only watching the advantageous moment when they might take arms against each other.

Still Addison publicly bestowed great encomiums on Pope's Iliad, although he had himself composed the rival version, and in private preferred his own.‡ He did this with the same ease he had continued its encouragement while Pope was employed on it. We are astonished to discover such deep politics among literary Machiavels? Addison had certainly raised up a literary party. Sheridan, who wrote nearly with the knowledge of a contempo-

* In the notes to the Prologue to the Satires.

† Pope's conjecture was perfectly correct. Dr. Warton confirms it from a variety of indisputable authoritics.—*Warton's Pope*, vol. iv. p. 34.

‡ In the Freeholder, May, 1716.

rary, in his "Life of Swift," would naturally use the language and the feelings of the time; and in describing Ambrose Phillips, he adds, he was "one of Mr. Addison's little senate."

But in this narrative I have dropped some material parts. Pope believed that Addison had employed Gildon to write against him, and had encouraged Phillips to asperse his character. We cannot, now, quite demonstrate these alleged facts; but we can show that Pope believed them, and that Addison does not appear to have refuted them.* Such tales, whether entirely false or partially true, may be considered in this inquiry of little amount. The greater events must regulate the lesser ones.

Was Addison, then, jealous of Pope? Addison, in every respect, then his superior; of established literary fame when Pope was yet young; preceding him in age and rank; and fortunate in all the views of human ambition. But what if Addison's foible was that of being considered a great poet? His political poetry had raised him to an undue elevation, and the growing celebrity of Pope began

* The strongest parts of Sir William Blackstone's discussion turn on certain inaccurate dates of Ruffhead, in his statements, which show them to be inconsistent with the times when they are alleged to have happened. These erroneous dates had been detected in an able article in the Monthly Review of that work, April, 1769. Ruffhead is a tasteless, confused, and unskilful writer.—Sir William has laid great stress on the incredible story of Addison paying Gildon to write against Pope, "a man so amiable in his moral character." It is possible that the Earl of Warwick, who conveyed the information, might have been a malicious, lying youth; but then Pope had some knowledge of mankind—he believed the story, for he wrote instantly, with honest though heated feelings, to Addison, and sent him, at that moment, the first sketch of the character of Atticus. Addison used him very civilly ever after—but it does not appear that Addison ever contradicted the tale of the officious Earl. All these facts, which Pope repeated many years after to Spence, Sir William was not acquainted with, for they were transcribed from Spence's papers by Johnson, after Blackstone had written.

to offend him, not with the appearance of a meek rival, with whom he might have held divided empire, but as a master-spirit, that was preparing to reign alone. It is certain that Addison was the most feeling man alive at the fate of his poetry. At the representation of his "Cato," such was his agitation, that had "Cato" been condemned, the life of Addison might too have been shortened. When a wit had burlesqued some lines of this dramatic poem, his uneasiness at the innocent banter was equally oppressive; nor could he rest, till, by the interposition of a friend, he prevailed upon the author to burn them.*

To the facts already detailed, and to this disposition in Addison's temper, and to the quick and active suspicions of Pope, irritable, and ambitious of all the sovereignty of poetry, we may easily conceive many others of those obscure motives, and invisible events, which none but Pope, alienated every day more and more from his affections for Addison, too acutely perceived, too profoundly felt, and too unmercifully avenged. These are alluded to, when the satirist sings,

> Damn with faint praise; assent with civil leer;
> And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
> Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike, &c.

Accusations crowded faster than the pen could write them down. Pope never composed with more warmth. No one can imagine that Atticus was an ideal personage, touched as it is with all the features of an extraordinary individual. In a word, it was recognized instantly by the individual himself; and it was suppressed by Pope for near twenty years, before he suffered it to escape to the public.

It was some time during their avowed rupture, for the exact period has not been given, that their friends promoted a meeting between these too great men. After a mutual

* From Lord Egmont's MS. Collections.—See the *Addenda to Kippis's Biographia Britannica.*

lustration, it was imagined they might have expiated their error, and have been restored to their original purity. The interview did take place between the rival wits, and was productive of some very characteristic ebullitions, strongly corroborative of the facts as they have been stated here. This extraordinary interview has been frequently alluded to. There can be no doubt of the genuineness of the narrative; but I know not on what authority it came into the world.*

* The earliest and most particular narrative of this remarkable interview, I have hitherto only traced to "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of A. Pope, Esq.," by William Ayre, Esq., 1745, vol. i., p. 100. This work comes in a very suspicious form; it is a huddled compilation, yet contains some curious matters, and pretends, in the title-page, to be occasionally drawn from "original MSS. and the testimonies of persons of honour:" he declares, in the preface, that he and his friends "had means and some helps which were never public;" he sometimes appeals to several noble friends of Pope for his authority. But the mode of its publication, and that of its execution, are not in its favour. These volumes were written within six months of the decease of our poet; have no publisher's name; and yet the author, whoever he was, took out "a patent, under his majesty's royal signet," for securing the copy-right. This Ayre is so obscure an author, though a translator of Tasso's Aminta, that he seems to have escaped even the minor chronicles of literature. At the time of its publication, there appeared "Remarks on Squire Ayre's Memoirs of Pope." The writer pretends he has discovered him to be only one of the renowned Edmund Curll's "squires," who, about that time, had created an order of literary squires, ready to tramp at the funeral of every great personage with his life. The "Remarker" then addresses Curll, and insinuates he speaks from personal knowledge of the man:—"You have an adversaria of title-pages of your own contrivance, and which your authors are to write books to. Among what you call *the occasional, or black list*, I have seen Memoirs of Dean Swift, Pope, &c." Curll, indeed, was then sending forth many pseudo squires, with lives of Congreve, Mrs. Oldfield, &c.; all which contain some curious particulars, picked up in coffee-houses, conversation, or pamphlets of the day. This William Ayre I accept as "a squire of low degree," but a real personage. As for this interview, Ayre was certainly incompetent to the invention of a single stroke of the conversations detailed; where he obtained all these interesting particulars, I have not discovered. Johnson alludes to this interview,

The interview between Addison and Pope took place in the presence of Steele and Gay. They met with cold civility. Addison's reserve wore away, as was usual with him, when wine and conversation imparted some warmth to his native phlegm. At a moment the generous Steele deemed auspicious, he requested Addison would perform his promise in renewing his friendship with Pope. Pope expressed his desire: he said he was willing to hear his faults, and preferred candour and severity rather than forms of complaisance; but he spoke in a manner as conceiving Addison, and not himself, had been the aggressor. So much like their humblest inferiors do great men act, under the influence of common passions: Addison was overcome with anger, which cost him an effort to suppress; but, in the formal speech he made, he reproached Pope with indulging a vanity that far exceeded his merit; that he had not yet attained to the excellence he imagined; and observed, that his verses had a different air when Steele and himself corrected them; and, on this occasion, reminded Pope of a particular line which Steele had improved in the Messiah.* Addison seems, at that moment, to have forgotten that he had trusted, for the last line of his own dramatic poem, rather to the inspiration of the poet he was so contemptuously lecturing than to his own. He proceeded with detailing all the abuse the herd of scribblers had heaped on Pope; and by declaring that his Ho-

states some of its results, but refers to no other authority than floating rumours.

* The line stood originally, and nearly literally copied from Isaiah—

"He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes;"

which Steele re-touched, as it now stands—

"From every face he wipes off every tear."

Dr. Warton prefers the rejected verse. The latter, he thinks has too much of modern quaintness. The difficulty of choice lies between that naked simplicity which scarcely affects, and those strokes of art which are too apparent.

mer was an "ill-executed thing," and Tickell's had all the spirit. We are told, he concluded "in a low hollow voice of feigned temper," in which he asserted, that he had ceased to be solicitous about his own poetical reputation, since he had entered into more public affairs; but, from friendship for Pope, desired him to be more humble, if he wished to appear a better man to the world.

When Addison had quite finished schooling his little rebel, Gay, mild and timid (for it seems, with all his love for Pope, his expectations from the court, from Addison's side, had tethered his gentle heart,) attempted to say something. But Pope, in a tone far more spirited than all of them, without reserve, told Addison that he appealed from his judgment, and did not esteem him able to correct his verses; upbraided him as a pensioner from early youth, directing the learning which had been obtained by the public money to his own selfish desire of power, and that he "had always endeavoured to cuff down new-fledged merit." The conversation now became a contest, and was broken up without ceremony. Such was the notable interview between two rival wits, which only ended in strengthening their literary quarrel; and sent back the enraged satirist to his inkstand, where he composed a portrait, for which Addison was made to sit, with the fine *chair' oscuro* of Horace, and with as awful and vindictive features as the sombre hand of Juvenal could have designed.

BOLINGBROKE'S AND MALLET'S

POSTHUMOUS QUARREL WITH POPE.

Lord Bolingbroke affects violent resentment for Pope's pretended breach of confidence in having printed his "Patriot King"—Warburton's apology for Pope's disinterested intentions—Bolingbroke instigates Mallet to libel Pope, after the poet's death—The real motive for libelling Pope was Bolingbroke's personal hatred of Warburton for the ascendency the latter had obtained over the poet—Some account of their rival conflicts—Bolingbroke had unsettled Pope's religious opinions, and Warburton had confirmed his faith—Pope, however, refuses to abjure the Catholic religion—Anecdote of Pope's anxiety respecting a future state—Mallet's intercourse with Pope: Anecdote of "The Apollo Vision," where Mallet mistook a sarcasm for a compliment—Mallet's character—Why Leonidas Glover declined writing the Life of Marlborough—Bolingbroke's character hit off—Warburton, the concealed object of this posthumous quarrel with Pope.

On the death of Pope, 1500 copies of one of Lord Bolingbroke's works, "The Patriot King," were discovered to have been secretly printed by Pope, but never published. The honest printer presented the whole to his Lordship, who burned the edition in his gardens at Battersea. The MS. had been delivered to our poet by his Lordship, with a request to print a few copies for its better preservation, and for the use of a few friends.

Bolingbroke affected to feel the most lively resentment for what he chose to stigmatize as "a breach of confidence." "His thirst of vengeance," says Johnson, "incited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet,

another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public with all its aggravations. Warburton, whose heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent separation," apologized for Pope. The irregular conduct which Bolingbroke stigmatized as a breach of trust, was attributed to a desire of perpetuating the work of his friend, who might have capriciously destroyed it. Our poet could have no selfish motive; he could not gratify his vanity by publishing the work as his own, nor his avarice by its sale, which could never have taken place till the death of its author; a circumstance not likely to occur during Pope's lifetime.*

The vindictive rage of Bolingbroke; the bitter invective he permitted MALLET to publish, as the editor of his works; and the two anonymous pamphlets of the latter, which I have noticed in the article of WARBURTON; are effects much too disproportionate to the cause which is usually assigned. JOHNSON does not develop the secret motives of what he has energetically termed "Bolingbroke's thirst of vengeance." He and Mallet carried their secret revenge beyond all bounds: the lordly Stoic and the irritated bardling, under the cloak of anonymous calumny, have but ill concealed the malignity of their passions. Let anonymous calumniators recollect, in the midst of their dark work, that if they escape the detection of their contemporaries, their reputation, if they have any to lose, will not

* At the time, to season the tale for the babble of Literary Tattlers, it was propagated that POPE intended, on the death of BOLINGBROKE, to sell this eighteen-penny pamphlet at a guinea a copy; which would have produced an addition of as many hundreds to the thousands which the poet had honourably reaped from his Homer. This was the ridiculous lie of the day, which lasted long enough to obtain its purpose, and to cast an odium on the shade of Pope. Pope must have been a miserable calculator of *survivorships*, if ever he had reckoned on this.

probably elude the researches of the historian;—a fatal witness against them at the tribunal of posterity.

The preface of Mallet to the "Patriot King" of Bolingbroke, produced a literary quarrel; and more pamphlets than perhaps I have discovered were published on this occasion.

Every lover of literature was indignant, to observe that the vain and petulant Mallet, under the protection of Pope's

"Guide, philosopher, and friend!"

should have been permitted to have aspersed Pope with the most degrading language. Pope is here always designated as "This Man." Thus "*This Man* was no sooner dead than Lord Bolingbroke received information that an entire edition, of 1500 copies of these papers, had been printed; that this very *Man* had corrected the press," &c. Could one imagine that this was the Tully of England, describing our Virgil? For Mallet was but the mouthpiece of Bolingbroke.

After a careful detection of many facts concerning the parties now before us, I must attribute the concealed motive of this outrage on Pope to the election the dying poet made of Warburton as his editor. A mortal hatred raged between Bolingbroke and Warburton. The Philosophical Lord had seen the mighty theologian ravish the prey from his grasp. Although Pope held in idolatrous veneration the genius of Bolingbroke, yet had this literary superstition been gradually enlightened by the energy of Warburton. They were his good and his evil genii, in a dreadful conflict, wrestling to obtain the entire possession of the soul of the mortal. Bolingbroke and Warburton one day disputed before Pope, and parted never to meet again. The will of Pope bears the trace of his divided feelings: he left his MSS. to Bolingbroke as his executor, but his works to Warburton as his editor. The secret history of Boling-

broke and Warburton with Pope is little known: the note will supply it.*

* Splendid as was the genius of Bolingbroke, the gigantic force of Warburton obtained the superiority. Had the contest solely depended on the effusions of genius, Bolingbroke might have prevailed; but an object more important than human interests, induced the poet to throw himself into the arms of Warburton.

The "Essay on Man" had been reformed by the subtle aid of Warburton, in opposition to the objectionable principles which Bolingbroke had infused into his system of philosophy; this, no doubt, had vexed Bolingbroke. But another circumstance occurred of a more mortifying nature. When Pope, one day, showed Warburton Bolingbroke's "Letters on the Study and Use of History," printed, but not published, and concealing the name of the author, Warburton not only made several very free strictures on that work, but particularly attacked a digression concerning the authenticity of the Old Testament. Pope requested him to write his remarks down, as they had occurred, which he instantly did; and Pope was so satisfied with them, that he crossed out the digression in the printed book, and sent the animadversions to Lord Bolingbroke, then at Paris. The style of the great dogmatist, thrown out in heat, must no doubt have contained many fiery particles, all which fell into the most inflammable of minds. Pope soon discovered his officiousness was received with indignation. Yet when Bolingbroke afterwards met Warburton he dissimulated; he used the language of compliment, but in a tone which claimed homage. The two most arrogant geniuses who ever lived, in vain exacted submission from each other; they could allow of no divided empire, and they were born to hate each other. Bolingbroke suppressed his sore feelings, for at that very time he was employed in collecting matter to refute the objections; treasuring up his secret vengeance against Pope and Warburton, which he threw out immediately on the death of Pope. I collect these particulars from Ruffhead, p. 527, and whenever, in that volume, Warburton's name is introduced, it must be considered as coming from himself.

The reasonings of Bolingbroke appear, at times, to have disturbed the religious faith of our poet; and he owed much to Warburton, in having that faith confirmed. But Pope rejected, with his characteristic good sense, Warburton's tampering with him to abjure the Catholic religion. On the belief of a future state, Pope seems often to have meditated with great anxiety; and an anecdote is recorded of his latest hours, which shows how strongly that important belief affected him.—A day or two before his death he was at times delirious; and about

But how did the puny Mallet stand connected with these great men? By the pamphlets published during this literary quarrel, he appears to have enjoyed a more intimate intercourse with them than is known. In one of them he is characterized "as a fellow who, while Mr. Pope lived was as diligent in licking his feet, as he is now in licking your Lordship's: and who, for the sake of giving himself an air of importance, in being joined with you, and for the vanity of saying 'the Author and I,'—'the Editor and me,'—has sacrificed all his pretensions to friendship, honour, and humanity."* An anecdote in this pamphlet, assigns a sufficient motive to excite some wrath in a much less irritable animal than the self-important editor of Bolingbroke's Works. The anecdote may be distinguished as,

THE APOLLO VISION.

"The editor (Mallet) being in company with the person to whom Mr. Pope has consigned the care of his works (Warburton,) and who, he thought, had some intention of writing Mr. Pope's life, told him he had an anecdote, which he believed nobody knew but himself. I was sitting one day (said he) with Mr. Pope, in his last illness, who coming suddenly out of a reverie, which you know he frequently fell into at that time, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon me; 'Mr. M. (said he) I have had an odd kind of vision. Methought I saw my own head open, and Apollo came out

four o'clock in the morning he rose from bed and went to the library, where a friend who was watching him found him busily writing. He persuaded him to desist, and withdrew the paper he had written.—The subject of the thoughts of the delirious poet was a new theory on the Immortality of the Soul; in which he distinguished between those material objects which tended to strengthen his conviction, and those which weakened it. The paper which contained these disordered thoughts was shown to Warburton, and surely has been preserved.

* A letter to the Lord Viscount B——ke, occasioned by his treatment of a deceased friend. Printed for A. Moore, without date.—This pamphlet either came from Warburton himself, or from one of his intimates. The writer, too, calls Pope his friend.

of it; I then saw your head open and Apollo went into it; after which our heads closed up again.' The gentleman (Warburton) could not help smiling at his vanity; and with some humour replied, 'Why, sir, if I had an intention of writing *your* life, this perhaps might be a proper anecdote; but I don't see, that in Mr. Pope's it will be of any consequence at all.'" P. 14.

This exhibits a curious instance of an author's egotism, or rather of Mallet's conceit, contriving, by some means, to have his name slide into the projected Life of Pope by Warburton, who appears, however, always to have treated him with the contempt Pope himself evidently did.* What

* We find also the name of Mallet closely connected with another person of eminence, the Patriot-Poet, Leonidas Glover. I take this opportunity of correcting a surmise of Johnson's, in his Life of Mallet, respecting Glover, and which also places Mallet's character in a true light.

A minute life of Mallet might exhibit a curious example of mediocrity of talent, with but suspicious virtues, brought forward by the accident of great connexions, placing a bustling intriguer much higher in the scale of society than "our Philosophy ever dreamt of." Johnson says of Mallet, that "It was remarkable of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend." From having been accidentally chosen as private tutor to the Duke of Montrose, he wound himself into the favour of the party at Leicester-house; he wrote tragedies conjointly with Thompson, and was appointed, with Glover, to write the life of the Duke of Marlborough. Yet he had already shown to the world his scanty talent for Biography in his Life of Lord Bacon, on which Warburton so acutely animadverted.

According to Johnson's account, the Duchess of Marlborough assigned the task of writing the Life of the Duke to Glover and to Mallet, with a remuneration of a thousand pounds. She must, however, have mortified the poets by subjoining the sarcastic prohibition, that "no verses should be inserted." Johnson adds, "Glover, *I suppose, rejected with disdain the Legacy*, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet."

The cause why Glover declined this work could not, indeed, be known to Johnson: it arose from a far more dignified motive, than the petty disdain of the Legacy, which our great literary Biographer has surmised. It can now be told in his own words, which I derive from a

opinion could the Poet have entertained of the taste of that weak and vain critic, who, when Pope published anony-

very interesting extract communicated to me by my friend Mr. Duppa, from that portion of the MS. Memoirs of Glover not yet published.

I shall first quote the remarkable codicil from the original Will of her Grace, which Mr. Duppa took the pains to consult. She assigns her reasons for the choice of her historians, and discriminates between the two authors. After bequeathing the thousand pounds for them, she adds :—" I believe Mr. Glover is a very honest man, who wishes, as I do, all the good that can happen, to preserve the liberties and laws of England. Mr. Mallet was recommended to me by the late Duke of Montrose, whom I admired extremely for his great steadiness and behaviour in all things that related to the preservation of our laws and the public good."—Thus her Grace has expressed a personal knowledge and confidence in Glover, distinctly marked from her " recommended " acquaintance Mallet.

Glover refused the office of Historian, not from " disdain of the Legacy," nor for any deficient zeal for the hero whom he admired.—He refused it with sorrowful disappointment ; for, besides the fantastical restrictions of " not writing any verses," and the cruel one of yoking such a patriot with the servile Mallet, there was one which placed the revision of the work in the hands of the Earl of Chesterfield : this was the *circumstance* at which the dignified genius of Glover revolted. Chesterfield's mean political character had excited his indignation ; and he has drawn a lively picture of this polished nobleman's " eager prostitution," in his printed Memoirs, recently published under the title of " Memoirs of a celebrated Literary and Political Character," p. 24.

In the following passage, this great-minded man, for such he was, " unburthens his heart in a melancholy digression from his plain narrative."

" Composing such a narrative (alluding to his own Memoirs) and endeavouring to establish such a temper of mind, I cannot at intervals refrain from regret that the *capricious restrictions* in the Duchess of Marlborough's will, appointing me to write the life of her illustrious husband, compelled me to reject the undertaking. There, conduct, valour, and success abroad ; prudence, perseverance, learning, and science, at home ; would have shed some portion of their graces on their historian's page : a mediocrity of talent would have felt an unwonted elevation in the bare attempt of transmitting so splendid a period to succeeding ages." Such was the dignified regret of Glover !

mously "The Essay on Man," being asked if anything new had appeared, replied that he had looked over a thing called an "Essay on Man," but discovering the utter want of skill and knowledge in the author, had thrown it aside. Pope mortified him by confiding to him the secret.

"The Apollo Vision" was a stinging anecdote, and it came from Warburton either directly or indirectly. This was followed up by "A Letter to the Editor of the Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, the Idea of a Patriot King," &c., a dignified remonstrance by Warburton himself; but "The Impostor detected and convicted, or the Principles and Practices of the Author of the Spirit of Patriotism (Lord Bolingbroke) set forth in a clear light, in a Letter to

Doubtless, he disdained, too, his colleague; but Mallet reaped the whole legacy, and still more, a pension; pretending to be always occupied on the Life of Marlborough, and every day talking of the great discoveries he had made, he contrived to make this nonentity serve his own purposes. Once hinting to Garrick, that, in spite of Chronology, by some secret device of anticipation, he had reserved a niche in this great Work for the Roscius of his own times, the gratitude of Garrick was instant. He recollected that Mallet was a Tragedy-writer; and it also appeared, that our dramatic Bardling had one ready. As for the pretended Life of Marlborough, not a line appears ever to have been written!

Such was the end of the ardent solicitude and caprice of the Duchess of Marlborough, exemplified in the last solemn act of life, where she betrayed the same warmth of passion, and the same arrogant caprice she had always indulged, at the cost of her judgment, in what Pope emphatically terms "the trade of the world." She was

"The wisest fool much time has ever made."

Even in this darling project of her last ambition, to immortalize her name, she had incumbered it with such arrogant injunctions, mixed up such contrary elements, that they were certain to undo their own purpose.—Such was the barren harvest she gathered through a life of passion, regulated by no principle of conduct. One of the most finished portraits of Pope is the Atossa, in his Epistle on Woman. How admirably he shows what the present instance proves, that she was one, who, always possessing the *means*, was sure to lose the *ends*.

a Member of Parliament in Town, from his Friend in the Country, 1749," is a remarkable production. Lord Bolingbroke is the impostor, and the concealed Jacobite. Time, the ablest critic on these party productions, has verified the predictions of this seer. We discover here, too, a literary fact, which is necessary to complete our present history. It seems that there were omissions and corrections in the edition Pope printed of "The Patriot King," which his caution or his moderation prompted, and which such a political demagogue as Bolingbroke never forgave. They are thus alluded to: "Lord B. may remember" (from a conversation held, at which the writer appears to have been present,) "that a difference in opinion prevailed, and a few points were urged by that gentleman (Pope) in opposition to some particular tenets which related to the limitation of the English monarchy, and to the ideal doctrine of a patriot king. These were Mr. P.'s reasons for the emendations he made; and which, together with the consideration, that both their lives were at that time in a declining state, was the true cause, and no other, of his care to preserve those letters, by handing them to the press, with the precaution mentioned by the author." Indeed the cry raised against the *dead man*, by Bolingbroke and Mallet, was an artificial one: that it should ever have tainted the honour of the bard, or that it should ever have been excited by his "Philosopher and Friend," are equally strange; it is possible that the malice of Mallet was more at work than that of Bolingbroke, who suffered himself to be the dupe of a man held in contempt by Pope, by Warburton, and by others. But the pamphlet I have just noticed might have enraged Bolingbroke, because his true character is ably drawn in it. The writer says, that "a person in an eminent station of life abroad, when Lord B—— was at Paris, to transact a certain affair, said, *C'est certainement un homme d'esprit, mais un coquin sans probité.*" This was a very disagreeable truth!

In one of these pamphlets, too, Bolingbroke was mortified at his dignity being lessened by the writer, in comparing his lordship with their late friend Pope.—"I venture to foretell, that the name of Mr. Pope, in spite of your unmanly endeavours, shall revive and blossom in the dust, from his own merits; and presume to remind you, that *yours*, had it not been for *his* genius, *his* friendship, *his* idolatrous veneration for *you*, might, in a short course of years, have died and been forgotten." Whatever the degree of genius Bolingbroke may claim, doubtless the verse of Pope has embalmed his fame.—I have never been able to discover the authors of these pamphlets, who all appear of the first rank, and who seem to have written under the eye of Warburton. The awful and vindictive Bolingbroke, and the malignant and petulant Mallet, did not long brood over their anger: he, or they, gave it vent on the head of Warburton, in those two furious pamphlets, which I have noticed in the Quarrels of Warburton, p. 47, of this vol. All these pamphlets were published in the same year 1749, so that it is now difficult to arrange them according to their priority. Enough has been shown to prove, that the loud outcry of Bolingbroke and Mallet, in their posthumous attack on Pope, arose from their unforgiving malice against him, for the preference by which the poet had distinguished Warburton; and that Warburton, much more than Pope, was the real object of this masked battery.

LINTOT'S ACCOUNT-BOOK.

An odd sort of a literary curiosity has fallen in my way. It throws some light on the history of the heroes of the Dunciad; but such *minutiæ literariæ* are only for my bibliographical readers.

It is a book of accounts, which belonged to the renowned

Bernard Lintot the bookseller, whose character has been so humorously preserved by Pope, in a dialogue which the poet has given as having passed between them in Windsor Forest. The book is entitled "*Copies, when Purchased!*" The power of genius is exemplified in the leger of the bookseller as much as in any other book; and while I here discover, that the moneys received even by such men of genius as Gay, Farquhar, Cibber, and Dr. King, amount to small sums, and such authors as Dennis, Theobald, Ozell, and Toland, scarcely amount to anything, that of Pope much exceeds 4000*l.*

I am not in all cases confident of the nature of these "Copies purchased;" those works which were originally published by Lintot may be considered as purchased at the sums specified: some few might have been subsequent to their first edition. The guinea, at that time, passing for twenty-one shillings and sixpence, has occasioned the fractions.

I transcribe Pope's account. Here it appears that he sold "the Key to the Lock" and "Parnell's Poems." The poem entitled "To the Auther of a poem called *Successio*," appears to have been written by Pope, and has escaped the researches of his editors. The smaller poems were contributions to a volume of Poetical Miscellanies, published by Lintot.*

MR. POPE.

19 *Feb.* 1711-12.	£	s.	d.
Statius, First Book Vertumnus and Pomona	16	2	6

* "Miscellaneous Poems and Translations, by several Hands, 1712."—The second edition appeared in 1714; and in the title-page are enumerated the poems mentioned in this account, and Pope's name affixed, as if he were the actual editor—an idea which Mr. Nichols thought he affected to discountenance. It is probable that Pope was the editor. We see, by this account, that he was paid for his contributions.

	£	s.	d.
21 *March*, 1711-12.			
First Edition Rape	7	0	0
9 *April* 1712.			
To a Lady presenting Voiture Upon Silence To the Author of a Poem called *Successio*	3	16	6
23 *Feb.* 1712-13.			
Windsor Forest	32	5	0
23 *July* 1713.			
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day	15	0	0
20 *Feb.* 1713-14.			
Additions to the Rape	15	0	0
1 *Feb.* 1714-15.			
Temple of Fame	32	5	0
30 *April*, 1715.			
Key to the Lock	10	15	0
17 *July*, 1716.			
Essay on Criticism*	15	0	0
13 *Dec.* 1721.			
Parnell's Poems	15	0	0
23 *March*, 1713.			
Homer, vol. i.	215	0	0
650 books on royal paper	176	0	0
9 *Feb.* 1715-16.			
Homer, vol. ii.	215	0	0
7 *May*, 1716.			
600 royal paper	150	0	0
This article is repeated to the sixth volume of Homer, to which is to be added another sum of 840*l.*, paid for an assignment of all the copies. The whole of this part of the account amounting to	3203	4	0
Copy-moneys for the Odyssey, vols. i. ii. iii. and each vol. royal paper, 4to.	615	6	0
Ditto for the vols. iv. v. and 750 do.	425	18	7½
	£4244	8	7½

MR. GAY.

	£	s.	d.
12 *May*, 1713.			
Wife of Bath	25	0	0
11 *Nov.* 1714.			
Letter to a Lady	5	7	6

* This was a new edition, published conjointly by Lintot and Lewis the Catholic bookseller and early friend of Pope, of whom, and of the first edition, 1711, I have preserved an anecdote, p. 57 of the present volume.

	£	s.	d.
14 *Feb.* 1714.			
The What d'ye call it?	16	2	6
22 *Dec.* 1715.			
Trivia	43	0	0
Epistle to the Earl of Burlington . . .	10	15	0
4 *May* 1717.			
Battle of the Frogs	16	2	6
8 *Jan.* 1717.			
Three hours after Marriage	43	2	6
The Mohocks, a Farce, 2*l.* 10*s.* (Sold the Mohocks to him again.)*			
Revival of the Wife of Bath	75	0	0
	£234	10	0

MR. DENNIS.

	£	s.	d.
Feb. 24, 1703-4.			
Liberty asserted, one half share,† . . .	7	3	0
10 *Nov.* 1708.			
Appius and Virginia	21	10	0
25 *April*, 1711.			
Essay on Public Spirit	2	12	6

* The late Isaac Reed, in the Biog. Dramatica, was uncertain whether Gay was the author of this unacted Drama. It is a satire on the inhuman frolics of the bucks and bloods of those days, who imitated the savageness of the Indians whose name they assumed. Why Gay repurchased "The Mohocks," remains to be discovered. Was it another joint production with Pope?—The literary co-partnership between Pope and Gay has never been opened to the curious. It is probable that Pope was consulted, if not concerned, in writing "The What d'ye call it?" which, Jacob says in his 'Poetical Register,' "exposes several of our eminent poets." Jacob published while Gay was living, and seems to allude to this literary co-partnership; for, speaking of Gay, he says: "that having an inclination to poetry, by the strength of his own genius, and the *conversation* of Mr. Pope, he has made some progress in poetical writings."

This tragi-comical farce of "The Mohocks" is satirically dedicated to Dennis, "as a *horrid* and *tremendous* piece, formed on the model of his own 'Appius and Virginia.'" This touch seems to come from the finger of Pope. It is a mock-tragedy, for the Mohocks themselves rant in blank verse; a feeble performance, far inferior to its happier predecessor, "The What d'ye call it?"

† Bought of Mr. George Strahan, bookseller.

6 *Jan.* 1811.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Remarks on Pope's Essay	2	12	6

Dennis must have sold himself to criticism from ill-nature, and not for pay. One is surprised that his two tragedies should have been worth a great deal more than his criticism. Criticism was then worth no more than too frequently it deserves; Dr. Sewel, for his "Observations on the Tragedy of Jane Shore," received only a guinea.

I had suggested a doubt whether Theobald had attempted to translate from the original Greek: one would suppose he did by the following entry, which has a line drawn through it, as if the agreement had not been executed. Perhaps Lintot submitted to pay Theobald for *not doing* the Odyssey when Pope undertook it.

MR. THEOBALD.

23 *May*, 1713.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Plato's Phædon	5	7	6
For *Æsculus's* Trag.	1	1	6
being part of Ten Guineas.			
12 *June*, 1714.			
La Motte's Homer	3	4	

April 21, 1714. Articles signed by Mr. Theobald, to translate for B. Lintot the 24 Books of Homer's Odyssey into English blank verse. Also the four Tragedies of Sophocles, called Œdipus Tyrannus, Œdipus Coloneus, Trachiniæ, and Philoctetes, into English blank verse, with Explanatory Notes to the twenty-four Books of the Odyssey, and the four Tragedies. To receive, for translating every 450 Greek verses, with Explanatory Notes thereon, the sum of 2*l.* 10*s.*

To translate likewise the Satires and Epistles of Horace, into English rhyme. For every 120 Latin lines so translated, the sum of 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

These Articles to be performed, according to the time specified, under the penalty of fifty pounds, payable by either party's default in peformance.

Paid in hand, 2*l.* 10*s.*

It appears that Toland never got above 5*l*., 10*l*., or 20*l*., for his publications. I discovered the humiliating conditions that attended his publications, from an examination of his original papers. All this author seems to have reaped from a life devoted to literary enterprise, and philosophy, and patriotism, appears not to have exceeded 200*l*.

Here, too, we find that the facetious Dr. King threw away all his sterling wit for five miserable pounds, though "The Art of Cookery," and that of "Love," obtained a more honourable price. But a mere school-book, probably inspired our lively genius with more real facetiousness than any of those works which communicate so much to others.

DR. KING.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
18 *Feb.* 1707–8.			
Paid for Art of Cookery	32	5	0
16 *Feb.* 1708–9.			
Paid for the First Part of Transactions . .	5	0	0
Paid for his Art of Love	32	5	0
23 *June*, 1709.			
Paid for the Second Part of the Transactions* .	5	0	0
4 *March*, 1709–10.			
Paid for the History of Cajamai . . .	5	0	0
10 *Nov.* 1710.			
Paid for King's Gods	50	0	0
1 *July*, 1712.			
Useful Miscellany, Part I.	1	1	6
Paid for the Useful Miscellany . . .	3	0	0

Lintot utters a groan over "The Duke of Buckingham's Works" (Sheffield,) for "having been *jockeyed* of them by Alderman Barber and Tonson." Who can ensure literary celebrity? No bookseller would *now* regret being *jockeyed* out of his grace's works!

The history of plays appears here somewhat curious:—tragedies, then the fashionable dramas, obtained a considerable price; for though Dennis's luckier one reached

* For an account of these humorous pieces, see the following article of "The Royal Society."

only to 21*l.*, Dr. Young's "Busiris" acquired 84*l.* Smith's "Phædra and Hippolytus," 50*l.*; Rowe's "Jane Shore," 50*l.* 15*s.*; and "Jane Gray," 75*l.* 5*s.* Cibber's "Non-juror" obtained 105*l.* for the copy-right.

Is it not a little mortifying to observe, that among all these customers of genius whose names enrich the leger of the bookseller, Jacob, that "blunderbuss of law," while his law-books occupy in space as much as Mr. Pope's works, the amount of his account stands next in value, far beyond many a name which has immortalized itself!

POPE'S EARLIEST SATIRE.

We find by the first edition of Lintot's "Miscellaneous Poems," that the anonymous lines "To the author of a Poem called *Successio*," was a literary satire by Pope, written when he had scarcely attained his fourteenth year. This satire, the first probably he wrote for the press, and in which he has succeeded so well, that it might have induced him to pursue the bent of his genius, merits preservation. The juvenile composition bears the marks of his future excellences: it has the tune of his verse, and the images of his wit. Thirty years afterwards, when occupied by the Dunciad, he transplanted and pruned again some of the original images.

The hero of this satire is Elkanah Settle. The subject is one of those Whig poems, designed to celebrate the happiness of an uninterrupted "Succession" in the Crown, at the time the Act of Settlement passed, which transferred it to the Hanoverian line. The rhymer and his theme were equally contemptible to the juvenile Jacobite poet.

The hoarse and voluminous Codrus of Juvenal aptly designates this eternal verse-maker;—one who has written

with such constant copiousness, that no bibliographer has presumed to form a complete list of his works.*

When Settle had outlived his temporary rivalship with Dryden, and was reduced to mere Settle, he published party poems, in folio, composed in Latin, accompanied by his own translations. These folio poems, uniformly bound, except that the arms of his patrons, or rather his purchasers, richly gilt, emblazon the black morocco, may still be found. These presentation-copies were sent round to the chiefs of the party, with a mendicant's petition, of which some still exist. To have a clear conception of the *present views* of some politicians, it is necessary to read their history backwards. In 1702, when Settle published "Successio," he must have been a Whig. In 1685 he was a Tory, commemorating, by an heroic poem, the coronation of James II., and writing periodically against the Whigs. In 1680, he had left the Tories for the Whigs, and conducted the whole management of burning the Pope, then a very solemn national ceremony. A Whig, a pope-burner, and a Codrus, afforded full draught of inspiration to the nascent genius of our youthful satirist.

Settle, in his latter state of wretchedness, had one standard *elegy* and *epithalamium* printed off with *blanks*. By the ingenious contrivance of inserting the name of any considerable person who died or was married, no one, who had gone out of the world, or was entering into it, but was equally welcome to this dinnerless livery-man of the draggled-tailed Muses. I have elsewhere noticed his last exist from this state of poetry and of pauperism; when, leaping into a green dragon, which his own creative genius had invented, in a theatrical booth, Codrus, in hissing flames and terrifying-morocco folds, discovered "the fate of talents misapplied!"

* The fullest account we have of Settle, a busy scribe in his day, is in Mr. Nichols's Lit. Anec. vol. i. p. 41.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED "SUCCESSIO."

Begone, ye critics, and restrain your spite;
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write.
The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.*
What though no bees around your cradle flew,
Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew;
Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead,
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,
Attentive blocks stand round you, and admire.
Wit past through thee no longer is the same,
As meat digested takes a different name; †
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
Thus thou mayst rise, and in thy daring flight
(Though ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height:
So, forced from engines, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs move nimbly through the sky,‡

* Thus altered in the Dunciad, book i., ver. 183:

"As clocks to weight their nimble motions owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below."

† This original image a late caustic wit (Horne Tooke,) who probably had never read this poem, employed on a certain occasion. Godwin, who had then distinguished himself by his genius and by some hardy paradoxes, was pleading for them as hardily, by showing that they did not originate in him—that they were to be found in Helvetius, in Rousseau, and in other modern philosophers. "Ay," retorted the cynical wit: "so you eat at my table venison and turtle, but from you the same things come quite changed!" The original, after all, is in Donne, long afterwards versified by our poet. See Warton's edition, vol. iv., p. 257. Pope must have been an early reader of Donne.

‡ Thus altered in the Dunciad, book i. ver. 181:

"As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swifty through the sky."

Sure Bavius copied Mævius to the full,
And Chærilus* taught Codrus to be dull;
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
This needless labour, and contend no more
To prove a *dull Succession* to be true,
Since 't is enough we find it so in you.

* Perhaps, by *Chærilus*, the juvenile satirist designed *Flecknoe*, or *Shadwell*, who had received their immortality of dullness from his master, catholic in poetry and opinions, Dryden.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY at first opposed from various quarters—their Experimental Philosophy supplants the Aristotelian Methods—suspected of being the concealed Advocates of Popery, Arbitrary Power, and Atheism—disappointments incurred by their promises—the simplicity of the early Inquirers—ridiculed by the Wits and others—Narrative of a quarrel between a Member of the Royal Society an an Aristotelian—Glanvill writes his "Plus Ultra," to show the Improvements of Modern Knowledge—Character of Stubbe of Warwick—his Apology, from himself—opposes the "Plus Ultra" by the "Plus Ultra reduced to a Nonplus"—his "Campanella revived"—the Political Projects of Campanella—Stubbe persecuted, and menaced to be publicly whipped; his Roman spirit—his "Legends no Histories"—his "Censure on some Passages of the History of the Royal Society"—Harvey's ambition to be considered the Discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood, which he demonstrated—Stubbe describes the Philosophy of Science—attacks Sprat's Dedication to the King—The Philosophical Transactions published by Sir Hans Sloane ridiculed by Dr. King—his new Species of Literary Burlesque—King's character—these attacks not ineffectually renewed by Sir John Hill.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, on its first establishment, at the era of the Restoration, encountered fierce hostilities; nor, even at later periods, has it escaped many wanton attacks. A great revolution in the human mind was opening with that establishment; for the spirit which had appeared in the recent political concussion, and which had given freedom to opinion, and a bolder scope to enterprise, had now reached the literary and philosophical world; but causes of the most opposite natures operated against this institution of infant science.

In the first place, the new experimental philosophy, full of inventions and operations, proposed to supplant the old scholastic philosophy, which still retained an obscure jargon of terms, the most frivolous subtilties, and all those empty and artificial methods by which it pretended to decide on all topics. Too long it had filled the ear with airy speculation, while it starved the mind that languished for sense and knowledge. But this emancipation menaced the power of the followers of Aristotle, who were still slumbering in their undisputed authority, enthroned in our Universities. For centuries, the world had been taught that the philosopher of Stagira had thought on every subject: Aristotle was quoted as equal authority with St. Paul, and his very image has been profanely looked on with the reverence paid to Christ. Bacon had fixed a new light in Europe, and others were kindling their torches at his flame. When the great usurper of the human understanding was once fairly opposed to Nature, he betrayed too many symptoms of mere humanity. Yet this great triumph was not obtained without severe contention; and upon the Continent, even blood has been shed in the cause of words. In our country, the University of Cambridge was divided by a party who called themselves *Trojans*, from their antipathy to the *Greeks*, or the Aristotelians; and once the learned Richard Harvey, the brother of Gabriel, the friend of Spenser, stung to madness by the predominant powers, to their utter dismay set up their idol on the school-gates, with his heels upwards, and ass's ears on his head. But at this later period, when the Royal Society was established, the war was more open, and both parties more inveterate. Now the world seemed to think, so violent is the re-action of public opinion, that they could reason better without Aristotle than with him: that he had often taught them nothing more than self-evident propositions, or had promoted that dangerous idleness of maintaining paradoxes, by quibbles, and other captious subtilties. The days had closed of the "illuminated," the "profound,"

and the "irrefragable," titles, which the scholastic heroes had obtained; and the Aristotelian four modes, by which all things in nature must exist, of *materialiter*, *formaliter*, *fundamtaliter*, and *eminenter*, were now considered as nothing more than the noisy rattles, or chains of cherry-stones, which had so long detained us in the nursery of the human mind.* The world had been cheated

* Some may be curious to have these monkish terms defined. *Causes* are distinguished, by Aristotle, into four kinds:—The material cause *ex qua*, out of which things are made; the formal cause, *per quam*, by which a thing is that which it is, and nothing else; the efficient cause, *a qua*, by the agency of which anything is produced; and the final cause, *propter quam*, the end for which it is produced. Such are his notions in his Phys. l. ii. c. iii. referred to by Brucker and Formey, in their Histories of Philosophy. Of the Scholastic Metaphysics, *Sprat*, the historian of the Royal Society, observes, "that the lovers of that cloudy knowledge boast that it is an excellent instrument to refine and make subtle the minds of men. But there may be *a greater excess in the subtlety of men's wits* than in their *thickness;* as we see those threads, which are of too fine a spinning, are found to be more useless than those which are homespun and gross." *Hist. of the Royal Soc.* p. 326.

In the history of human folly, often so closely connected with that of human knowledge, some of the schoolmen (the commentators on Aquinas and others) prided themselves, and were even admired for their impenetrable obscurity! One of them, and our countryman, is singularly commended by Cardan, for that "only one of his arguments was enough to puzzle all posterity; and that, when he had grown old, he wept because he could not understand his own books." Baker, in his Reflections upon Learning, who had examined this schoolman, declares his obscurity is such, as if he never meant to be understood. The extravagances of the schoolmen are, however, not always those of Aristotle. Pope, and the wits of that day, like these early members of the Royal Society, decried Aristotle, who did not probably fall in the way of their studies. His great imperfections are in natural philosophy; but he still preserves his eminence for his noble treatises of Ethics and Politics, and Poetics, notwithstanding the imperfect state in which these have reached us. Dr. Coplestone and Dr. Gillies have given an energetic testimony to their perpetual value. Pope, in satirizing the

with words instead of things; and the new experimental philosophy insisted that men should be less loquacious, but more laborious.

Some there were, in that unsettled state of politics and religion, in whose breasts the embers of the late Revolution were still hot: they were panic-struck, that the advocates of popery and arbitrary power were returning on them, disguised as natural philosophers. This new terror had a very ludicrous origin:—it arose from some casual expressions, in which the Royal Society at first delighted, and by which an air of mystery was thrown over its secret movements; such was that "Universal Correspondence" which it affected to boast of; and the vaunt to foreigners of its "Ten Secretaries," when, in truth, all these magnificent declarations were only objects of their wishes. Another fond but singular expression, which the illustrious Boyle had frequently applied to it in its earliest state, when only composed of a few friends, calling it "The Invisible College," all concurred to make the Royal Society wear the appearance of a conspiracy against the political freedom of the nation. At a time, too, when, according to the historian of the Royal Society, "almost every family was widely disagreed among themselves on matters of religion," they believed that this "new experimental philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith,* and many mortally hated the newly-in-

University as a nest of dunces, considered the followers of Aristotle as so many stalled oxen, "*fat bulls of Basan,*"

"A hundred head of Aristotle's friends."

Dunciad.

Swift has drawn an allegorical personage of Aristotle, by which he describes the nature of his works. "He stooped much, and made use of a staff; his visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow;" descriptive of his abrupt conciseness, his harsh style, the obscurities of his dilapidated text, and the deficiency of feeling, which his studied compression, his deep capacity, and his analytical genius, so frequently exhibit.

* Sprat makes an ingenious observation on the notion of those who

vented optical glasses, the telescope and the microscope, as atheistical inventions, which perverted our sight, and made everything appear in a new and false light! Sprat wrote his celebrated "History of the Royal Society," to show that experimental philosophy was neither designed for the extinction of the Universities, nor of the Christian religion, which were really imagined to be in danger.

Others, again, were impatient for romantic discoveries; miracles were required, some were hinted at, while some were promised. In the ecstacy of imagination, they lost their soberness, forgetting that they were the historians of nature and not her prophets.* But amid these dreams of

declared that "*the most learned ages are still the most atheistical, and the ignorant the most devout.*" He says this had become almost proverbial, but he shows that piety is little beholden to those who make this distinction. "The Jewish law forbids us to offer up to God a sacrifice that has a blemish; but these men bestow the most excellent of men on the devil, and only assign to religion those men and those times which have the greatest blemish of human nature, even a defect in their knowledge and understanding." *History of the Royal Society*, p. 356.

* Science, at its birth, is as much the child of imagination as curiosity; and, in rapture at the new instrument it has discovered, it impatiently magnifics its power. To the infant, all improvements are wonders; it chronicles even its dreams, and has often described what it never has seen, delightfully deceived; the cold insults of the cynics, the wits, the dull, and the idle, maliciously mortify the infant in its sports, till it returns to a slow labour and patient observation. It is rather curious, however, that when science obtains a certain state of maturity, it is liable to be attacked by the same fits of the marvellous which affected its infancy;—and the following extract from one of the enthusiastic *Virtuosi* in the infancy of science, rivals the visions of "the perfectibility of man," of which we hear so much at this late period. Some, perhaps, may consider these strong tendencies of the imagination, breaking out at these different periods in the history of science, to indicate results of which the mind feels a consciousness, which the philosopher should neither indulge nor check.

"Should these heroes go on (the Royal Society) as they have happily begun, they will fill the world with wonders; and posterity will find many things that are now but *rumours*, verified into practical

hope and fancy, the creeping experimentalist was still left boasting of improvements, so slow that they were not perceived, and of novelties so absurd that they too often raised the laugh against their grave and unlucky discoverers. The philosophers themselves seemed to have been fretted into the impatient humour which they attempted to correct; and the amiable Evelyn becomes an irritated satirist, when he attempts to reply to the repeated question of that day, "What have they done?"*

realities. It may be some ages hence, a *voyage* to the southern unknown tracts, yea, possibly the *Moon*, will not be more strange than one to America. To them that come after us, it may be as ordinary to *buy a pair of wings* to fly into remotest regions, as now *a pair of boots* to ride a journey. And to confer at the distance of the Indies, by *sympathetic conveyances*, may be as usual to future times, as to us in a literary correspondence. The restoration of *grey hairs to juvenility*, and renewing the *exhausted marrow*, may at length be effected without a miracle; and the turning the now comparative *desert world* into a *paradise*, may not improbably be expected from late *agriculture*.

"Those that judge by the narrowness of former principles and successes, will smile at these paradoxical expectations. But the great inventions of latter ages, which altered the face of all things, in their naked proposals and mere suppositions, were to former times as ridiculous. To have talked of a new earth to have been discovered, had been a romance to antiquity; and to sail without sight of stars or shores, by the guidance of a mineral, a story more absurd than the flight of Dædalus. That men should speak after their tongues were ashes, or communicate with each other in differing hemispheres, before the invention of letters, could not but have been thought a fiction. Antiquity would not have believed the almost incredible force of our cannons, and would as coldly have entertained the wonders of the telescope."—GLANVILL, *Scepsis Scientifica*, p. 133.

* Evelyn, whose elegant mind, one would have imagined, had been little susceptible of such vehement anger, in the preface to his "Sylva," scolds at no common rate: "Well meaning people are led away by the noise of a few ignorant and comical buffoons, who, with an insolence suitable to their understanding, are still crying out, *What have the Society done?*" He attributes all the opposition and ridicule the Society encountered, to a personage, not usual to introduce

But a source of the ridicule which was perpetually flowing against the Royal Society, was the almost infantine simplicity of its earliest members, led on by their honest zeal; and the absence of all discernment in many trifling and ludicrous researches, which called down the malice of the wits;* there was, too, much of that unjust

into a philosophical controversy—"the Enemy of Mankind." But it was well to denounce the devil himself, as the Society had nearly lost the credit of fearing him. Evelyn insists that "next to the propagation of our most holy faith," that of the new philosophy was desirable both for the king and the nation; "for," he adds, "it will survive the triumphs of the proudest conquerors; since, when all their pomp and noise is ended, they are those *little things in black*, whom now in scorn they term philosophers and fops, to whom they must be obliged for making their names outlast the pyramids, whose founders are as unknown as the heads of Nile."—Why Evelyn designates the philosophers as *little things in black*, requires explanation. Did they affect a dress of this colour in the reign of Charles II., or does he allude to the dingy appearance of the chemists?

* It is not easy to credit the simplicity of these early inquirers. In a Memorial in Sprat's History, entitled, "Answers returned by Sir Philliberto Vernatti to certain Inquiries sent by order of the Royal Society;" among some of the most extraordinary questions and descriptions of non-entities, which must have fatigued Sir Philliberto, who then resided in Batavia, I find the present:—"Qy. 8. What ground there may be for that relation concerning *horns taking root and growing about God?*" It seems the question might as well have been asked at London, and answered by some of the members themselves; for Sir Philliberto gravely replied—"Inquiring about this, a friend laughed, and told me it was a jeer put upon the Portuguese, because the women of Goa are counted none of the chastest." Inquiries of this nature, and often the most trivial objects set off with a singular minutencss of description, tempted the laugh of the scoffers. Their great adversary Stubbe, ridiculing their mode of giving instructions for inquiries, regrets that the paper he had received from them had been lost, otherwise he would have published it. "The great Mr. Boyle, when he brought it, tendered it with blushing and disorder," at the simplicity of the Royal Society! And indeed the royal founder himself, who, if he was something of a philosopher, was much more of a wit, set the example. The Royal Society, on the day

contempt between the parties, which students of opposite pursuits and tastes so liberally bestow on each other.

The researches of the Antiquarian Society were sneered at by the Royal, and the antiquaries avenged themselves by their obstinate incredulity at the prodigies of the naturalists; the student of classical literature was equally slighted by the new philosophers; who, leaving the study of words and the elegances of rhetoric, for the study merely of things, declared as the cynical ancient did of metaphors, "poterimus vivere sine illis"—We can do very well without them!—The ever-witty South, in his oration at Oxford, made this poignant reflection on the Royal Society:—"Mirantur nihil nisi pulices, pediculos, et seipsos."—They can admire nothing except fleas, lice, and themselves!—And even Hobbes so little comprehended the utility of these

of its creation, was the whetstone of the wit of their patron. When Charles II. dined with the members on the occasion of constituting them a Royal Society, towards the close of the evening he expressed his satisfaction in being the first English monarch who had laid a foundation for a society who proposed that their sole studies should be directed to the investigation of the arcana of nature; and added, with that peculiar gravity of countenance he usually wore on such occasions, that among such learned men he now hoped for a solution to a question which had long perplexed him. The case he thus stated: "Suppose two pails of water were fixed in two different scales that were equally poised, and which weighed equally alike, and that two live bream, or small fish, were put into either of these pails, he wanted to know the reason why that pail, with such addition, should not weigh more than the other pail which stood against it." Every one was ready to set at quiet the royal curiosity; but it appeared that every one was giving a different opinion. One, at length, offered so ridiculous a solution, that another of the members could not refrain from a loud laugh; when the King, turning to him, insisted that he should give his sentiments as well as the rest. This he did without hesitation; and told his Majesty, in plain terms, that he denied the fact!—On which the King, in high mirth, exclaimed, "Odds fish, brother, you are in the right!"—The jest was not ill designed. The story was often useful, to cool the enthusiasm of the scientific visionary, who is apt often to account for what never has existed.

new pursuits, that he considered the Royal Society merely as so many labourers, who, when they had washed their hands after their work, should leave to others the polishing of their discourses. He classed them, in the way they were proceeding, with apothecaries, and gardeners, and mechanics, who might now "all put in for, and get the prize." Even at a later period, Sir William Temple imagined the virtuosi to be only so many Sir Nicholas Gimcracks; and contemptuously called them, from the place of their first meeting, "The Men of Gresham!" doubtless considering them as wise as "the Men of Gotham!" Even now, men of other tempers and other studies, are too apt to refuse the palm of philosophy to the patient race of naturalists. Wotton, who wrote so zealously at the commencement of the last century in favour of modern knowledge, is alarmed lest the effusions of wit, in his time, should "deaden the industry of the philosophers of the next age; for," he adds, "nothing wounds so effectually as a jest; and when men once become ridiculous, their labours will be slighted, and they will find few imitators." The alarm shows his zeal, but not his discernment: since curiosity in hidden causes is a passion which endures with human nature. "The philosophers of the next age" have shown themselves as persevering as their predecessors, and the wits as malicious. The contest between men of meditation and men of experiment, is a very ancient quarrel; and the "divine" Socrates was no friend to, and even a ridiculer of, those very pursuits for which the Royal Society was established.*

* Evelyn, who could himself be a wit occasionally, was however much annoyed by the scorners. He applies to these wits a passage in Nehemiah ii. 19, which describes those who laughed at the *builders of Jerusalem*. "These are the Sanballats, the Horonites, who disturb our men upon the wall; but *let us rise up and build!*" He describes these Horonites of wit as "magnificent fops, whose talents reach but to the adjusting of their perukes." But the Royal Society

In founding this infant empire of knowledge, a memorable literary war broke out between Glanvill, the author of the treatise on "Witches," &c., and Stubbe, a physician, a man of great genius It is the privilege of genius that its controversies enter into the history of the human mind; what is but temporary among the vulgar of mankind, with the curious and the intelligent become monuments of lasting interest. The present contest, though the spark of contention flew out of a private quarrel, at length blazed into a public controversy.

The obscure individual who commenced the fray, is forgotten in the boasted achievements of his more potent ally; he was a clergyman named Cross, the Vicar of Great Chew, in Somersetshire, a stanch Aristotelian.

Glanvill, a member of the Royal Society, and an enthusiast for the new philosophy, had kindled the anger of the Peripatetic, who was his neighbour, and who had the reputation of being the invincible disputant of his county. Some, who had in vain contended with Glanvill, now con-

was attacked from other quarters, which ought to have assisted them. Evelyn, in his valuable treatise on forest-trees, had inserted a new project for making cider; and Stubbe insisted, that in consequence "much cider had been spoiled within these three years, by following the directions published by the commands of the Royal Society."—They afterwards announced, that they never considered themselves as answerable for their own memoirs; which gave Stubbe occasion to boast, that he had forced them to deny what they had written. A passage in Hobbes's "Considerations upon his Reputation, &c." is as remarkable for the force of its style as for that of sense, and may be applicable to *some* at this day, notwithstanding the progress of science, and the importance attached to their busy idleness.

"Every man that hath spare money can get furnaces, and buy coals. Every man that hath spare money can be at the charge of making great moulds, &c., and so may have the best and greatest telescopes. They can get engines made, recipients made, and try conclusions: but they are never the more philosophers for all this. 'Tis laudable to bestow money on curious or useful delights, but that is none of the praises of a philosopher." P. 53.

trived to inveigle the modern philosopher into an interview with this redoubted champion.

When Glanvill entered the house, he perceived that he was to begin an acquaintance in a quarrel, which was not the happiest way to preserve it. The Vicar of Great Chew sat amid his congregated admirers. The Peripatetic had promised them the annihilation of the new-fashioned virtuoso, and, like an angry boar, had already been preluding by whetting his tusks. Scarcely had the first cold civilities passed, when Glanvill found himself involved in single combat with an assailant armed with the ten categories of Aristotle. Cross, with his *Quodam modo*, and his *Modo quodam*, with his *Ubi* and his *Quando*, scattered the ideas of the simple Experimentalist, who, confining himself to a simple recital of *facts* and a description of *things*, was referring, not to the logic of Aristotle, but to the works of nature. The imperative Aristotelian was wielding weapons, which, says Glanvill, "were nothing more than like those of a cudgel-player, or fencing-master."*

* The ninth chapter in the "Plus Ultra," entitled "The Credit of Optic Glasses vindicated against a disputing man, who is afraid to believe his eyes against Aristotle," gives one of the ludicrous incidents of this philosophical visit. The disputer raised a whimsical objection against the science of optics; insisting that the newly-invented glasses, the telescope, the microscope, &c. were all deceitful and fallacious: for, said the Aristotelian, "take two spectacles, use them at the same time, and you will not see so well as with one singly—*ergo*, your microscopes and telescopes are impostors." How this was forced into a syllogism does not appear; but still the conclusion ran, "We can see better through one pair than two, therefore all perspectives are fallacious!"

One proposition for sense,
And t'other for convenience,

will make a tolerable syllogism for a logician in despair. The Aristotelian was however somewhat puzzled, by a problem which he had himself raised, "Why we cannot see with two pair of spectacles better than with one singly?" for the man of axioms observed, "*Vis*

The last blow was still reserved, when Cross asserted that Aristotle had more opportunities to acquire knowledge than the Royal Society, or all the present age had, or could have, for this definitive reason, "because Aristotle did, *totam peragrare Asiam*." Besides, in the Chew philosophy, where novelty was treason, improvements or discoveries could never exist. Here the Aristotelian made his stand; and at length gently hooking Glanvill between the horns of a dilemma, the entrapped virtuoso threw himself into an unguarded affirmation: at which the vicar of Great Chew, shouting in triumph, with a Sardonic grin, declared that Glanvill, and his Royal Society, had now avowed themselves to be atheistical! This made an end of the interview, and a beginning of the quarrel.*

Glanvill addressed an expostulatory letter to the inhu-

unita fortior," "United strength *is stronger*." It is curious enough, in the present day, to observe the sturdy Aristotelian denying these discoveries, and the praises of optics, and "the new glasses," by Glanvill.—"If this philosopher (says the member of the Royal Society) had spared some of those thoughts to the profitable doctrine of optics, which he hath spent upon *genus* and *species*, we had never heard of this objection." And he replies to the paradox which the Aristotelian had raised, by "Why cannot he write better with *two pens* than with a *single one*, since *Vis unita fortior?* When he hath answered this *Quære*, he hath resolved his own. The reason he gave why it should be so, is the reason why 'tis not."—Such are the squabbles of infantine science, which cannot as yet discover causes, although it has ascertained effects.

* This appears in chap. xviii. of the "Plus Ultra." With great simplicity Glanvill relates:—"At this period of the conference, the disputer lost all patience, and with sufficient spite and rage told me, 'that I was an atheist! That he had indeed desired my acquaintance, but would have no more on't;' and so turned his back and went away, giving me time only to answer, that 'I had no great reason to lament the loss of an acquaintance, that could be so easily forfeited.'" The following chapter vindicates the Royal Society from the charge of atheism! to assure the world they were not to be ranked "among the black conspirators against Heaven!" We see the same objections again occurring in the modern system of geology.

man Aristotelian, who only replied by calling it a recantation, asserting that the affair had finished with the conviction.

On this, Glanvill produced his "Plus Ultra."* on the modern improvements of knowledge. The quaint title referred to that Asian argument which placed the boundaries of knowledge at the ancient limits fixed by Aristotle, like the pillars of Hercules, on which was inscribed *Ne plus ultra*, to mark the extremity of the world. But Glanvill asserted we might advance still further—*plus ultra!* To this book the Aristotelian replied with such rancour, that he could not obtain a license for the invective either at Oxford or London. Glanvill contrived to get some extracts, and printed a small number of copies for his friends, under the sarcastic title of "The Chew Gazette;" a curiosity we are told, of literary scolding, and which might now, among literary trinkets, fetch a Roxburgh prize.

Cross, maddened that he could not get his bundle of peripatetic ribaldries printed, wrote ballads, which he got sung as it chanced. But suppressed invectives and eking rhymes could but ill appease so fierce a mastiff: he set on the poor F. R. S. an animal as rabid, but more vigorous than himself—both of them strangely prejudiced against the modern improvements of knowledge; so that, like mastiffs in the dark, they were only the fiercer.

This was Dr. Henry Stubbe, a physician of Warwick—

* This book was so scarce in 1757, that the writer in the Biographia Britannica observes, that this "small, but elegant treatise, is still very much esteemed by the curious, being become so scarce as not to be met with in other hands." Oldys, in 1738, had in his "British Librarian," selected this work among the scarce and valuable books of which he has presented us with so many useful analyses.

The history of books is often curious. At one period a book is scarce and valuable, and at another is neither one nor the other. This does not always depend on the caprice of the public, or what may be called literary fashions. Glanvill's "Plus Ultra" is probably now of easy occurrence; like a prophecy fully completed, the uncertain event being verified, the prophet has ceased to be remembered.

one of those ardent and versatile characters, strangely made up of defects as strongly marked as their excellencies. He was one of those authors who, among their numerous remains, leave little of permanent value; for their busy spirits too keenly delight in temporary controversies; and they waste the efforts of a mind on their own age, which else had made the next their own. Careless of worldly opinions, these extraordinary men, with the simplicity of children, are mere beings of sensation; perpetually precipitated by their feelings, with slight powers of reflection, and just as sincere when they act in contradiction to themselves, as when they act in contradiction to others. In their moral habits, therefore, we are often struck with strange contrasts; their whole life is a jumble of actions; and we are apt to condemn their versatility of principles as arising from dishonest motives; yet their temper has often proved more generous, and their integrity purer, than those who have crept up in one unvarying progress to an eminence which they quietly possess, without any of the ardour of these original, perhaps whimsical minds. The most tremendous menace, to a man of this class, would be to threaten to write the history of his life and opinions. When Stubbe attacked the Royal Society, this threat was held out against him. But menaces never startled his intrepid genius; he roved in all his wild greatness; and always occupied more by present views than interested by the past events of his life, he cared little for his consistency in the high spirit of his independence.

The extraordinary character of Stubbe produced as uncommon a history. Stubbe had originally been a child of fortune, picked up, at Westminster school, by Sir Henry Vane the younger, who sent him to Oxford; where this effervescent genius was, says Wood, "kicked, and beaten, and whipped." But if these little circumstances marked the irritability and boldness of his youth, it was equally distinguished for an entire devotion to his studies. Per-

haps, one of the most anomalous of human characters was that of his patron, Sir Henry Vane the younger (whom Milton has immortalized in one of the noblest of sonnets,) the head of the Independents, who combined with the darkest spirit of fanaticism the clear views of the most sagacious politician. The gratitude of Stubbe lasted through all the changeful fortunes of the chief of a faction—a long date in the records of human affection! Stubbe had written against monarchy, the church, the university, &c.; for which, after the Restoration, he was accused by his antagonists. He exults in the reproach; he replies with all that frankness of simplicity, so beautiful amid our artificial manners. He denies not the charge; he never trims, nor glosses over, nor would veil a single part of his conduct. He wrote to serve his patrons, but never himself. I preserve the whole of this noble passage in the note.* Wood bears witness to his perfect disinterested-

* When Sprat and Glanvill, and others, had threatened to write his life, Stubbe draws this apology for it, while he shows how much, in a time of revolutions, the Royal Society might want one for themselves.

"I was so far from being daunted at those rumours and threats, that I enlarged much this book thereupon, and resolved to charge the enemy home when I saw how weak a resistance I should meet with. I knew that recriminations were no answers. I understood well that the passages of a life like mine, spent in different places with much privacy and obscurity, was unknown to them; that even those actions they would fix their greatest calumnies upon, were such as that they understood not the grounds, nor had they learning enough and skill to condemn. I was at Westminster School when the late king was beheaded. I never took covenant nor engagement. In sum, *I served my patron.* I endeavoured to express my *gratitude* to him who had relieved me, being a *child*, and in great poverty (the rebellion in Ireland having deprived my parents of all means wherewith to educate me;) who made me a king's scholar; preferred me to Christchurch College, Oxon., and who often supplied me with money, when my tender years gave him little hopes of any return; and who protected me amidst the *presbyterians* and *independents*, and other *sects*. With none thereof did I contract any relation or acquaintance; my familiarity never engaged me with ten of that party; and my genius and humour inclined

ness. He never partook of the prosperity of his patron, nor mixed with any parties, loving the retirement of his private studies: and if he scorned and hated one party, the presbyterians, it was, says Wood, because his high generous nature detested men "void of generous souls, sneaking, snivelling, &c." Stubbe appears to have carried this philosophical indifference towards objects of a higher interest than those of mere profit; for, at the Restoration, he found no difficulty in conforming to the church,* and to the government. The king bestowed on

me to fewer. I neither enriched, nor otherwise advanced myself, during the late troubles; and shared the common *odium* and *dangers*, not *prosperity*, with my *benefactor*. I believe no generous man, who hath the least sense of bravery, will condemn me; and I profess I am ashamed rather to have done so little, than that I have done so much, for him that so frankly obliged a *stranger* and a *child*. When Gracchus was put to death for sedition, that faithful friend and accomplice of his was dismissed, and mentioned with honour by all posterity, who when he was impeached, *justified his treason* by the avowing a *friendship* so great, that, whatever Gracchus had commanded him, he would not have declined it. And being further questioned, whether he would have burned the capitol at his bidding? he replied again, that he should have done it; but Gracchus would not bid such a thing. They that knew me heretofore, know I have a thousand times thus apologized for myself; adding, that in *vassals* and *slaves*, and persons *transcendentally obliged*, their fidelity exempted them from all ignominy, though the principal *lords*, *masters*, and *patrons*, might be accounted *traitors*. My youth, and other circumstances, incapacitated me from rendering him any great services; but *all that I did*, and *all that I writ*, had no other aim than *his interest*; nor do I care how much any man can inodiate my former writings, as long as they were subservient to him.

"Having made this declaration, let them (or more able men than they) write the life of a man who hath some virtues of the most celebrated times, and hath preserved himself free from the vices of these. My reply shall be a scornful silence."

Preface to Stubbe's "Legends no Histories," 1670.

* His reasons for conformity on these important objects are given with his usual simplicity.—"I have at length removed all the umbrages I ever lay under. I have joined myself to the Church of England,

him the title of his physician; yet, for the sake of making philosophical experiments, Stubbe went to Jamaica; and intended to have proceeded to Mexico and Peru, pursuing his profession, but still an adventurer. At length, Stubbe returned home; established himself as a physician at Warwick, where, though he died early, he left a name celebrated. The fertility of his pen appears in a great number of philosophical, political, and medical publications. But all his great learning, the facility of his genius, his poignant wit, his high professional character, his lofty independence, his scorn of practising the little mysterious arts of life, availed nothing; for while he was making himself popular among his auditors, he was eagerly depreciated by those who would not willingly allow merit to a man who owned no master, and who feared no rival.

Literary coteries were then held at coffee-houses; and there presided the voluble Stubbe, with "a big and magisterial voice, while his mind was equal to it," says the characterizing Wood; but his attenuated frame seemed too delicate to hold long so unbroken a spirit. It was an accident, however, which closed this life of toil and hurry and petulant genius. Going to a patient at night, Stubbe was drowned in a very shallow river, "his head (adds our cynic, who had generously paid the tribute of his just admiration with his strong peculiarity of style) being then intoxicated with bibbing, but more with talking and snuffing of powder."

Such was the adversary of the Royal Society! It is quite in character, that under the government of Cromwell, he himself should have spread a taste for what was then called "The New Philosophy," among our youth and gentlemen; with the view of rendering the clergy contemptible; or, as

not only upon account of its being *publicly imposed* (which in *things indifferent* is no small consideration, as I learned from the Scottish transactions at Perth,) but because it is *the least defining*, and consequently *the most comprehensive and filling to be national.*"

he says, "to make them appear egregious fools in matters of common discourse." He had always a motive for his actions, however opposite they were; pretending that he was never moved by caprice, but guided by principle. One of his adversaries, however, has reason to say, that judging him by his "printed papers, he was a man of excellent contradictory parts." After the Restoration, he furnished as odd, but as forcible a reason, for opposing the Royal Society. At that time the nation, recent from republican ardours, was often panic-struck by papistical conspiracies, and projects of arbitrary power; and it was on this principle that he took part against the Society. Influenced by Dr. Fell and others, he suffered them to infuse these extravagant opinions into his mind. No private ends appear to have influenced his changeable conduct; and in the present instance he was sacrificing his personal feelings to his public principles; for Stubbe was then in the most friendly correspondence with the illustrious Boyle, the father of the Royal Society, who admired the ardour of Stubbe, till he found its inconvenience.

Stubbe opened his formidable attacks, for they form a series, by replying to the "Plus Ultra" of Glanvill, with a a title as quaint, "The *Plus Ultra* reduced to a *Non-plus*, in animadversions on Mr. Glanvill and the Virtuosi." For a pretence for this violent attack, he strained a passage in Glanvill; insisting that the honour of the whole faculty, of which he was a member, was deeply concerned, to refute Glanvill's assertion, that "the ancient physicians could not cure a cut finger." This Glanvill denied he had ever affirmed or thought;* but war once resolved on, a pretext

* The aspersed passage in Glanvill is this: "The philosophers of elder times, though their wits were excellent, yet the way they took was not like to bring much advantage to knowledge, or any of the uses of human life, being, for the most part, that of *Notion* and *Dispute*, which still runs round in a labyrinth of talk, but advanceth

as slight as the present serves the purpose; and so that an odium be raised against the enemy, the end is obtained before the injustice is acknowledged. This is indeed the history of other wars than those of words. The present was protracted with a hostility unsubduing and unsubdued. At length the malicious ingenuity, or the heated fancy, of Stubbe, hardly sketched a political conspiracy, accusing the Royal Society of having adopted the monstrous projects of Campanella;—an anomalous genius, who was confined by the Inquisition the greater part of his life, and who, among some political reveries, projected the establishment of a universal empire, though he was for shaking off the yoke of authority in the philosophical world. He was for one government and one religion throughout Europe, but in other respects he desired to leave the minds of men quite free. Campanella was one of the new lights of the age; and his hardy, though wild genius, much more resembled our Stubbe, who denounced his extravagancies, than any of the Royal Society, to whom he was so artfully compared.

This tremendous attack appeared in Stubbe's "Campanella revived, or an Enquiry into the History of the Royal

nothing. *These methods*, in so many centuries, *never brought the world so much practical beneficial knowledge as could help towards the cure of a cut finger.*" Plus Ultra, p. 7.—Stubbe; with all the malice of a wit, drew his inference, and turned the point unfairly against his adversary!

I shall here observe how much some have to answer, in a literary court of conscience, when they unfairly depreciate the works of a contemporary; and how idly the literary historian performs his task, whenever he adopts the character of a writer, from another who is his adversary. This may be particularly shown in the present instance.

Morhoff, in his *Polyhistor Litteraria*, censures the *Plus Ultra* of Glanvill, conceiving that he had treated with contempt all ages and nations but his own. The German Bibliographer had never seen the book, but took its character from Stubbe and Meric Casaubon. The design of the *Plus Ultra*, however, differs little from the other works of Glanvill, which Morhoff had seen, and has highly commended.

Society; whether the Virtuosi there do not pursue the projects of Campanella, for reducing England unto Popery; relating the quarrel betwixt H. S. and the R. S. &c. 1670."*

* The political reverie of Campanella was even suspected to cover very opposite designs to those he seemed to be proposing to the world. He attempted to turn men's minds from all inquiries into politics and religion, to mere philosophical ones. He wished that the passions of mankind might be so directed, as to spend their force in philosophical discussions, and in improvements in science. He therefore insisted on a uniformity on those great subjects which have so long agitated modern Europe; for the ancients seem to have had no wars merely for religion, and perhaps none for modes of government. One may discover an enlightened principle in the project; but the character of Campanella was a jumble of sense, subtlety, and wildness. He probably masked his real intentions. He appears an advocate for the firm establishment of the papal despotism; yet he aims to give an enlightened principle to regulate the actions of mankind. The intentions of a visionary are difficult to define. If he were really an advocate for despotism, what occasioned an imprisonment for the greater part of his days? Did he lay his project much deeper than the surface of things? Did Campanella imagine, that, if men were allowed to philosophize with the utmost freedom, the despotism of religion and politics would dissolve away in the weakness of its quiescent state?

The project is a chimera—but, according to the projector, the political and religious freedom of *England* formed its greatest obstacle. Part of his plan, therefore, includes the means of weakening the Insular Heretics by intestine divisions—a mode not seldom practised by the continental powers of France and Spain.

The political project of this fervid genius was, that his "Prince," the Spanish king, should be the mightiest sovereign in Europe. For this, he was first to prohibit all theological controversies from the Transalpine schools, those of Germany, &c. A controversy, he observes, "always shows a kind of victory, and may serve as an authority to a bad cause." He would therefore admit of no commentaries on the Bible, to prevent all diversity of opinion. He would have revived the ancient philosophical sects, instead of the modern religious sects.

The *Greek* and the *Hebrew* languages were not to be taught! for the republican freedom of the ancient Jews and Grecians had often prov-

Such was the dread which his reiterated attacks caused the Royal Society, that they employed against him all the

ed destructive of monarchy. Hobbes, in the bold scheme of his Leviathan, seems to have been aware of this fatality, Campanella would substitute for these ancient languages, the study of the *Arabic* tongue! The troublesome Transalpine wits might then employ themselves in confuting the Turks, rather than in vexing the Catholics; so closely did sagacity and extravagance associate in the mind of this wild genius. But *Mathematical* and *Astronomical* schools, and other institutions for the encouragement of the *mechanical arts*, and particularly those to which the northern genius is most apt, as navigation, &c., were to occupy the studies of the people, divert them from exciting fresh troubles, and withdraw them from theological factions. Campanella thus would make men great in science, having first made them slaves in politics; a philosophical people were to be the subjects of despots—not an impossible event!

His plan, remarkable enough, of *weakening the English*, I give in his words:—"No better way can possibly be found than by causing divisions and dissensions among them, and by continually keeping up the same; which will furnish the Spaniard and the French with advantageous opportunities. As for their religion, which is a moderated Calvanism, that cannot be so easily extinguished and rooted out there, unless there were some schools set up in Flanders, where the English have great commerce, by means of which there may be scattered abroad the seeds of schism and division. These people being of a nature which is still desirous of novelties and change, they are easily wrought over to anything." These *schools* were tried at Douay in Flanders, and at Valladolid in Spain, and other places. They became nests of rebellion for the English Catholics; or for any one, who, being discontented with government, was easily converted to any religion which aimed to overturn the British Constitution. The *secret history* of the Roman Catholics in England remains yet to be told: they indeed had their martyrs and their heroes; but the *public effects* appear in the frequent executions which occurred in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

Stubbe appears to have imagined that the Royal Society was really formed on the principle of Campanella; to withdraw the people from intermeddling with *politics* and *religion*, by engaging them merely in philosophical pursuits.—The reaction of the public mind is an object not always sufficiently indicated by historians. The vile hypocrisy and mutual persecutions of the numerous fanatics, occa-

petty persecutions of power and intrigue. "Thirty legions," says Stubbe, alluding to the famous reply of the philosopher, who would not dispute with a crowned head, "were to be called to aid you against a young country physician, who had so long discontinued studies of this nature." However, he announces that he has finished three more works against the Royal Society, and has a fourth nearly ready, if it be necessary to prove that the rhetorical history of the Society by Sprat must be bad, because "no eloquence can be complete, if the subject-matter be foolish!" His adversaries not only threatened to write his life,* but

sioned very relaxed and tolerant principles of religion at the Restoration; as, the democratic fury having spent itself, too great an indulgence was now allowed to monarchy. Stubbe was alarmed, that should Popery be established, the crown of England would become feudatory to foreign power, and embroil the nation in the restitution of all the abbey lands, of which, at the Reformation, the church had so zealously been plundered. He was still further alarmed that the *Virtuosi* would influence the education of our youth to these purposes; "an evil," says he, "which has been guarded against by our ancestors in founding *free-schools*, by uniformity of instruction cementing men's minds." We now smile at these terrors; perhaps they were sometimes real. The absolute necessity of strict conformity to the prevalent religion of Europe was avowed in that unrivalled scheme of despotism, which menaced to efface every trace of popular freedom, and the independence of nations, under the dominion of Napoleon.

* To this threat of writing his life, we have already noticed the noble apology he has drawn up for the versatility of his opinions. See p. 138 of this vol. At the moment of the Restoration, it was unwise for any of the parties to reproach another for their opinions or their actions. In a national revolution, most men are implicated in the general reproach; and Stubbe said, on this occasion, that "he had observed worse faces in the Society than his own." Waller, and Sprat, and Cowley, had equally commemorated the protectorship of Cromwell, and the restoration of Charles. Our satirist insidiously congratulates himself that "*he* had never compared Oliver the regicide to Moses, or his son to Joshua;" nor that he had ever written any Pindaric ode, "dedicated to the happy memory of the most renowned Prince Oliver,

they represented him to the king as a libeller, who ought to be whipped at a cart's tail; a circumstance which Stubbe records with the indignation of a Roman spirit.* They stopped his works several times, and by some stratagem they hindered him from correcting the press; but nothing could impede the career of his fearless genius. He treated with infinite ridicule their trivial or their marvellous discoveries, in his "Legends no Histories," and his "Censure on some passages of the History of the Royal Society." But while he ridiculed, he could instruct them; often contributing new knowledge, which the Royal Society had certainly been proud to have registered in their history. In his determination of depreciating the novelties of his day, he disputes even the honour of HARVEY to the dis-

Lord Protector;" nothing to recommend "the sacred urn" of that blessed spirit to the veneration of posterity; as if

> "His *fame*, like men, the elder it doth grow,
> Will of itself turn *whiter* too,
> Without what needless art can do."

These lines were, I think, taken from Sprat himself! Stubbe adds, it would be "imprudent in them to look beyond the act of indemnity and oblivion, which was more necessary to the Royal Society than to me, who joined with no party, &c."—*Preface to "Legends no Histories."*

* He has described this intercourse of his enemies at court with the king, where, when this punishment was suggested, "a generous personage, altogether unknown to me, being present, bravely and frankly interposed, saying, that "whatever I was, I was a Roman; that Englishmen were not so precipitously to be condemned to so exemplary a punishment; that representing that book to be a libel against the king, was too remote a consequence to be admitted of in a nation free-born, and governed by laws, and tender of ill precedents.'" It was a noble speech, in the relaxed politics of the court of Charles II. He who made it deserved to have had his name more explicitly told: he is designated as "that excellent Englishman, the great ornament of this age, nation, and House of Commons: he whose single worth balanceth much of the debaucheries, follies, and impertinencies of the kingdom."—*A Reply unto the Letter written to Mr. Henry Stubbe, Oxford*, 1671, p. 20.

covery of the circulation of the blood: he attributes it to ANDREAS CÆSALPINUS, who not only discovered it, but had given it the name of *Circulatio Sanguinis*.*

* Stubbe gives some curious information on this subject. Harvey published his Treatise at Frankfort, 1628, but Cæsalpinus's work had appeared in 1593. Harvey adopted the notion, and more fully and perspicuously proved it. I shall give what Stubbe says. "Harvey, in his two Answers to Riolan, nowhere asserts the invention so to himself, as to deny that he had the intimation or notion from Cæsalpinus; and his silence I take for a tacit confession. His *ambition of glory* made him *willing to be thought the author of a paradox* he had so illustrated, and brought upon the stage, where *it lay unregarded*, and in all probability buried in oblivion; yet such was his modesty, as not to vindicate it to himself by telling a lie."—STUBBE'S *Censure*, *&c.* p. 112.

I give this literary anecdote, as it enters into the history of most discoveries, of which the *improvers* rather than the *inventors*, are usually the most known to the world. Bayle, who wrote much later than Stubbe, asserts the same, and has preserved the entire passage, art. *Cæsalpinus*. It is said Harvey is more expressly indebted to a passage in Servetus, which Wotton has given in the preface to his "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning," edition 1725. The notion was probably then afloat, and each alike contributed to its development. Thus it was disputed with Copernicus, whether his great discovery of a fixed sun, and the earth wheeling round that star, was his own; others had certainly observed it; yet the invention was still Copernican: for that great genius alone corrected, extended, and gave perfection to a hint, till it expanded to a system.

So gradual have often been the great inventions of genius. What others *conjectured*, and some *discovered*, Harvey *demonstrated*. The fate of Harvey's discovery is a curious instance of that patience and fortitude which genius must too often exert in respect to itself. Though Harvey lived to his eightieth year, he hardly witnessed his great discovery established before he died; and it has been said, that he was the only one of his contemporaries who lived to see it in some repute. No physician adopted it; and, when it got into vogue, they then disputed whether he was the inventor! Sir William Temple denied not only the discovery, but the doctrine of the Circulation of the Blood. "Sense can hardly allow it; which," says he, "in this dispute, must be satisfied, as well as reason, before mankind will concur."

Stubbe was not only himself a man of science, but a caustic satirist who blends much pleasantry with his bitterness. In the first ardour of philosophical discovery, the Society, delighted by the acquisition of new facts, which however rarely proved to be important, and were often ludicrous in their detail, appear to have too much neglected the arts of reasoning; they did not even practise common discernment, or what we might term philosophy in its more enlarged sense.* Stubbe, with no respect for "a Society," though dignified by the addition of "Royal," says "a cabinet of Virtuoso are but pitiful reasoners. Ignorance is infectious; and 'tis possible for men to grow fools by contact. I will speak to the Virtuosi in the language of the Romish Saint Francis (who, in the wilderness, so humbly addressed his only friends,) *Salvete, fratres asini! Sal-*

* Stubbe has an eloquent passage, which describes the philosophy of science. The new Experimental School had perhaps too wholly rejected some virtues of the old one; the cultivation of the human understanding, as well as the mere observation on the facts that they collected; an error which has not been entirely removed.

"That art of reasoning by which the prudent are discriminated from fools, which methodiseth and facilitates our discourses, which informs us of the validity of consequences and the probability of arguments, and manifests the fallacies of impostors; that art which gives life to solid eloquence, and which renders Statesmen, Divines, Physicians, and Lawyers, accomplished; how is this cried down and vilified, by the ignoramuses of these days! What contempt is there raised upon the disputative Ethics of Aristotle and the Stoics; and those moral instructions, which have produced the Alexanders and the Ptolemies, the Pompeys and the Ciceros, are now slighted in comparison of *day-labouring!* Did we live at Sparta, where the daily employments were the exercises of substantial virtue and gallantry, and *men*, like *setting dogs*, were rather *bred up* unto, than *taught* reason and worth, it were a more tolerable proposal (though the different policy of these times would not admit of it); but this *working*, so recommended, is but the *feeding of carp in the air*, &c. As for the study of Politics, and all critical learning, these are either pedantical, or tedious, to those who have *a shorter way of studying men.*"—*Preface to "Legends no Histories."*

vete, fratres lupi!" As for their Transactions and their History, he thinks "they purpose to grow famous, as the Turks do to gain Paradise, by *treasuring up all the waste paper they meet with.*" He rallies them on some ridiculous attempts, such as "An Art of Flying;" an art, says Stubbe, in which they have not so much as effected the most facile part of the attempt, which is to break their necks!

Sprat, in his dedication to the king, had said that "the establishment of the Royal Society was an enterprise equal to the most renowned actions of the best princes." One would imagine that the notion of a monarch founding a society for the cultivation of the sciences, could hardly be made objectionable; but, in literary controversy, genius has the power of wrestling all things to its purpose by its own peculiar force, and the art of placing every object in the light it chooses, and can thus obtain our attention, in spite of our conviction. I will add the curious animadversion of Stubbe, on Sprat's compliment to the king:—

"Never Prince acquired the name of great and good by any knick-knacks—but by actions of political wisdom, courage, justice," &c.

Stubbe shows how Dionysius and Nero had been depraved by these *mechanic philosophers*—that

"An Aristotelian would never pardon himself if he compared *this* heroical enterprise with the actions of our Black Prince or Henry V.,; or with Henry VIII. in demolishing abbeys, and rejecting the papal authority; or Queen Elizabeth's exploits against Spain; or her restoring the Protestant Religion, putting the Bible into English, and supporting the Protestants beyond sea. But the reasons he (Sprat) gives why the establishment of the Royal Society of Experimentators equals the most renowned actions of the best princes, is such a pitiful one as Guzman de Alfarache never met with in the whole extent of the *Hospital of fools*—'To increase the power, by new

arts, of conquered nations!' These consequences are twisted like the *cordage of Ocnus*, the God of Sloth, in hell, which are fit for nothing but *to fodder asses with*. If our historian means by *every little invention to increase the powers of mankind*, as an enterprise of such renown, he is deceived; this glory is not due to such as go about with a dog and a hoop, nor to the practisers of legerdemain, or upon the high or low rope; not to every mountebank and his man Andrew; all which, with many other mechanical and experimental philosophers, do in some sort increase the powers of mankind, and differ no more from some of the Virtuosi, than *a cat in a hole* doth from *a cat out of a hole*; betwixt which that inquisitive person ASDRYASDUST TOSSOFFACAN found a very great resemblance. 'Tis not the increasing of the *powers of mankind* by a pendulum watch, nor spectacles whereby divers may see under water, nor the new ingenuity of apple-roasters, nor every petty discovery or instrument, must be put in comparison, much less preferred before the *protection and enlargement of empires*."*

Had Stubbe's death not occurred, this warfare had probably continued. He insisted on a complete victory. He had forced the Royal Society to disclaim their own works, by an announcement that they were not answerable, as a body, for the various contributions which they gave the world: an advertisement which has been more than once found necessary to be renewed. As for their historian Sprat, our intrepid Stubbe very unexpectedly offered to manifest to the Parliament that this courtly adulator, by his book, was chargeable with high treason; if they believed that the Royal Society were really engaged so deeply as he averred in the portentous Cæsarean Popery of Campanella. Glanvill, who had "insulted all university learning," had been immolated at the pedestal of Aristotle. "I have done enough," he adds, "since my animadversions contain

* Legends no Histories, p. 5.

more than they all knew; and that these have shown that the *Virtuosi* are very great impostors, or men of little reading;" alluding to the various discoveries which they promulgated as novelties, but which Stubbe had asserted were known to the ancients and others of a later period. This forms a perpetual accusation against the inventors and discoverers, who may often exclaim, "Perish those who have done our good works before us!" "The discoveries of the Ancients and Moderns" by Dutens, had this book been then published, might have assisted our keen investigator; but our combatant ever proudly met his adversaries single-handed.

The "Philosophical Transactions" were afterwards accused of another kind of high treason, against grammar and common sense. It was long before the collectors of facts practiced the art of writing on them; still later before they could philosophize, as well as observe: Bacon and Boyle were at first only imitated in their patient industry. When Sir Hans Sloane was the secretary of the Royal Society, he, and most of his correspondents, wrote in the most confused manner imaginable. A wit of a very original cast, the facetious Dr. King, took advantage of their perplexed and often unintelligible descriptions; of the meanness of their style, which humbled even the great objects of nature; of their credulity that heaped up marvels, and their vanity that prided itself on petty discoveries, and invented a new species of satire. Sloane, a name endeared to posterity, whose life was that of an enthusiast of science, and who was the founder of a national collection; and his numerous friends, many of whose names have descended with the regard due to the votaries of knowledge, fell the victims. Wit is an unsparing leveller.

The new species of literary burlesque which King seems to have invented, consists in selecting the very expressions and absurd passages from the original he ridiculed, and framing out of them a droll dialogue or a gro-

tesque narrative, he adroitly inserted his own remarks, replete with the keenest irony, or the driest sarcasm.* Our arch wag says, "The bulls and blunders which Sloane and his friends so naturally pour forth cannot be misrepresented, so careful I am in producing them." King still moves the risible muscles of his readers. "The voyage to Cajamai," a travestie of Sloane's valuable History of Jamaica, is still a peculiar piece of humour; and it has been rightly distinguished as "one of the severest and merriest satires that ever was written in prose."† The author

* Sloane describes Clark, the famous posture-master, Phil. Trans. No. 242, certainly with the wildest grammar, but with many curious particulars; the gentleman in one of Dr. King's Dialogues inquires the secretary's opinion of the causes of this man's wonderful pliability of limbs; a question which Sloane had thus solved, with colloquial ease, it depended upon "bringing his body to it, by using himself to it."

In giving an account of "a child born without a brain"—Had it lived long enough, says King, it would have made an excellent publisher of Philosophical Transactions!

Sloane presented the Royal Society with "a figure of a Chinese, representing one of that nation using an ear-picker, and expressing great satisfaction therein."—"Whatever pleasure," said that learned physician, "the Chinese may take in thus picking their ears, I am certain, most people in these parts, who have had their hearing impaired, have had such misfortunes first come to them by picking their ears too much."—He is so *curious*, says King, that the secretary took as much satisfaction, in looking upon the ear-picker, as the Chinese could do in picking their ears!

But "What drowning is"—that "Hanging is only apoplexy!" that "Men cannot swallow when they are dead!" that "No fish die of fevers!" that "Hogs s—t soap, and cows s—t fire!" that the secretary had "Shells, called *Blackmoor's-teeth*, I suppose from their *whiteness!*" and the learned Ray's, that grave naturalist, incredible description of "a very curious little instrument!" I leave to the reader and Dr. King.

† Sir Hans Sloane was unhappily not insensible to these ludicrous assaults, and in the preface to his "History of Jamaica, 1707," a work so highly prized for its botanical researches, absolutely anticipated this fatal facetiousness, for thus he delivers himself:—"Those who strive to make ridiculous anything of this kind, and think them-

might indeed have blushed at the labour bestowed on these drolleries; he might have dreaded that humour, so voluminous, might grow tedious; but King, often with a LUCIANIC spirit, with flashes of RABELAIS, and not seldom with the causticity of his friend Swift, dissipated life in literary idleness, with parodies and travesties on most of his contemporaries; and he made these little things often more exquisite, at the cost of consuming on them a genius capable of better. A parodist, or a burlesquer, is a wit who is perpetually on the watch to catch up or to disguise an author's words; to swell out his defects, and pick up his blunders—to amuse the public! King was a wit, who lived on the highway of literature, appropriating, for his own purpose, the property of the most eminent passengers, by a dexterous mode no other had hit on. What an important lesson the labours of King offer to real genius! Their temporary humour lost with their prototypes becomes like a paralytic limb, which refusing to do its office, impedes the action of the vital members.

WOTTON, in summing up his "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning," was doubtful whether knowledge would improve in the next age, proportionably as it had done in his own. "The humour of the age is visibly altered," he says, "from what it had been thirty years ago. Though the Royal Society has weathered the rude attacks of Stubbe," yet "the sly insinuations of the *Men of Wit*,"

selves great wits, but are very ignorant, and understand nothing of the argument; these, if one were afraid of them, and consulted his own ease, might possibly hinder the publication of any such work, the efforts to be expected from them, making possibly some impression upon persons of equal dispositions; but considering that I have the approbation of others, whose judgment, knowledge, &c., I have great reason to value; and considering that these sorts of men have been in all ages ready to do the like, not only to ordinary persons and their equals, but even to abuse their prince and blaspheme their Maker, I shall, as I have ever since I seriously considered this matter, think of and treat them with the greatest contempt."

with "the *public ridiculing* of all who spend their time and fortunes in scientific or curious researches, have so taken off the edge of those who have opulent fortunes and a love to learning, that these studies begin to be contracted amongst physicians and mechanics."—He treats King with good-humour. "A man is got but a very little way (in philosophy) that is concerned as often as such a merry gentleman as Dr. King shall think fit to make himself sport."*

* Dr. King's dispersed works have fortunately been collected by Mr. Nichols, with ample illustrations, in three vols. 8vo. 1776. The "Useful Transactions in Philosophy and other sorts of Learning," form a collection of ludicrous dissertations of Antiquarianism, Natural Philosophy, Criticism, &c., where his own peculiar humour combines with his curious reading. He also invented *satirical and humorous indexes*, not the least facetious parts of his volumes. King had made notes on more than 20,000 books and MSS., and his *Adversaria*, of which a portion has been preserved, is not inferior in curiosity to the literary journals of Gibbon, though it wants the investigating spirit of the modern philosopher.

SIR JOHN HILL,

WITH

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, FIELDING, SMART, &c.

A Parallel between Orator Henley and Sir John Hill—his love of the Science of Botany, with the fate of his "Vegetable System"—ridicules scientific Collectors; his "Dissertation on Royal Societies," and his "Review of the Works of the Royal Society"—compliments himself that he is NOT a Member—successful in his attacks on the Experimentalists, but loses his spirit in encountering the Wits—"The Inspector"—a paper-war with Fielding—a literary stratagem—battles with Smart and Woodward—Hill appeals to the Nation for the Office of Keeper of the Sloane Collection—closes his life by turning Empiric—Some Epigrams on Hill—his Miscellaneous Writings.

In the history of literature, we discover some who have opened their career with noble designs, and with no deficient powers, yet unblest with stoic virtues, having missed, in their honourable labours, those rewards they had anticipated, they have exhibited a sudden transition of character, and have left only a name proverbial for its disgrace.

Our own literature exhibits two extraordinary characters, indelibly marked by the same traditional odium. The wit and acuteness of Orator Henley, and the science and vivacity of the versatile Sir John Hill, must separate from those who plead the same motives for abjuring all moral restraint, without having ever furnished the world with a single instance that they were capable of forming nobler views.

This *orator* and this *knight* would admit of a close parallel;* both as modest in their youth as afterwards remarkable for their effrontery. Their youth witnessed the same devotedness to study, with the same inventive and enterprizing genius. Hill projected and pursued a plan of botanical travels, to form a collection of rare plants: the patronage he received was too limited, and he suffered the misfortune of having anticipated the national taste for the science of botany by half a century. Our young philosopher's valuable "Treatise on Gems," from Theophrastus, procured for him the warm friendship of the eminent members of the Royal Society. To this critical period of the lives of Henley and of Hill, their resemblance is striking; nor is it less from the moment the surprising revolution in their characters occurred.

Pressed by the wants of life, they lost its decencies. Henley attempted to poise himself against the University; Hill, against the Royal Society. Rejected by these learned bodies, both these Cains of literature, amid their luxuriant ridicule of eminent men, still evince some claims to rank among them. The one prostituted his genius in his "Lectures;" the other in his "Inspectors." Never two authors were more constantly pelted with epigrams, or buffeted in literary quarrels. They have met with the same fate; covered with the same odium. Yet Sir John Hill, this despised man, after all the fertile absurdities of his literary life, performed more for the improvement of the "Philosophical Transactions," and was the cause of diffusing a more general taste for the science of botany, than any other contemporary. His real ability extorts that regard which his misdirected ingenuity, instigated by vanity, and often by more worthless motives, had lost for him in the world.†

* The moral and literary character of Henley has been developed in "Calamities of Authors."

† The twenty-six folios of his "Vegetable System," with many

At the time that Hill was engaged in several large compilations for the booksellers, his employers were desirous that the honours of an F. R. S. should ornament his title-page. This versatile genius, however, during these graver

others, testify his love and his labour. It contains 1600 plates, representing 26,000 different figures of plants *from nature only.* This publication ruined the author, whose widow (the sister of Lord Ranelagh) published "An Address to the Public, by the Hon. Lady Hill, setting forth the consequences of the late Sir John Hill's acquaintance with the Earl of Bute, 1787."—I should have noticed it in the "Calamities of Authors." It offers a sad and mortifying lesson to the votary of science who aspires to a noble enterprise. Lady Hill complains of the *patron;* but a patron, however great, cannot always raise the public taste to the degree required to afford the only true patronage which can animate and reward an author. Her detail is impressive:—

"Sir John Hill had just wrote a book of great elegance—I think it was called *Exotic Botany*—which he wished to have presented to the king, and therefore named it to Lord Bute. His Lordship waived that, saying, that 'he had a greater object to propose;' and shortly after laid before him a plan of the most voluminous, magnificent, and costly work that ever man attempted. I tremble when I name its title—because I think the severe application which it required killed him; and I am sure the expense ruined his fortune—'*The Vegetable System.*' This work was to consist of 26 volumes folio, containing 1600 copper-plates, the engraving of each cost four guineas; the paper was of the most expensive kind; the drawings by the first hands. The printing was also a very weighty concern; and many other articles, with which I am unacquainted. Lord Bute said, that 'the expense had been considered, and that Sir John Hill might rest assured his circumstances should not be injured.' Thus he entered upon and finished his destruction. The sale bore no proportion to the expense. After 'The Vegetable System' was completed, Lord Bute proposed another volume to be added, which Sir John strenuously opposed; but his lordship repeating his desire, Sir John complied, lest his lordship should find a pretext to cast aside repeated promises of ample provision for himself and family. But this was the crisis of his fate—he died." Lady Hill adds:—"He was a character on which every virtue was impressed." The domestic partiality of the widow cannot alter the truth of the narrative of "The Vegetable System" and its twenty-six tomes.

works, had suddenly emerged from his learned garret, and, in the shape of a fashionable lounger, rolled in his chariot from the Bedford to Ranelagh; was visible at routs; and sate at the theatre a tremendous arbiter of taste, raising about him tumults and divisions;* and in his "Inspectors," a periodical paper which he published in the London Daily Advertiser, he retailed all the great matters relating to himself, and all the little matters he collected in his rounds relating to others. Among other personalities, he indulged his satirical fluency on the scientific collectors. The Antiquarian Society were twitted as medal-scrapers and antediluvian knife-grinders; conchologists were turned into cockleshell merchants; and the naturalists were made to record pompous histories of stittle-backs and cockchafers. Cautioned by Martin Folkes, president of the Royal Society, not to attempt his election, our enraged comic philosopher, who had preferred his jests to his friends, now discovered that he had lost three hundred at once. Hill could not obtain three signatures to his recommendation. Such was the real, but, as usual, not the ostensible, motive of his formidable attack on the Royal Society. He produced his "Dissertation on Royal Societies, in a letter from a Sclavonian nobleman to his friend, 1751;" a humorous prose satire, exhibiting a ludicrous description of a tumultuous meeting at the Royal Society, contrasted with the decorum observed in the French Academy; and, moreover, he added

* His apologist forms this excuse for one then affecting to be a student and a rake:—"Though engaged in works which required the attention of a whole life, he was so exact an economist of his time, that he scarcely ever missed a public amusement for many years; and this, as he somewhere observes, was of no small service to him; as, without indulging in these respects, he could not have undergone the fatigue and study inseparable from the execution of his vast designs."—Short Account of the Life, Writings, and Character, of the late Sir John Hill, M.D. Edinburgh, 1779.

a *converzatione* in a coffee-house between some of the members.

Such was the declaration of war, in a first act of hostility; but the pitched battle was fought in "A Review of the Works of the Royal Society, in eight parts, 1751." This literary satire is nothing less than a quarto volume, resembling, in its form and manner, the Philosophical Transactions themselves; printed as if for the convenience of members to enable them to bind the Review with the work reviewed. Voluminous pleasantry incurs the censure of that tedious trifling, which it designs to expose. In this literary facetia, however, no inconsiderable knowledge is interspersed with the ridicule. Perhaps Hill might have recollected the successful attempts of Stubbe on the Royal Society, who contributed that curious knowledge which he pretended the Royal Society wanted; and with this knowledge he attempted to combine the humour of Dr. King.*

Hill's rejection from the Royal Society, to another man would have been a puddle to step over; but he tells a story, and cleanly passes on, with impudent adroitness.†

* Hill planned his review with good sense. He says:—"If I am merry in some places, it ought to be considered that the subjects are too ridiculous for serious criticism. That the work, however, might not be without its *real use*, an *Error* is nowhere exposed without establishing a *Truth* in its place." He has incidentally thrown out much curious knowledge; such as his plan for forming a *Hortus Siccus*, &c. The Review itself may still be considered both as curious and entertaining.

† In exposing their deficiencies, as well as their redundancies, Hill only wishes, as he tells us, that the Society may by this means become ashamed of what it has been, and that the world may know that *he is* NOT *a member of it till it is an honour to a man to be so!* This was telling the world, with some ingenuity, and with no little impudence, that the Royal Society would not admit him as a member. He pretends to give a secret anecdote, to explain the cause of this rejection. Hill, in every critical conjuncture of his affairs, and they were frequent ones, had always a story to tell, or an evasion, which served its momentary purpose. When caned by an Irish gentleman at Ranelagh, and his personal courage, rather than his stoicism, was suspected, he published

Hill, however, though he used all the freedom of a satirist, by exposing many ridiculous papers, taught the Royal Society a more cautious selection. It could however, obtain no forgiveness from the parties it offended; and while

a story of *his* having once caned a person whom he called Mario; on which a wag, considering Hill as a Prometheus, wrote,

"To beat one man great Hill was fated.
What man?—a man whom he created!"

We shall see the story he turned to his purpose, when pressed hard by Fielding. In the present instance, in a letter to a foreign correspondent, who had observed his name on the list of the *Correspondents* of the Royal Society, Hill said: "You are to know, that *I have the honour* NOT *to be a Member of the Royal Society of London.*" This letter lay open on his table, when a member, upon his accustomed visit, came in, and in his absence read it. "And we are not to wonder (says Hill,) that he who could obtain intelligence in this manner, could also divulge it. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Hence all the animosities that have since disturbed this Philosophie world." While Hill insolently congratulates himself that he is *not* a Member of the Royal Society, he has most evidently shown that he had no objection to be the member of any society, which would enrol his name among them. He obtained his Medical Degree from no honourable source; and another title, which he affected, he mysteriously contracted into barbaric dissonance. Hill entitled himself

Acad. Reg. Scient. Burd. &c. *Soc.*

To which Smart, in the Hilliad, alludes—

"While *Jargon* gave his titles on a *block;*
And styled him M.D. Acad. Budig. Soc."

His personal attacks on Martin Folkes, the President, are caustic, but they may not be true; and on Baker, celebrated for his microscopical discoveries, are keen. He reproaches Folkes, in his severe Dedication of the Work, in all the dignity of solemn invective.—"The manner in which you represented me to a Noble Friend, while to myself you made me much more than I deserved; the ease with which you had excused yourself, and the solemnity with which, in the face of Almighty God, you excused yourself again; when we remember that the whole was done within the compass of a day; these are surely virtues in a patron that I, of all men, ought not to pass over in silence."—Baker, in his early days, had unluckily published a volume of lusory poems. Some imitations of Prior's loose tales Hill makes use of to

the respectable men whom Hill had the audacity to attack, Martin Folkes, the friend and successor of Newton, and Henry Baker, the Naturalist, were above his censure,—his own reputation remained in the hands of his enemies. While Hill was gaining over the laughers on his side, that volatile populace soon discovered that the fittest object to be laughed at was our literary Proteus himself.

The most egregrious egotism alone could have induced this versatile being, engaged in laborious works, to venture to give the town the daily paper of "The Inspector," which he supported for about two years. It was a light scandalous chronicle all the week, with a seventh-day sermon. His utter contempt for the genius of his contemporaries, and the bold conceit of his own, often rendered the motley pages amusing. "The Inspector" became, indeed, the instrument of his own martyrdom; but his impudence looked like magnanimity; for he endured, with undiminished spirit, the most biting satires, the most wounding epigrams, and more palpable castigations.* His vein of pleasantry

illustrate *his* "Philosophical Transactions." All is food for the malicious digestion of Wit!

His Anecdote of Mr. Baker's *Louse*, is a piece of secret scientific history sufficiently ludicrous.

"The Duke of Montague was famous for his love to the whole animal creation, and for his being able to keep a very grave face when not in the most serious earnest. Mr. Baker, a distinguished member of the Royal Society, had one day entertained this Nobleman, and several other persons, with the sight of the peristaltic motion of the bowels in a louse, by the microscope. When the observation was over, he was going to throw the creature away; but the Duke, with a face that made him believe he was perfectly in earnest, told him it would be not only cruel, but ungrateful, in return for the entertainment that creature had given them, to destroy it. He ordered the boy to be brought in from whom it was procured, and after praising the smallness and delicacy of Mr. Baker's fingers, persuaded him carefully to replace the animal in its former territories, and to give the boy a shilling not to disturb it for a fortnight."—*A Review of the Works of the Royal Society, by John Hill, M.D., p. 5.*

* These Papers had appeared in the London Daily Advertiser, 1754.

ran more freely in his attacks on the Royal Society than in his other literary quarrels. When Hill had not to banter ridiculous experimentalists, but to encounter wits, his reluctant spirit soon bowed its head. Suddenly even his pertness loses its vivacity; he becomes drowsy with dullness, and, conscious of the dubiousness of his own cause, he skulks away terrified: he felt that the mask of quackery and impudence which he usually wore was to be pulled off by the hands now extended against him.

A humorous warfare of wit opened between Fielding, in his "Covent Garden Journal," and Hill, in his "Inspector." The Inspector had made the famous lion's head, at the Bedford, which the genius of Addison and Steele had once animated, the receptacle of his wit; and the wits asserted, of this now *inutile lignum*, that it was reduced to a mere state of *blockheadism*. Fielding occasionally gave a facetious narrative of a paper war between the forces of Sir Alexander Drawcansir, the literary hero of the Covent Garden Journal, and the army of Grub Street: it formed an occasional literary satire. Hill's lion, no longer Addison's or Steele's, is not described without humour. Drawcansir's "troops are kept in awe by a strange mixed monster, not much unlike the famous chimera of old. For while some of our Reconnoiterers tell us that this monster has the appearance of a lion, others assure us that his ears are much longer than those of that generous beast."

At their close he gleaned the best, and has preserved them in two volumes. But as Hill will never rank as a classic, the original nonsense will be considered as most proper for the purposes of a true Collector. Woodward, the comedian, in his lively attack on Hill, has given "a mock Inspector," an exquisite piece of literary ridicule, in which he has hit off the egotisms and slovenly ease of the real ones.—Never, like "The Inspector," flamed such a provoking prodigy, in the cloudy skies of Grub-street; and Hill seems studiously to have mortified his luckless rivals, by a perpetual embroidery of his adventures in "the Walks at Marybone," the "Rotunda at Ranelagh," spangled over with "my domestics," and "my equipage."

Hill ventured to notice this attack on his "blockhead;" and, as was usual with him, had some secret history to season his defence with.

"The author of Amelia, whom I have only once seen, told me, at that accidental meeting, he held the present set of writers in the utmost contempt; and that, in his character of Sir Alexander Drawcansir, he should treat them in the most unmerciful manner. He assured me he had always excepted me; and after honouring me with some encomiums, he proceeded to mention a conduct which would be, he said, useful to both; this was, the amusing our readers with a mock fight; giving blows that would not hurt, and sharing the advantage in silence." *

Thus, by reversing the fact, Hill contrived to turn aside the frequent stories against him by a momentary artifice, arresting or dividing public opinion. The truth was, more probably, as Fielding relates it, and the story, as we shall see, then becomes quite a different affair. At all events, Hill incurred the censure of the traitor who violates a confidential intercourse.

"And if he lies not, must at least betray."
POPE.

Fielding lost no time in reply. To have brought down the Inspector from his fastnesses into the open field, was what our new General only wanted: a battle was sure to

* It is useful to remind the public, that they are often played upon in this manner by the artifices of *political writers*. We have observed symptoms of this deception practised at present. It is an old trick of the craft, and was greatly used at a time when the nation seemed maddened with political factions. In a pamphlet of "A View of London and Westminster, or the Town-spy, 1725," I find this account:—"The *seeming quarrel*, formerly, between *Mist's Journal* and the *Flying Post*, was *secretly concerted* between themselves, in order to decoy the eyes of all the parties on both their papers; and the project succeeded beyond all expectation; for, I have been told, that the former narrowly missed getting an estate by it."—P. 32.

be a victory. Our critical Drawcansir has performed his part, with his indifferent puns, but his natural facetiousness.

"It being reported to the General that a *hill* must be levelled, before the Bedford coffee-house could be taken, orders was given; but this was afterwards found to be a mistake; for this *hill* was only a little paltry *dunghill*, and had long before been levelled with the dirt.—The General was then informed of a report which had been spread by his *lowness*, the Prince of Billingsgate, in the Grubstreet army, that his Excellency had proposed, by a *secret treaty* with that Prince, to carry on the war only in appearance, and so to betray the common cause; upon which his Excellency said with a smile:—'If the betrayer of a private treaty could ever deserve the least credit, yet his Lowness here must proclaim himself either a liar or a fool. None can doubt but that he is the former, if he had feigned this treaty; and I think few would scruple to call him the latter, if he had rejected it.' The General then declared the fact stood thus:—'His Lowness came to my tent on an affair of his own. I treated him, though a commander in the enemy's camp, with civility, and even kindness. I told him, with the utmost good-humour, I should attack his Lion; and that he might, if he pleased, in the same manner defend him; from which, said I, no great loss can happen on either side—'"

"The Inspector" slunk away, and never returned to the challenge.

During his inspectorship, he invented a whimsical literary stratagem, which ended in his receiving a castigation more lasting than the honours performed on him at Ranelagh, by the cane of a warm Hibernian. Hill seems to have been desirous of abusing certain friends whom he had praised in the "Inspectors;" so volatile, like the loves of coquettes, are the literary friendships of the "Scribleri." As this could not be done with any propriety there, he published the first number of a new paper, entitled "The

Impertinent." Having thus relieved his private feelings, he announced the cessation of this new enterprise in his "Inspectors," and congratulated the public on the ill reception it had given to the "Impertinent," applauding them for their having shown by this, that "their indignation was superior to their curiosity." With impudence all his own, he adds, "It will not be easy to say too much in favour of the candour of the town, which has despised a piece that cruelly and unjustly attacked Mr. Smart the poet." What innocent soul could have imagined that "The Impertinent" and "The Inspector" were the same individual? The style is a specimen of *perciflage;* the thin sparkling thought; the pert vivacity, that looks like wit without wit; the glittering bubble, that rises in emptiness;—even its author tell us, in "The Inspector," it is "the most pert, the most pretending," &c.*

* Isaac Reed, in his "Repository of Fugitive Pieces of Wit and Humour," vol. iv. in republishing "The Hilliad," has judiciously preserved the offending "Impertinent" and the abjuring "Inspector." The style of "The Impertinent" is volatile and poignant. His four classes of authors are not without humour.—

"There are men who write because they have wit; there are those who write because they are hungry; there are some of the modern authors who have a constant fund of both these causes; and there are, who will write, although they are not instigated either by the one or by the other. The first are all spirit; the second are all earth; the third disclose more life, or more vapidity, as the one or the other cause prevails; and for the last, having neither the one nor the other principle for the cause, they show neither the one nor the other character in the effect; but begin, continue, and end, as if they had neither begun, continued, nor ended at all." The first class he instances by Fielding; the second, by Smart. Of the third, he says;—"The mingled wreath belongs to Hill," that is himself; and the fourth he illustrates by the absurd Sir William Browne.

"Those of the first rank are the most capricious and lazy of all animals. The monkey genius would rarely exert itself, if even idleness innate did not give way to the superior love of mischief. The ass (that is, Smart,) which characters the second, is as laborious as he is empty; he wears a ridiculous comicalness of aspect (which was,

Smart, in return for our Janus-faced critic's treatment, balanced the amount of debtor and creditor with a pungent Dunciad "The Hilliad." Hill, who had heard of the rod in pickle, anticipated the blow, to break its strength; and, according to his adopted system, introduced himself and Smart, with a story of his having recommended the bard to his bookseller, "who took him into salary on my approbation. I betrayed him into the profession, and having starved upon it, he has a right to abuse me." This story was formally denied by an advertisement from Newbery, the bookseller.

"The Hilliad" is a polished and pointed satire. The hero is thus exhibited on earth, and in heaven.

On earth, "a tawny Sibyl," with "an old striped curtain—"

> "And tatter'd tapestry o'er her shoulders hung—
> Her loins with patch-work cincture were begirt,
> That more than spoke diversity of dirt.
> Twain were her teeth, and single was her eye—
> Cold palsy shook her head——"

with "moon-struck madness," awards him all the wealth and fame she could afford him for sixpence; and closes her orgasm with the sage admonition—

> "The chequer'd world's before thee; go, farewell!!
> Beware of Irishmen; and learn to spell!"

But in heaven, among the immortals, never was an unfortunate hero of the vindictive Muses so reduced into nothingness! Jove, disturbed at the noise of this thing of wit, exclaims, that nature had never proved productive in vain before, but now,

> "On mere privation she bestow'd a frame,
> And dignified a nothing with a name;
> A wretch devoid of use, of sense, and grace,
> The insolvent tenant of incumber'd space!"

indeed, the physiognomy of the poor poet), that makes people smile when they see him at a distance. His mouth opens, because he must be fed, while we laugh at the insensibility and obstinacy that makes him prick his lips with thistles."

Pallas hits off the style of Hill, as

"The neutral nonsense, neither false nor true—
Should Jove himself, in calculation mad,
Still negatives to blank negations add;
How could the barren ciphers ever breed;
But nothing still from nothing would proceed.
Raise, or depress, or magnify, or blame,
Inanity will ever be the same."

But Phœbus shows there may still be something produced from inanity.

"E'en blank privation has its use and end—
From emptiness, how sweetest music flows?
How absence, to possession adds a grace,
And modest vacancy, to all gives place.
So from Hillario, some effect may spring;
E'en him—that slight penumbra of a thing!"

The careless style of the fluent "Inspectors," beside their audacity, brought Hill into many scrapes. He called Woodward, the celebrated harlequin, "the meanest of all characters." This Woodward resented in a pamphlet-battle, in which Hill was beaten at all points.* But Hill,

* Woodward humorously attributes Hill's attack on him to his *jealousy* of his successful performance of *Harlequin*, and opens some of the secret history of Hill, by which it appears, that early in life he trod the theatrical boards. He tells us of the extraordinary pains the prompter had taken with Hill, in the part of Oroonoko; though, "if he had not quite forgotten it, to very little purpose." He reminds Hill of a dramatic anecdote, which he no doubt had forgotten. It seems he once belonged to a strolling company at May-fair, where, in the scene between Altamont and Lothario, the polite audience of that place all chorussed, and agreed with him, when dying he exclaimed, "Oh Altamont, thy genius is the stronger." He then shows him off as the starved apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, in one of his botanic peregrinations to Chelsea Garden; from whence, it is said, he was expelled for "culling too many rare plants"—

"I do remember an apothecary,
Culling of simples—"

Hill, who was often so brisk in his attack on the wits, had no power of retort; so that he was always buffeting and always buffeted.

or the monthly reviewer, who might be the same person, for that journal writes with the tenderness of a brother of whatever relates to our hero, pretends that the Inspector only meant, that "the character of Harlequin (if a thing so unnatural and ridiculous ought to be called a character) was the *meanest* on the stage!"

I will here notice a characteristic incident in Hill's literary life, of which the boldness and the egotism is scarcely paralleled, even by Orator Henley. At the time the Sloane Collection of Natural History was purchased, to form a part of our grand national establishment the British Museum, Hill offered himself, by public advertisement, in one of his Inspectors, as the properest person to be placed at its head. The world will condemn him for his impudence. The most reasonable objection against his mode of proceeding would be, that the thing undid itself; and that the very appearance, by public advertisement, was one motive why so confident an offer should be rejected. Perhaps, after all, Hill only wanted to *advertise himself*.

But suppose that Hill was the man he represents himself to be, and he fairly challenges the test, his conduct only appears eccentric, according to routine.—Unpatronized and unfriended men are depressed, among other calamities, with their quiescent modesty; but there is a rare spirit in him who dares to claim favours, which he thinks his right, in the most public manner. I preserve, in the note, the most striking passages of this extraordinary appeal.*

* Hill addresses the Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Speaker, on Sir Hans Sloane's Collection of Natural History, proposing himself as a candidate for nomination in the principal office, by whatever name that shall be called:—"I deliver myself with humility; but conscious also that I possess the liberties of a British subject, I shall speak with freedom." He says, that the only means left for a Briton, is to address his sovereign and the public.—"That foreigners will resort to this Collection is certain, for it is the most considerable in the world; and that our own people will often visit it is as sure, because it may be made the means of much useful as well as

At length, after all his literary quarrels, Hill survived his literary character. He had written himself down to so low a degree, that whenever he had a work for publication, his employers stipulated, in their contracts, that the author

curious knowledge. One and the other will expect a person in that office who has sufficient knowledge: he must be able to give account of every article, freely and fluently, not only in his own, but in the Latin and French languages.

"This, the world, and none in it better than your Lordship, sees, is not a place that any one can execute; it requires knowledge in a peculiar and uncommon kind of study—knowledge which very few possess; and in which, my Lord, the bitterest of my enemies (and I have thousands, although neither myself nor they know why) will not say I am deficient——.

"My Lord, the eyes of all Europe are upon this transaction. What title I have to your Lordship's favour, those books which I have published, and with which (pardon the necessary boast) all Europe ir acquainted, declare. Many may dispute by interest with me; but if there be one who would prefer himself, by his abilities, I beg the matter may be brought to trial. The Collection is at hand; and I request, my Lord, such person and myself may be examined, by that test, together. It is an amazing store of knowledge; and he has most, in this way, who shall show himself most acquainted with it.

"What are my own abilities, it very ill becomes me thus to boast; but did they not qualify me for the trust, my Lord, I would not ask it. As to those of any other, unless a man be conjured from the dead, I shall not fear to say, there is not any one whoever that is able so much as to call the parts of the Collection by their names.

"I know I shall be accused of ostentation, in giving to myself this preference; and I am sorry for it: but those who have candour, will know it could not be avoided.

"Many excel, my Lord, in other studies: it is my chance to have bestowed the labour of my life on this: those labours may be of some use to others. This appears the only instance in which it is possible that they should be rewarded——."

In a subsequent Inspector, he treated on the improvement of Botany by raising plants, and reading lectures on them at the British Museum, with the living plants before the lecturer and his auditors.—Poor Sir John! he was born half a century too early!—He would, in this day, have made his lectures fashionable; and might have secured at the opera, every night, an elegant audience for the next morning, in the gardens of the Museum.

should conceal his name; a circumstance not new among a certain race of writers.* But the genius of Hill

* It would be difficult to form a list of his anonymous works or compilations, among which many are curious. Tradition has preserved his name as the writer of Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, and of several novels. There is a very curious work, entitled "Travels in the East," 2 vols. 8vo. of which the author has been frequently and in vain inquired after. These travels are attributed to a noble lord; but it now appears that they are a very entertaining narrative, manufactured by Hill. Whiston, the bookseller, had placed this work in his MS. catalogue of Hill's books.

There is still another production of considerable merit, entitled "Observations on the Greek and Roman Classics, 1753." A learned friend recollects, when young, that this critical work was said to be written by Hill. It excels Blackwell and Fenton; and aspires to the numerous composition of prose. The sentimental critic enters into the feelings of the great authors whom he describes, with spirit, delicacy of taste, and sometimes with beautiful illustration. It only wants a chastening hand to become a manual for the young classical student, by which he might acquire those vivid emotions, which many college tutors may not be capable of communicating.

I suspect, too, he is the author of this work, from a passage which Smart quotes, as a specimen of Hill's puffing himself, and of those smart short periods which look like wit, without being witty. In a letter to himself, as we are told, Hill writes:—"You have discovered many of the beauties of the ancients—they are obliged to you; we are obliged to you: were they alive, they would thank you; we, who are alive, do thank you."—If Hill could discriminate the most hidden beauties of the ancients, the *tact* must have been formed at his leisure—in his busy hours he never copied them; but when had he leisure?

Two other works, of the most contrasted character, display the versatility and dispositions of this singular genius, at different eras.—When "The Inspector" was rolling in his chariot about the town, appeared "Letters from the Inspector to a Lady, 1752." It is a pamphlet, containing the amorous correspondence of Hill with a reigning beauty, whom he first saw at Ranelagh. On his first ardent professions he is contemptuously rejected; he perseveres in high passion, and is coldly encouraged; at length he triumphs; and this proud and sullen beauty, in her turn, presents a horrid picture of the passions.—Hill then becomes the reverse of what he was; weary of her jealousy, sated with the intercourse, he studiously avoids, and at length rejects her; assigning, for his final argument, his approaching marriage. The

was not annihilated by being thrown down so violently on his mother earth; like Anthæus, it rose still fresh; and like Proteus, it assumed new forms. Lady Hill and the young Hills were claimants on his industry far louder than the evanescent epigrams which darted around him: these latter, however, were more numerous than ever dogged an author in his road to literary celebrity.* His science, his ingenuity, and his impudence, once more practised on the credulity of the public, with the innocent quackery of attributing all medicinal virtues to British herbs. He made many walk out, who were too sedentary: they were delighted to cure head-aches by fever-few tea; hectic fevers by the daisy; colics by the leaves of camomile, and agues by its flowers. All these were accompa-

work may produce a moral effect, while it exhibits a striking picture of all the misery of illicit connexions; but the scenes are coloured with Ovidian warmth. The original letters were shown at the bookseller's; Hill's were in his own hand-writing, and the lady's in a female hand. But whether Hill was the publisher, as an attempt at notoriety—or the lady admired her own correspondence, which is often exquisitely wrought, is not known.

Hill, in his serious hours, published a large quarto volume, entitled "Thoughts concerning God and Nature, 1755." This work, the result of his scientific knowledge and his moral reasoning, was never undertaken for the purpose of profit. He printed it with the certainty of a considerable loss, from its abstract topics, not obvious to general readers; at a time, too, when a guinea quarto was a very hazardous enterprise. He published it purely from conscientious and religious motives; a circumstance mentioned in that Apology of his life which we have noticed. The more closely the character of Hill is scrutinized, the more extraordinary appears this man, so often justly contemned, and so often unjustly depreciated.

* It would occupy pages to transcribe epigrams on Hill. One of them alludes to his philosophical as well as his literary character.—

"He puffs himself; forbear to chide!
An insect vile and mean
Must first, he knows, be magnified
Before it can be seen."

Garrick's happy lines are well known, on his farces:—

nied by plates of the plants, with the Linnæan names.* This was preparatory to the *Essences* of Sage, *Balsams* of Honey, and *Tinctures* of Valerian. Simple persons imagined they were scientific botanists in their walks, with Hill's plates in their hands. But one of the newly discovered virtues of British herbs was, undoubtedly, that of placing the discoverer in a chariot.

In an Apology for the character of Sir John Hill, published after his death, where he is painted with much beauty of colouring, and elegance of form, the eruptions and excrescences of his motley physiognomy, while they are indicated,—for they were too visible to be entirely omitted in anything pretending to a resemblance,—are melted down, and even touched into a grace. The Apology is not unskilful, but the real purpose appears in the last page; where we are informed that Lady Hill, fortunately for the world, possesses all his valuable receipts and herbal remedies!

> "For physic and farces his equal there scarce is—
> His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

Another said—

> "The worse that we wish thee, for all thy vile crimes,
> Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes."

The rejoinder would reverse the wish—

> "For if he takes his physic first,
> He'll never read his rhymes."

* Hill says, in his pamphlet on the virtues of British Herbs:—"It will be happy, if, by the same means, the knowledge of plants also becomes more general. The study of them is pleasant, and the exercise of it healthful. He who seeks the herb for its cure, will find it half effected by the walk; and when he is acquainted with the useful kinds, he may be more people's beside his own physician."

BOYLE AND BENTLEY.

A faction of Wits at Oxford, the concealed movers of this Controversy—Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's opinions the ostensible cause; Editions of classical authors, by young students at Oxford, the probable one—BOYLE's first attack in the Preface to his Phalaris—BENTLEY, after a silence of three years, betrays his feelings on the literary calumny of BOYLE—BOYLE replies by the "Examination of Bentley's Dissertation"—BENTLEY rejoins by enlarging it—the effects of a contradictory Narrative at a distant time—BENTLEY's suspicions of the origin of the Phalaris, and "The Examination," proved by subsequent facts BENTLEY's dignity when stung at the ridicule of Dr. KING—applies a classical pun, and nicknames his facetious and caustic Adversary—KING invents an extraordinary Index to dissect the character of BENTLEY—specimens of the Controversy; BOYLE's menace, anathema, and ludicrous humour—BENTLEY's sarcastic reply not inferior to that of the Wits.

THE splendid controversy between BOYLE and BENTLEY was at times a strife of gladiators, and has been regretted as the opprobrium of our literature; but it should be perpetuated to its honour; for it may be considered, on one side at least, as a noble contest of heroism.

The ostensible cause of the present quarrel was inconsiderable; the concealed motive lies deeper; and the party feelings of the haughty Aristarchus of Cambridge, and a faction of wits at Oxford, under the secret influence of Dean Aldrich, provoked this fierce and glorious contest.

Wit, ridicule, and invective, by cabal and stratagem, obtained a seeming triumph over a single individual, but who, like the Farnesian Hercules, personified the force and resistance of incomparable strength. "The Bees of Christ

church," as this conspiracy of wits has been called, so musical and so angry, rushed in a dark swarm about him, but only left their fine stings in the flesh they could not wound. He only put out his hand in contempt, never in rage. The Christ church men, as if doubtful whether wit could prevail against learning, had recourse to the maliciousness of personal satire. They amused an idle public, who could even relish sense and Greek, seasoned as they were with wit and satire, while Boyle was showing how Bentley wanted wit, and Bentley was proving how Boyle wanted learning.

To detect the origin of the controversy, we must find the seed-plot of Bentley's volume in Sir William Temple's "Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning," which he inscribed to his alma mater, the University of Cambridge. Sir William, who had caught the contagion of the prevalent literary controversy of the times, in which the finest geniuses in Europe had entered the lists, imagined that the ancients possessed a greater force of genius, with some peculiar advantages—that the human mind was in a state of decay—and that our knowledge was nothing more than scattered fragments saved out of the general shipwreck. He writes with a premeditated design to dispute the improvements or undervalue the inventions of his own age. Wotton, the friend of Bentley, replied by his curious volume of "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning." But Sir William, in his ardour, had thrown out an unguarded opinion, which excited the hostile contempt of Bentley. "The oldest books," he says, "we have are still in their kind the best: the two most ancient that I know of, in prose, are Æsop's Fables and Phalaris's Epistles."—The Epistles, he insists, exhibit every excellence of "a statesman, a soldier, a wit, and a scholar."—That ancient author, who Bentley afterwards asserted was only "some dreaming pedant, with his elbow on his desk.'

Bentley, bristled over with Greek, perhaps then con-

sidered, that to notice a vernacular and volatile writer, ill assorted with the critic's *Fastus*. But, about this time, Dean Aldrich had set an example to the students of Christ church, of publishing editions of classical authors. Such juvenile editorships served as an easy admission into the fashionable literature of Oxford. Alsop had published the Æsop; and Boyle, among other "young gentlemen," easily obtained the favour of the dean, "to *desire* him to undertake an edition of the Epistles of Phalaris." Such are the modest terms Boyle employs in his reply to Bentley, after he had discovered the unlucky choice he had made of an author.

For this edition of Phalaris it was necessary to collate a MS. in the King's Library; and Bentley, about this time, had become the royal librarian. Boyle did not apply directly to Bentley, but circuitously, by his bookseller, with whom the doctor was not on terms. Some act of civility, or a Mercury more "formose," to use one of his latinisms, was probably expected. The MS. was granted, but the collator was negligent; in six days Bentley reclaimed it, "four hours" had been sufficient for the purpose of collation. When Boyle's Phalaris appeared, he made this charge in the preface, that having ordered the Epistles to be collated with the MS. in the King's Library, the collator was prevented perfecting the collation by the *singular humanity* of the library-keeper, who refused any further use of the MS.; *pro singulari suâ humanitate negavit:* an expression that sharply hit a man marked by the haughtiness of his manners."*

* Haughtiness was the marking feature of Bentley's literary character; and his Wolseyan style and air have been played on by the wits.—Bentley happened to express himself on the King's MS. of Phalaris in a manner their witty malice turned against him. "'Twas a surprise (he said) to find that OUR MS. was not perused."—"OUR MS. (they proceed) that is, his Majesty's and mine! He speaks out now; 'tis no longer the King's, but OUR MS., *i. e.* Dr. Bentley's and

Bentley, on this insult, informed Boyle of what had passed. He expected that Boyle would have civilly cancelled the page; though he tells us he did not require this, because, "to have insisted on the cancel, might have been forcing a gentleman to too low a submission;"—a stroke of delicacy which will surprise some to discover in the strong character of Bentley. But he was also too haughty to ask a favour, and too conscious of his superiority to betray a feeling of injury. Boyle replied, that the bookseller's account was quite different from the doctor's, who had spoken slightingly of him. Bentley said no more.

Three years had nearly elapsed, when Bentley, in a new edition of his friend Wotton's book, published "A Dissertation on the Epistles of the Ancients;" where, reprehending the false criticism of Sir William Temple, he asserted that the Fables of Æsop and the Epistles of Phalaris were alike spurious. The blow was levelled at Christchurch, and all "the bees" were brushed down in the warmth of their summer-day.

It is remarkable that Bentley kept so long a silence; indeed, he had considered the affair so trivial, that he had preserved no part of the correspondence with Boyle, whom no doubt he slighted as the young editor of a spurious author. But Boyle's edition came forth, as Bentley expresses it, "with a sting in its mouth." This, at first, was like a cut finger—he breathed on it, and would have forgotten it; but the nerve was touched, and the pain raged long after the stroke. Even the great mind of Bentley began to shrink at the touch of literary calumny, so different from the vulgar kind, in its extent and its duration. He betrays the soreness he would wish to conceal, when he complains that "the false story has been spread all over England."

the King's in common, *Ego et Rex meus*—much too familiar for a library-keeper!"—It has been said that Bentley used the same Wolseyan egotism, on Pope's publications.—"This man is always abusing *me* or the *King!*"

The statement of Bentley produced, in reply, the famous book of Boyle's Examination of Bentley's Dissertation. It opens with an imposing narrative, highly polished, of the whole transaction, with the extraordinary furniture of documents, which had never before entered into a literary controversy — depositions — certificates — affidavits — and private letters. Bentley now rejoined by his enlarged Dissertation on Phalaris, a volume of perpetual value to the lovers of ancient literature, and the memorable preface of which, itself a volume, exhibits another Narrative, entirely differing from Boyle's. These produced new replies, and new rejoinders. The whole controversy became so perplexed, that it has frightened away all who have attempted to adjust the particulars. With unanimous consent they give up the cause, as one in which both parties studied only to contradict each other. Such was the fate of a Narrative, which was made out of the recollections of the parties, with all their passions at work, after an interval of three years. In each, the memory seemed only retentive of those passages which best suited their own purpose, and which were precisely those the other party was most likely to have forgotten. What was forgotten, was denied; what was admitted, was made to refer to something else; dialogues were given, which appear never to have been spoken; and incidents described, which are declared never to have taken place; and all this, perhaps, without any purposed violation of truth. Such were the dangers and misunderstandings which attended a Narrative framed out of the broken or passionate recollections of the parties on the watch to confound one another.*

* Bentley in one place, having to give a positive contradiction to the statement of the bookseller, rising in all his dignity and energy exclaims, "What can be done in this case? Here are two contrary affirmations; and the matter being done in private, neither of us have any witness. I might plead, as Æmilus Scaurus did against one Varius, of Sucro. *Varius Sucronensis ait, Æmilius Scaurus negat.*

Bentley's Narrative is a most vigorous production: it heaves with the workings of a master-spirit; still reasoning with such force, and still applying with such happiness the stores of his copious literature, had it not been for this literary quarrel, the mere English reader had lost this single opportunity of surveying that commanding intellect.

Boyle's edition of Phalaris was a work of parade, designed to confer on a young man, who bore an eminent name, some distinction in the literary world. But Bentley seems to have been well informed of the secret transactions at Christ-church. In his first attack he mentions Boyle as "the young gentleman of great hopes, whose name is set to the edition;" and asserts that the editor, no more than his own Phalaris, has written what was ascribed to him. He persists in making a plurality of a pretended unity, by multiplying Boyle into a variety of little personages, of "new editors," our "annotators," our "great geniuses,"*

Utri creditis, Quirites?" p. 21.—The story is told by Valerius Maximus, lib. iii. c. 7. Scaurus was insolently accused by one Varius, a Sucronian, that he had taken bribes from Mithridates: Scaurus addressed the Roman people. "He did not think it just that a man of his age should defend himself against accusations, and before those who were not born when he filled the offices of the republic, nor witnessed the actions he had performed. Varius, the Sucronian, says that Scaurus, corrupted by gold, would have betrayed the republic; Scaurus replies, It is not true. Whom will you believe, fellow-Romans?"—This appeal to the people produced all the effect imaginable, and the ridiculous accuser was silenced.

Bentley points the same application, with even more self-consciousness of his worth, in another part of his preface. It became necessary to praise himself, to remove the odium Boyle and his friends had raised on him—it was a difficulty overcome. "I will once more borrow the form of argument that Æmilus Scaurus used against Varius Sucronensis. Mr. Spanheim and Mr. Gravius give a high character of Dr. B.'s learning: Mr. Boyle gives the meanest that malice can furnish himself with. *Utri creditis, Quirites?*—Whether of the characters will the present age or posterity believe?" p. 82. It was only a truly great mind which could bring itself so close to posterity.

* It was the fashion then to appear very unconcerned about one's

Boyle, touched at these reflections, declared "they were levelled at a learned society, in which I had the happiness to be educated; as if Phalaris had been made up by contributions from several hands." Pressed by Bentley to acknowledge the assistance of Dr. John Freind, Boyle confers on him the ambiguous title of "The Director of Studies." Bentley links the Bees together—Dr. Freind and Dr. Alsop. "The Director of Studies, who has lately set out Ovid's Metamorphoses, with a paraphrase and notes, is of the same size for learning with the late editor of the Æsopian Fables. They bring the nation into contempt abroad, and themselves into it at home;" and adds to this magisterial style, the mortification of his criticism on Freind's Ovid, as on Alsop's Æsop.

But Boyle assuming the honours of an Edition of Phalaris, was but a venial offence, compared with that committed by the celebrated Volume published in its defence.

If Bentley's suspicions were not far from the truth, that "the Phalaris had been *made up by contributions*," they approached still closer when they attacked "The Examination of his Dissertation." Such was the assistance which Boyle received from all "the Bees," that scarcely a few

literary reputation; but then to be so tenacious about it, when once obtained, as not to suffer, with common patience, even the little finger of criticism to touch it. Boyle, after defending what he calls his "honesty," adds, "the rest *only* touches my learning. This will give me *no concern*, though it may put me to some little trouble. I shall enter upon this with *the indifference of a gamester who plays but for a trifle*." On this affected indifference, Bentley keenly observes:—"This was entering on his work a little ominously; for a gamester who plays with indifference never plays his game well. Besides that, by this odd comparison, he seems to give warning, and is as good as his word, that he will put the dice upon his readers as often as he can. But what is worse than all, this comparison puts one in mind of a general rumour, that there's another set of gamesters, who *play him* in his dispute, while themselves are safe behind the curtain."—BENTLEY'S *Dissertation on Phalaris*, p. 2.

ears of that rich sheaf fall to his portion. His efforts hardly reach to the mere narrative of his transactions with Bentley. All the varied erudition, all the Attic graces, all the inexhaustible wit, are claimed by others; so that Boyle was not materially concerned either in his Phalaris, or in the more memorable Work.*

* Rumours and conjectures are the lot of contemporaries; truth seems reserved only for posterity; and, like the fabled Minerva, she is born of age at once. The secret history of this volume, which partially appeared, has been more particularly opened in one of Warburton's letters, who received it from Pope, who had been "let into the secret."—Boyle wrote the Narrative, "which too was corrected for him." Freind, who wrote the entire Dissertation on Æsop in that volume, wrote also, with Atterbury, the body of the Criticisms; King, the droll argument, proving that Bentley was not the author of his own Dissertation, and the extraordinary index which I shall shortly notice. In Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence is a Letter, where, with equal anger and dignity, Atterbury avows his having written *about half, and planned the whole*, of Boyle's attack upon Bentley!—With these facts before us, can we read without surprise, if not without indignation, the passage, I shall now quote, from the book to which the name of Boyle is prefixed. In raising an artful charge against Bentley, of appropriating some MS. Notes of Sir Edward Sherburne, Boyle, replying to the argument of Bentley, that Phalaris was the work of some sophist, says:—"The sophists are everywhere pelted by Dr. Bentley, for putting out what they wrote in other men's names; but I did not expect to hear so loudly of it, from one that has so far outdone them; for *I think 'tis much worse to take the honour of another man's book to one's self*, than to entitle one's own book to another man."—P. 16.

I am surprised Bentley did not turn the point of his antagonist's sword on himself, for this flourish was a most unguarded one. But Bentley could not then know so much of the book, "made up by contributions," as ourselves.

Partial truths flew about in rumours at the time; but the friends of a young nobleman, and even his fellow-workmen, seemed concerned that his glory should not be diminished by a ruinous division.—Rymer, in his "Essay concerning Curious and Critical Learning," judiciously surmised its true origin. "I fancy this book was written (as most public compositions in that College are) by a *select club*. Every one seems to have thrown in a repartee or so in his turn: and the most in

The Christ-church party now formed a literary conspiracy against the great Critic; and as treason is infectious when the faction is strong, they were secretly engaging new associates. Whenever any of the party published anything themselves, they had sworn to have always "a

genious Dr. Aldrich (he does not deserve the epithet in its most friendly sense) no doubt at their head, smoked and punned plentifully on this occasion." The arrogance of Aldrich exceeded even that of Bentley. Rymer tells further, that Aldrich was notorious for thus employing his "young inexperienced students;" that he "*betrayed* Mr. Boyle into the controversy, and is still involving others in the quarrel." Thus he points at the rival chieftains; one of whom never appeared in public, but was the great mover behind the curtain. These lively wits, so deeply busied among the obscurest writers of antiquity, so much against their will, making up a show of learning against the formidable array of Bentley, exhilarated themselves in their dusty labours, by a perpetual stimulus of keen humour, playful wit, and angry invective. No doubt they were often enraged at bearing the yoke about their luxuriant manes, ploughing the darkest and heaviest soil of antiquity. They had been reared,

"Insultare solo, et gressus glomerare superbos."

Georg. Lib. iii. 117.

"To insult the ground, and proudly pace the plain."—TRAPP.

Swift, in "The Battle of the Books," who, under his patron, Sir William Temple, was naturally in alliance with "the Bees," with ingenious ambiguity alludes to the glorious manufacture. "Boyle, clad in a suit of armour, *which had been given him by all the* GODS." Still the truth was only floating in rumours and surmises; and the little Boyle had done was not yet known. Lord Orrery, his son, had a difficulty to overcome to pass lightly over this allusion. The literary honour of the family was at stake, and his filial piety was exemplary to a father, who had unfortunately, in passion, deprived his Lordship of the family-library; a stroke from which his sensibility never recovered, and which his enemies ungenerously pointed against him. Lord Orrery, with all the tenderness of a son, and the caution of a politician, observes on "the armour given by the Gods"—"I shall not *dispute* about the *gift* of the armour. The Gods never bestowed celestial armour except upon heroes, whose courage and superior strength distinguished them from the rest of mankind." Most ingeniously he would seem to convert into a classical fable, what was designed as a plain matter of fact!

fling at Bentley," and intrigued with their friends to do the same.

They procured Keil, the professor of astronomy, in so grave a work as "The Theory of the Earth," to have a fling at Bentley's boasted sagacity in conjectural criticism. Wotton, in a dignified reproof, administered a spirited correction to the party spirit; while his love of Science induced him gencrously to commend Keil, and intimate the advantages the world may derive from his studies, "as he grows older." Even Garth and Pope struck in with the alliance, and condescended to pour out ryhmes more lasting than even the prose of "the Bees."

But of all the rabid wits who fastening on their prey, never drew their fangs from the noble animal, the facetious Dr. King seems to have been the only one who excited Bentley's anger. Perscvering malice, in the teasing shape of caustic banter, seems to have affected the spirit even of Bentley.

At one of those conferences which passed between Bentley and the bookscller, King happened to be present; and being called on by Boyle to bear his part in the drama, he performed it quite to the taste of "the Bees." He addressed a letter to Dean Aldrich, in which he gave one particular: and, to make up a sufficient dose, dropped some corrosives. He closes his letter thus:—"that scorn and contempt which I have naturally for pride and insolence, makes me remember that which otherwise I might have forgotten." Nothing touched Bentley more to the quick than reflections on "his pride and insolence." Our defects seem to lose much of their character, in reference to ourselves, by habit and natural disposition; yet we have always a painful suspicion of their existence; and he who touches them with no tenderness, is never pardoned. The

It does credit to the discernment of Bentley, whose taste was not very lively in English composition, that he pronounced Boyle was *not the author* of the Examination, from *the variety of styles in it.*—p. 107.

invective of King had all the bitterness of truth. Bentley applied a line from Horace; which showed that both Horace and Bentley could pun in anger:

"Proscripti *Regis Rupili* pus atque venenum."*—*Sat.* i. 7.

The filth and venom of *Rupilius King.*

The particular incident which King imperfectly recollected, made afterwards much noise among the wits, for giving them a new notion of the nature of ancient MSS. King relates that Dr. Bentley said:—"If the MS. were collated, it would be worth nothing for the future." Bentley, to mortify the pertness of the bookseller, who would not send his publications to the Royal Library, had said that he ought to do so, were it but to make amends for the damage the MS. would sustain by his printing the various readings; "for," added Bentley, "after the various lections were once taken and printed, *the MS. would be like a squeezed orange, and little worth for the future.*" This familiar comparison of a MS. with a squeezed orange, provoked the Epigrammatists. Bentley, in retorting on King, adds some curious facts concerning the fate of MSS. after they have been printed; but is aware, he says of what little relish or sense the Doctor has of MSS.," who is better skilled in "the catalogue of ales, his Humty-Dumty, Hugmatee, Threethreads, and the rest of that glorious list, than in the catalogue of MSS." King in his banter on Dr. Lister's journey to Paris, had given a list of these English beverages. It was well known that he was in too constant an intercourse with them all. Bentley knicknames King through the progress of his Controversy, for his tavern-pleasures, Humty-Dumty, and accuses him of writ-

* This short and pointed satire of Horace is merely a pleasant story about a low wretch of the name of King; and Brutus, under whose command he was, is intreated to get rid of him, from his hereditary hatred to *all kings.* I suppose this pun must be considered legitimate, otherwise Horace was an indifferent punster.

ing more in a Tavern than in a study. He little knew the injustice of his charge against a student who had written notes on 22,000 books and MSS.; but they were not Greek ones.

All this was not done with impunity. An irritated wit only finds his adversary cutting out work for him. A second letter, more abundant with the same pungent qualities, fell on the head of Bentley. King says of the arch critic:—"He thinks meanly, I find, of my reading; yet for all that, I dare say I have read more than any man in England beside *him* and *me;* for I have read his book all over."* Nor was this all: "Humty-Dumty" published eleven "Dialogues of the Dead," supposed to be written by a student at Padua, concerning "one Bentivoglio, a very troublesome critic in the world;" where, under the character of "Signior Moderno," Wotton falls into his place. Whether these dialogues mortified Bentley, I know not: they ought to have afforded him very high amusement. But when a man is at once tickled and pinched, the operation requires a gentler temper than Bentley's. "Humty-Dumty," indeed, had Bentley too often before him. There was something like inveteracy in his wit; but he who invented the remarkable index to

* A keen repartee! Yet King could read this mighty volume, as "a vain confused performance," but the learned DODWELL declared to "the Bees of Christ-church," who looked up to him, that "he had never learned so much from any book of the size in his life." King was as unjust to Bentley, as Bentley to King. Men of genius are more subject to "unnatural civil war," than even the blockheads whom Pope sarcastically reproaches with it. The great critic's own notion of his volume seems equally modest and just. "To undervalue this dispute about Phalaris, because it does not suit one's own studies, is to quarrel with a circle, because it is not a square. If the question be not of vulgar use, it was writ therefore for a few; for even the greatest performances, upon the most important subjects, are no entertainment at all to *the many of the world.*"—P. 107.

Boyle's book, must have closely studied Bentley's character. He has given it with all its protuberant individuality.*

Bentley, with his peculiar idiom, had censured "all the stiffness and stateliness, and operoseness of style, quite alien from the character of Phalaris, a man of business and despatch." Boyle keenly turns his own words on Bentley. "*Stiffness and stateliness, and operoseness of style*, is indeed quite *alien from the character of a man of business;* and being but a *library-keeper*, it is not over-modestly done, to oppose his judgment and taste to that of Sir William Temple, who knows more of these things than Dr. Bentley does of Hesychius and Suidas. Sir William Temple has spent a good part of his life in transacting affairs of state: he has written to kings, and they to him; and this has qualified him to judge, how kings should

* This index, a very original morsel of literary pleasantry, is at once a satirical character of the great critic, and what it professes to be. I preserve a specimen among the curiosities I am collecting. It is entitled,

"*A Short Account of Dr.* Bentley, *by way of Index.*

"Dr. Bentley's true story proved false, by the testimonies of, &c. p. —
"His civil language, p. —
"His nice taste,
in wit, p. —
in style, p. —
in Greek, p. —
in Latin, p. —
in English, p. —
"His modesty and decency in contradicting great men"—a very long list of authors, concluding with "*Everybody;*" p. —
"His familiar acquaintance with books he never saw," p. —
And lastly, "his profound skill in criticism—from beginning to
The End."

Which thus terminates the volume.

write, much better than the *library-keeper at St. James's.*' This may serve as a specimen of the Attic style of the Controversy. Hard words sometimes passed. Boyle complains of some of the *similes* which Bentley employs, more significant than elegant. For the new readings of Phalaris, "he likens me to a bungling tinker, mending old kettles." Correcting the faults of the version, he says, "the first epistle cost me four pages in scouring;" and, "by the help of a Greek proverb, he calls me downright ass." But while Boyle complains of these sprinklings of ink, he himself contributes to Bentley's Collection of Asinine Proverbs, and "throws him in one out of Aristophanes," of "an ass carrying mysteries:" "a proverb, says Erasmus, (as 'the Bees' construe him,) applied to those who were preferred to some place they did not deserve, as when a *dunce* was made a *library-keeper.*"

Some ambiguous threats are scattered in the volume, while others are more intelligible. When Bentley, in his own defence, had referred to the opinions which some learned foreigners entertained of him—they attribute these to "the foreigners, because they are foreigners; we, that have the happiness of a nearer conversation with him know him better; and we may perhaps take an opportunity of setting these mistaken strangers right in their opinions." They threaten him with his character, "in a tongue that will last longer, and go further, than their own;" and, in the imperious style of Festus, adds:—"Since Dr. Bentley has appealed to foreign universities, to foreign universities he must go." Yet this is light, compared with the odium they would raise against him by the menace of the resentments of a whole society of learned men.

"*Single adversaries* die and drop off; but *societies* are immortal: their resentments are sometimes delivered down from hand to hand; and when once they have begun with a man, there is no knowing when they will leave him."

In reply to this literary anathema, Bentley was furnished, by his familiarity with his favourite authors, with a fortunate application of a term, derived from Phalaris himself. Cicero had conveyed his idea of Cæsar's cruelty by this term, which he invented from the very name of the tyrant.*

"There is a certain temper of mind that Cicero calls *Phalarism;* a spirit like Phalaris's. One would be apt to imagine that a portion of it had descended upon some of his translators. The gentleman has given a broad hint more than once in his book, that if I proceed further against Phalaris, I may draw, perhaps, a duel, or a stab upon myself: a generous threat to a divine, who neither carries arms nor principles fit for that sort of controversy. I expected such usage from the spirit of Phalarism."

In this controversy, the amusing fancy of "the Bees" could not pass by Phalaris without contriving to make some use of that brazen bull by which he tortured men alive. Not satisfied in their motto, from the Earl of Roscommon, with wedging "the great critic, like Milo, in the timber he strove to rend," they gave him a second death in their finis, by throwing Bentley into Phalaris's bull, and flattering their vain imaginations that they heard him "bellow."

"He has defied Phalaris, and used him very coarsely, under the assurance, as he tells us, that 'he is out of his reach.' Many of Phalaris's enemies thought the same thing, and repented of their vain confidence afterwards in his *bull*. Dr. Bentley is perhaps, by this time, or will be suddenly, satisfied that he also has presumed a little too much upon his distance; but it will be too late to repent when he begins to bellow." †

* Cicero ad Atticum, Lib. vii., Epist. xii.

† No doubt, this idea was the origin of that satirical Capriccio, which closed in a most fortunate pun—a literary caricature, where the doctor is represented in the hands of Phalaris's attendants, who are putting him into the tyrant's bull, while Bentley exclaims, "I had rather be *roasted* than *Boyled*."

Bentley, although the solid force of his mind was not favourable to the lighter sports of wit, yet was not quite destitute of those airy qualities; nor does he seem insensible to the literary merits of "that odd work," as he calls Boyle's volume, which he conveys a very good notion of:—"If his book shall happen to be preserved anywhere as a useful common-place book for ridicule, banter, and all the topics of calumny." With equal dignity and sense he observes on the ridicule so freely used by both parties—"I am content that what is the greatest virtue of his book should be counted the greatest fault of mine."

His reply to "Milo's fate," and the tortures he was supposed to pass through when thrown into Phalaris's bull, is a piece of sarcastic humour which will not suffer by comparison with the volume more celebrated for its wit.

"The facetious 'Examiner' seems resolved to vie with Phalaris himself in the science of *Phalarism;* for his revenge is not satisfied with one single death of his adversary, but he will kill me over and over again. He has slain me twice by two several deaths! one, in the first page of his book; and another, in the last. In the title-page I die the death of Milo, the Crotonian:—

——"Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend."

"The application of which must be this:—That as Milo, after his victories at six several Olympiads, was at last conquered and destroyed in wrestling with a *tree*, so I, after I had attained to some small reputation in letters, am to be quite baffled and run down by *wooden antagonists*. But in the end of his book, he has got me into Phalaris's bull; and he has the pleasure of fancying that he hears me *begin to bellow*. Well, since it is certain that I am in the bull, I have performed the part of a sufferer. For as the cries of the tormented in old Phalaris's bull, being conveyed through pipes lodged in the machine, were turned

into music for the entertainment of the tyrant, so the complaints which my torments express from me, being conveyed to Mr. Boyle by this answer, are all dedicated to his pleasure and diversion. But yet, methinks, when he was setting up to be *Phalaris junior*, the very omen of it might have deterred him. As the old tyrant himself, at last, bellowed in his own bull, his imitators ought to consider, that at long run their own actions may chance to overtake them." —P. 43.

Wit, however, enjoyed the temporary triumph: not but that some, in that day, loudly protested against the award.* "The Episode of Bentley and Wotton," in "The Battle of the Books," is conceived with all the caustic imagination of the first of our prose satirists. There Bentley's great qualities are represented as "tall, without shape or comeliness; large, without strength or proportion." His various erudition, as "armour patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces;" his book, as "the sound" of that armour, "loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead from the roof of some steeple;" his haughty intrepidity, as "a vizor of brass, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain: so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous

* Sir Richard Blackmore, in his bold attempt at writing "A Satire against Wit," in utter defiance of it, without any however, conveys some opinions of the times. He there paints the great critic, "crowned with applause," seated amidst "the spoils of ruined wits:"—

> "Till his rude strokes had thresh'd the empty sheaf,
> Methought there had been something else than chaff."

Boyle, not satisfied with the undeserved celebrity conceded to his volume, ventured to write poetry, in which no one appears to have suspected the aid of "The Bees."—

> "See a fine scholar sunk by wit in Boyle!
> After his foolish rhymes, both friends and foes
> Conclude they know *who did not write his prose.*"
>
> *A Satire against Wit.*

quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips." Wotton is "heavy-armed and slow of foot, lagging behind." They perish together in one ludicrous death. Boyle, in his celestial armour, by a stroke of his weapon, transfixes both "the lovers," "as a cook trusses a brace of woodcocks, with iron skewer piercing the tender sides of both. Joined in their lives, joined in their death, so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare." Such is the candour of wit! The great qualities of an adversary, as in Bentley, are distorted into disgraceful attitudes; while the suspicious virtues of a friend, as in Boyle, not passed over in prudent silence, are ornamented with even spurious panegyric.

Garth, catching the feeling of the time, sung—

"And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle."

Posterity justly appreciates the volume of Bentley for its stores of ancient literature; and the author, for that peculiar sagacity in emending a corrupt text, which formed his distinguishing characteristic as a classical critic; and since his book but for this literary quarrel had never appeared, reverses the names in the verse of the Satirist.

PARKER AND MARVELL.

MARVELL the founder of "a newly-refined art of jeering buffoonery"—his knack of nick-naming his adversaries—PARKER's Portrait—PARKER suddenly changes his principles—his declamatory style—MARVELL prints his anonymous letter as a motto to "The Rehearsal Transprosed"—describes him as "an At-all"—MARVELL's ludicrous description of the whole posse of answers summoned together by PARKER—MARVELL's cautious allusion to MILTON—his solemn invective against PARKER—anecdote of MARVELL and PARKER—PARKER retires after the second part of "The Rehearsal transprosed"—The Recreant, reduced to silence, distils his secret vengeance in a posthumous libel.

ONE of the legitimate ends of Satire, and one of the proud triumphs of Genius, is to unmask the false zealot; to beat back the haughty spirit that is treading down all; and if it cannot teach modesty, and raise a blush, at least to inflict terror and silence. It is then that the Satirist does honour to the office of the executioner.

> "As one whose whip of steel can with a lash
> Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
> Even in the brazen forehead of proud Sin,
> That not Eternity shall wear it out." *

The quarrel between PARKER and MARVELL is a striking example of the efficient powers of genius, in first humbling, and then annihilating, an unprincipled bravo, who had placed himself at the head of a faction.

Marvell, the under-secretary and the bosom-friend of Milton, whose fancy he has often caught in his verse, was

* Randolph's Muses' Looking-glass. *Act* 1, *Scene* 4.

one of the greatest wits of the luxuriant age of Charles II.; he was a master in all the arts of ridicule; and his inexhaustible spirit only required some permanent subject to have rivalled the causticity of Swift, whose style, in neatness and vivacity, seems to have been modelled on his.* But Marvell placed the oblation of genius on a temporary altar, and the sacrifice sunk with it; he wrote to the times, and with the times his writings have passed away; yet something there is incorruptible in wit, and wherever its salt has fallen, that part is still preserved.

Such are the vigour and fertility of Marvell's writings, that our old Chronicler of Literary History, Anthony Wood, considers him as the founder of "the then newly-refined art (though much in mode and fashion almost ever since) of sportive and jeering buffoonery;" † and the crabbed

* Swift certainly admired, if he did not imitate Marvell: for in his "Tale of a Tub" he says, "We still read Marvell's answer to Parker with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago."

† This is a curious remark of Wood's: how came raillery and satire to be considered as "a newly-refined art? Has it not, at all periods, been prevalent among every literary people? The remark is, however, more founded on truth than it appears, and arose from Wood's own feelings. Wit and Raillery had been so strange to us during the gloomy period of the fanatic Commonwealth, that honest Anthony, whose prejudices did not run in favour of Marvell, not only considers him as the "restorer of this newly-refined art," but as one "hugely versed in it," and acknowledges all its efficacy in the complete discomfiture of his haughty rival. Besides this, *a small book* of controversy, such as Marvell's usually are, was another novelty—the "aureoli libelli," as one fondly calls his precious books, were in the wretched taste of the times, rhapsodies in folio. The reader has doubtless heard of Caryll's endless "Commentary on Job," consisting of 2400 folio pages! in small type. Of that monument of human perseverance, which commenting on Job's patience, inspired what few works do to whoever read them, the exercise of the virtue it inculcated, the publisher, in his advertisement in Clavel's Catalogue of Books, 1681, announces the two folios in 600 sheets each! these were a republication of the first edition, in twelve volumes quarto! He apologizes that "it had been *so long a doing*, to the great vexation

humorist describes "this pen-combat as briskly managed on both sides; a jerking flirting way of writing entertaining the reader, by seeing two such right cocks of the game so keenly engaging with sharp and dangerous weapons."—Burnet calls Marvell "the liveliest droll of the age, who writ in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that from the king to the tradesman, his books were read with great pleasure." Charles II. was a more polished judge than these uncouth critics: and, to the credit of his impartiality, for that witty monarch and his dissolute court were never spared by Marvell, who remained inflexible to his seduction, he deemed Marvell the best Prose Satirist of the age. But Marvell had other qualities than the freest humour and the finest wit in this "newly-refined art," which seems to have escaped these grave critics—a vehemence of solemn reproof, and an eloquence of invective, that awes one with the spirit of the modern Junius, and may give some notion of that more ancient satirist, whose writings are said to have so completely answered their design, that, after perusal, their victim hanged himself on the first tree; and in the present case, though the delinquent did not lay violent hands on himself, he did what, for an author, may be considered as desperate a course, "withdrew from the town, and ceased writing for some years." *

The celebrated work here to be noticed is Marvell's "Rchearsal Transprosed;" a title facetiously adopted from

and loss of the proposer." He adds, "indeed, *some few lines*, no more than what may be contained *in a quarto page*, are expunged, *they not relating to the Exposition*, which nevertheless some, by malicious prejudice, have so unjustly aggravated, as if the whole work had been disordered." He apologizes for curtailing *a few lines* from 2400 folio pages! and he considered that these few lines were the only ones that did not relate to the Exposition! At such a time, the little books of Marvell must have been considered as relishing morsels after such indigestible surfeits.

* So Burnet tells us.

Bayes in "The Rehearsal Transprosed" of the Duke of Buckingham. It was written against the works and the person of Dr. Samuel Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, whom he designates under the character of Bayes, to denote the incoherence and ridiculousness of his character. Marvell had a peculiar knack of calling names,—it consisted in appropriating a ludicrous character in some popular comedy, and dubbing his adversaries with it. In the same spirit he ridiculed Dr. Turner of Cambridge, a brother-genius to Parker, by nicknaming him "Mr. Smirk, the Divine in Mode," the name of the Chaplain in Etherege's "Man of Mode," and thus, by a stroke of the pen, conveyed an idea of "a neat, starched, formal, and forward Divine." This application of a fictitious character to a real one, this christening a man with ridicule, though of no difficult invention, is not a little hazardous to inferior writers; for it requires not less wit than Marvell's to bring out of the real character, the ludicrous features which mark the factitious prototype.

Parker himself must have his portrait, and if the likeness be justly hit off, some may be reminded of a resemblance. Mason applies the epithet of "Mitred Dullness" to him: but although he was at length reduced to railing and to menaces, and finally mortified into silence, this epithet does not suit so hardy and so active an adventurer.

The secret history of Parker may be collected in Marvell;* and his more public one in our honest chronicler, Anthony Wood. Parker was originally educated in strict sectarian principles; a starch Puritan, "fasting and praying with the Presbyterian students weekly, and who, for their refection feeding only on thin broth made of oatmeal and water, were commonly called *Gruellers*." Among these, says Marvell, "it was observed that he was wont to put more graves than all the rest into his porridge," and

* See "The Rehearsal Transprosed, the second part," p. 76.

was deemed one of the *preciousest** young men in the University." It seems that these mortified saints, both the brotherhood and the sisterhood, held their chief meetings at the house of "Bess Hampton, an old and crooked maid that drove the trade of laundry, who being from her youth very much given to the godly party, as they call themselves, had frequent meetings, especially for those that were her customers." Such is the dry humour of honest Anthony, who paints like the Ostade of literary history.

But the age of sectarism and thin gruel was losing all its coldness in the sunshine of the Restoration; and this "preciousest young man," from praying and caballing against episcopacy, suddenly acquainted the world in one of his dedications, that Dr. Ralph Bathurst had "rescued him from the chains and fetters of an unhappy education," and, without any intermediate apology, from a sullen sectarian turned a flaming highflyer for the "supreme dominion of the church." †

* One of the canting terms used by the saints of those days, and not obsolete in the dialect of those who still give themselves out to be saints in the present.

† Marvell admirably describes Parker's journey to London at the Restoration, where "he spent a considerable time in creeping into all corners and companies, horoscoping up and down concerning the duration of the government." This term, so expressive of his political doubts, is from "Judicial Astrology," then a prevalent study. "Not considering anything as best, but as most lasting and most profitable; and after having many times cast a figure, he at last satisfied himself that the episcopal government would endure as long as this king lived, and from thenceforwards cast about to find the highway to preferment. To do this, he daily enlarged not only his conversation but his conscience, and was made free of some of the town-vices; imagining, like Muleasses, King of Tunis, (for I take witness that on all occasions I treat him rather above his quality than otherwise,) that by hiding himself among the onions, he should escape being traced by his perfumes." The narrative proceeds with a curious detail of all his sycophantic attempts at seducing useful patrons, among whom was the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then began "those pernicious books," says Marvell, "in which he first makes all that he will to be law, and then whatso-

It is the after-conduct of Parker that throws light on this rapid change. On speculative points any man may be suddenly converted; for these may depend on facts or arguments which might never have occurred to him before. But when we watch the weathercock chopping with the wind, so pliant to move, and so stiff when fixed,—when we observe this "preciousest grueller" clothed in purple, and equally hardy in the most opposite measures,—become a favourite with James II., and a furious advocate for arbitrary power; when we see him railing at and menacing those among whom he had committed as many extravagances as any of them;* can we hesitate to decide that this bold, haughty, and ambitious man, was one of those who, having neither religion nor morality for a casting

ever is law, to be divinity." Parker, in his "Ecclesiastical Polity," came at length to promulgate such violent principles as these.—"He openly declares his submission to the government of a Nero and a Caligula, rather than suffer a dissolution of it." He says, "it is absolutely necessary to set up a more severe government over men's consciences and religious persuasions than over their vices and immoralities;" and that "men's vices and debaucheries may be more safely indulged than their consciences." Is it not difficult to imagine that this man had once been an Independent, the advocate for every congregation being independent of a bishop or a synod?

* Parker's father was a lawyer, and one of Oliver's most submissive sub-committee men, who so long pillaged the nation and spilled its blood, "not in the hot and military way, (which diminishes always the offence,) but in the cooler blood and sedentary execution of a high court of justice." He wrote a very remarkable book (after he had been petitioned against for a misdemeanour) in defence of that usurped irregular state called "The Government of the People of England."—It had "a most hieroglyphical title" of several emblems: two hands joined, and beneath a sheaf of arrows, stuffed about with half-a-dozen mottoes, "enough," says Marvell, "to have supplied the mantlings and achievement of this (godly) family." An anecdote in this secret history of Parker is probably true. "He shortly afterwards did inveigh against his father's memory, and in his mother's presence, before witnesses, for a couple of whining fanatics."—*Rehearsal Transprosed, second part*, p. 75.

weight, can easily fly off to opposite extremes; and whether a puritan or a bishop, we must place his zeal to the same side of his religious leger—that of the profits of barter!

The quarrel between Parker and Marvell originated in a preface,* written by Parker, in which he had poured down his contempt and abuse on his old companions, the nonconformists. It was then Marvell clipped his wings with his "Rehearsal Transprosed;" his wit and humour were finely contrasted with Parker's extravagances, set off in his declamatory style; of which Marvell wittily describes "the volume and circumference of the periods, which, though he takes always to be his chiefest strength, yet, indeed, like too great a line, weakens the defence, and requires too many men to make it good." The tilt was now opened, and certain masqued knights appeared in the course; they attempted to grasp the sharp and polished weapon of Marvell, to turn it on himself.† But Marvell, with malicious ingenuity, sees Parker in them all—they so much resembled their master! "There were no less," says the wit, "than six scaramouches together on the stage, all of them of the same gravity and behaviour, the same tone, the same habit, that it was impossible to discern which was the true author of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' I believe he imitated the wisdom of some other princes, who have sometimes been persuaded by their servants to disguise several others in the

* This preface was prefixed to Bishop Bramhall's "Vindication of the Bishops from the Presbyterian Charge of Popery."

† As a specimen of what old Anthony calls "a jerking flirting way of writing," I transcribe the titles of these answers which Marvell received. As Marvell had nicknamed Parker, Bayes, the quaint humour of one entitled his reply, "Rosemary and Bayes;" another, "The Transproser Rehearsed, or the Fifth Act of Mr. Bayes's Play;" another, "Gregory Father Greybeard, with his Vizard off;" another formed "a Common-place Book out of the Rehearsal, digested under heads;" and, lastly, "Stoo him Bayes, or some Animadversions on the Humour of writing Rehearsals."—*Biog. Brit.* p. 3055.

This was the very Bartlemy-fair of wit!

regal garb, that the enemy might not know in the battle whom to single." Parker, in fact, replied to Marvell anonymously, by "A Reproof to the Rehearsal transprosed," with a mild exhortation to the magistrate to crush with the secular arm the pestilent wit, the servant of Cromwell, and the friend of Milton. But this was not all; something else, anonymous too, was despatched to Marvell: it was an extraordinary letter, short enough to have been an epigram, could Parker have written one; but short as it was, it was more in character, for it was only a threat of assassination! It concluded with these words: "If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the Eternal God I will cut thy throat." Marvell replied to "the Reproof," which he calls a printed letter, by the second part of "the Rehearsal transprosed;" and to the unprinted letter, by publishing it on his own titlepage.

Of two volumes of wit and broad humour, and of the most galling invective, one part flows so much into another, that the volatile spirit would be injured by an analytical process. But Marvell is now only read by the curious lovers of our literature, who find the strong, luxuriant, though not the delicate, wit of the wittiest age, never obsolete: the reader shall not, however, part from Marvell without some slight transplantations from a soil whose rich vegetation breaks out in every part.

Of the pleasantry and sarcasm, these may be considered as specimens. Parker was both author and licenser of his own work on "Ecclesiastical Polity;"* and it appears he got the license for printing Marvell's first "Rehearsal" recalled. The church appeared in danger when the doctor discovered he was so furiously attacked. Marvell sarcastically rallies him on his dual capacity:—

* The title will convey some notion of its intolerant principles: "A Discourse of Ecclesiastical Polity, wherein the authority of the Civil Magistrate *over the Consciences of Subjects*, in matters of external Religion, is asserted."

"He is such an *At-all*, of so many capacities, that he would excommunicate any man who should have presumed to intermeddle with any of his provinces. Has he been an author? he is too the licenser. Has he been a father? he will stand too for godfather. Had he acted *Pyramus*, he would have been *Moonshine* too, and the *Hole in the Wall*. That first author of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' (such as his) Nero, was of the same temper. He could not be contented with the Roman empire, unless he were too his own precentor; and lamented only the detriment that mankind must sustain at his death, in losing so considerable a fiddler."

The Satirist describes Parker's arrogance for those whom Parker calls the vulgar, and whom he defies as "a rout of wolves and tigers, apes and buffoons;" yet his personal fears are oddly contrasted with his self-importance: "If he chance but to sneeze, he prays that the *foundations of the earth* be not shaken.—Ever since he crept up to be but the *weathercock of a steeple*, he trembles and cracks at every puff of wind that blows about him, as if the *Church of England* were falling." Parker boasted, in certain philosophical "Tentamina," or essays of his, that he had confuted the atheists: Marvell declares, "If he hath reduced any atheist by his book, he can only pretend to have converted them (as in the old Florentine wars) by mere tiring them out, and perfect weariness." A pleasant allusion to those mock fights of the Italian mercenaries, who, after parading all day, rarely unhorsed a single cavalier.

Marvell blends with a ludicrous description of his answerers, great fancy:—

"The whole *Posse Archidiaconatus* was raised to repress me; and great riding there was, and sending post every way to pick out the ablest ecclesiastical droles to prepare an answer. Never was such a hubbub made about a sorry book. One flattered himself with being at least a surrogate; another was so modest as to set up with being but a paritor; while the most generous hoped only to be

graciously smiled upon at a good dinner; but the more hungry starvelings generally looked upon it as an immediate call to a benefice; and he that could but write an answer, whatsoever it were, took it for the most dexterous, cheap, and legal way of simony. As is usual on these occasions, there arose no small competition and mutiny among the pretenders."

It seems all the body had not impudence enough, and had too nice consciences, and could not afford an extraordinary expense in wit for the occasion. It was then—

"The author of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity' altered his lodgings to a calumny-office, and kept open chamber for all comers, that he might be supplied himself, or supply others, as there was occasion. But the information came in so slenderly, that he was glad to make use of anything rather than sit out; and there was at last nothing so slight, but it grew material; nothing so false, but he resolved it should go for truth; and what wanted in matter, he would make out with invention and artifice. So that he and his remaining comrades seem to have set up a glass-house, the model of which he had observed from the height of his window in the neigbourhood, and the art he had been initiated into ever since from the manufacture (he will criticise because not orifacture) of *soap-bubbles*, he improved by degrees to the mystery of making *glass drops*, and thence, in running leaps, mounted by these virtues to be Fellow of the Royal Society, Doctor of Divinity, Parson, Prebend, and Archdeacon. The furnace was so hot of itself, that there needed no coals, much less any one to blow them. One burnt the weed, another calcined the flint, a third melted down that mixture; but he himself fashioned all with his breath, and polished with his style, till, out of a mere jelly of sand and ashes, he had furnished a whole cupboard of things, so brittle and incoherent, that the least touch would break them again in pieces, and so transparent, that every man might see through them."

Parker had accused Marvell with having served Cromwell, and being the friend of Milton, then living, at a moment when such an accusation not only rendered a man odious, but put his life in danger. Marvell, who now perceived that Milton, whom he never looked on but with the eyes of reverential awe, was likely to be drawn in his quarrel, touches on this subject with infinite delicacy and tenderness, but not with diminished energy against his malignant adversary, whom he shows to have been an impertinent intruder in Milton's house, where indeed he had first known him. He cautiously alludes to our English Homer by his initials: at that moment the very name of Milton would have tainted the page!

"J. M. was, and is, a man of great learning and sharpness of wit, as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the wrong side; and he writ *flagrante bello*, certain dangerous treatises. But some of his books, upon which you take him at advantage, were of no other nature than that one writ by your own father; only with this difference, that your father's, which I have by me, was written with the same design, but with much less wit or judgment, for which there was no remedy, unless you will supply his judgment with his high Court of Justice. At his Majesty's happy return, J. M. did partake, even as you yourself did, for all your huffing, of his royal clemency, and has ever since expiated himself in a retired silence. Whether it were my foresight, or my good fortune, I never contracted any friendship or confidence with you, but then, it was, you frequented J. M. incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourses you there used, he is too generous to remember. But for you to insult over his old age, to traduce him by your scaramouches, and in your own person, as a schoolmaster, who was born and hath lived more ingenuously and liberally than yourself!"

Marvell, when he lays by his playful humour and fertile

fancy, for more solemn remonstrances, assumes a loftier tone, and a severity of invective, from which, indeed, Parker never recovered.

Accused by Parker of aiming to degrade the Clerical character, Marvell declares his veneration for that holy vocation, and that he reflected even on the failings of the men, from whom so much is expected, with indulgent reverence:—

"Their virtues are to be celebrated, with all encouragement; and if their vices be not notoriously palpable, let the eye, as it defends its organ, so conceal the object by connivance." But there are cases, when even to write satirically against a clergyman, may be not only excusable, but necessary:—"The man who gets into the church by the belfry or the window, ought never to be borne in the pulpit; and so the man who illustrates his own currupt doctrines with as ill a conversation, and adorns the lasciviousness of his life with an equal petulancy of style and language."—In such a concurrence of misdemeanors, what is to be done? The example and the consequence so pernicious! which could not be, "if our great pastors but exercise the wisdom of common shepherds, by parting with one, to stop the infection of the whole flock, when his rottenness grows notorious. Or if our clergy would but use the instinct of other creatures, and chase the blown deer out of their herd, such mischiefs might easily be remedied. In this case it is, that I think a clergyman is laid open to the pen of any one that knows how to manage it; and that every person who has either wit, learning, or sobriety, is licensed, if debauched, to curb him; if erroneous, to catechise him; and if foul-mouthed and biting, to muzzle him.—Such a one would never have come into the church, but to take sanctuary; rather wheresoever men shall find the footing of so wanton a satyr out of his own bounds, the neighbourhood ought, notwithstanding all his

pretended capering divinity, to hunt him through the woods, with hounds and horse, home to his harbour."

And he frames an ingenious apology for the freedom of his humour, in this attack on the morals and person of his adversary:—

"To write against him (says Marvell) is the odiousest task that ever I undertook, and has looked to me all the while like the cruelty of a living dissection; which, however it may tend to public instruction, and though I have picked out the most noxious creature to be anatomized, yet doth scarce excuse the offensiveness of the scent and fouling of my fingers: therefore, I will here break off abrubtly, leaving many a vein not laid open, and many a passage not searched into. But if I have undergone the drudgery of the most loathsome part already, (which is his personal character,) I will not defraud myself of what is more truly pleasant, the conflict with, if it may be so called, his reason.—"

It was not only in these "pen-combats" that this Literary Quarrel proceeded; it seems also to have broken out in the streets; for a tale has been preserved of a rencontre, which shows at once the brutal manners of Parker and the exquisite wit of Marvell. Parker meeting Marvell in the streets, the bully attempted to shove him from the wall: but, even there, Marvell's agility contrived to lay him sprawling in the kennel; and looking on him pleasantly, told him to "lie there for a son of a whore!" Parker complained to the Bishop of Rochester, who immediately sent for Marvell, to reprimand him; but he maintained that the Doctor had so called himself, in one of his recent publications; and pointing to the Preface, where Parker declares "he is 'a true son of his mother, the Church of England;' and if you read farther on, my lord, you find he says: 'The Church of England has spawned two bastards, the Presbyterians and the Congregationists;' ergo, my lord, he expressly declares that he is the *son of a whore!*"

Although Parker retreated from any further attack, after the second part of "The Rehearsal transprosed," he in truth only suppressed passions to which he was giving vent, in secrecy and silence. That, indeed, was not discovered till a posthumous Work of his appeared, in which one of the most striking parts is a most disgusting caricature of his old antagonist. Marvell was, indeed, a republican, the pupil of Milton, and adored his master: but his morals and his manners were Roman—he lived on the turnip of Curtius, and he would have bled at Philippi. We do not sympathize with the fierce republican spirit of those unhappy times that scalped the head, feebly protected by a mitre or a crown. But the private virtues and the rich genius of such a man are pure from the taint of party. We are now to see how far private hatred can distort, in its hideous vengeance, the resemblance it affects to give after nature. Who could imagine that Parker is describing Marvell in these words?—

"Among these insolent revilers of great fame for ribaldry, was one Marvell. From his youth, he lived in all manner of wickedness; and thus, with a singular petulancy from nature, he performed the office of a satirist for the faction, not so much from the quickness of his wit, as from the sourness of his temper. A vagabond, ragged, hungry poetaster, beaten at every tavern, where he daily received the rewards of his impudence in kicks and blows.* By the interest of Milton, to whom he was somewhat agreeable for his malignant wit, he became the under-secretary to Cromwell's secretary."

And elsewhere he calls him "a drunken buffoon," and asserts that "he made his conscience more cheap than he had formerly made his reputation;" but the familiar anecdote of Marvell's political honesty, when, wanting a din-

* Vanus, pannosus, et famelicus poetaster œnopolis quovis vapulans, fuste et calce indies petulantiæ pœnas tulit—are the words in Parker's "*De Rebus sui Temporis Commentariorum.*"—P. 275.

ner, he declined the gold sent to him by the king, sufficiently replies to the calumniator. Parker, then in his retreat, seems not to have been taught anything like modesty by his silence, as Burnet conjectured; who says, "that a face of brass must grow red, when it is burnt as his was." It was even then that the recreant, in silence, was composing the libel, which his cowardice dared not publish, but which his invincible malice has sent down to posterity.

D'AVENANT

AND A CLUB OF WITS.

Calamities of Epic Poets—Character and Anecdotes of D'Avenant—attempts a new vein of invention—the Critics marshalled against each other on the Gondibert—D'Avenant's sublime feelings of Literary Fame—attacked by a Club of Wits, in two books of Verses—the strange misconception hitherto given respecting the Second Part—various specimens of the Satires on Gondibert, the Poet, and his Panegyrist Hobbes—the Poet's silence; and his neglect of the unfinished Epic, while the Philosopher keenly retorts on the Club, and will not allow of any authority in Wit.

The memoirs of Epic Poets, in as far as they relate to the history of their own epics, would be the most calamitous of all the suitors of the Muses, whether their works have reached us, or scarcely the names of the poets. An epic, which has sometimes been the labour of a life, is the game of the wits and the critics. One ridicules what is written; the other censures for what has not been written; —and it has happened, in some eminent instances, that the rudest assailants of him who "builds the lofty rime," have been his ungenerous contemporaries. Men, whose names are now endeared to us, and who have left their KTHMA ES AEI, which Hobbes so energetically translates "a possession for everlasting," have bequeathed an inheritance to posterity, of which they have never been in the receipt of the revenue. "The first fruits" of genius have been too often gathered to place upon its tomb. Can we believe that Milton did not endure mortification from the neglect of "evil days," as certainly as Tasso was goaded to mad-

ness by the systematic frigidity of his critics? He who is now before us had a mind not less exalted than Milton or Tasso; but was so effectually ridiculed, that he has only sent us down the fragment of a great work.

One of the curiosities in the history of our poetry, is the GONDIBERT of D'AVENANT; and the fortunes and the fate of this epic are as extraordinary as the poem itself. Never has an author deserved more copious memoirs than the fertility of this man's genius claims. His life would have exhibited a moving picture of genius in action and in contemplation. With all the infirmities of lively passions, he had all the redeeming virtues of magnanimity and generous affections; but with the dignity and the powers of a great genius, falling among an age of wits, he was covered by ridicule. D'Avenant was a man who had viewed human life in all its shapes, and had himself taken them. A poet and a wit, the creator of the English stage with the music of Italy and the scenery of France; a soldier, an emigrant, a courtier, and a politician;—he was, too, a state-prisoner, awaiting death with his immortal poem in his hand;* and at all times a philosopher!

* D'Avenant commenced his poem during his exile at Paris. The preface is dated from the Louvre; the postscript, from Cowes Castle, in the Isle of Wight, where he was then confined, expecting his immediate execution. The poem, in the first edition, 1651, is therefore abruptly concluded. There is something very affecting and great in his style on this occasion. "I am here arrived at the middle of the third book. But it is high time to strike sail and cast anchor, though I have run but half my course, when at the helm I am threatened with *death;* who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome; and even in the innocent, may beget such a gravity, as diverts the music of verse. Even in a worthy design, I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as *dying;*—and 'tis an experiment to the most experienced; for no man (though his mortifications may be much greater than mine) can say, *he has already died.*"—D'Avenant is said to have written a letter to Hobbes about this time, giving some account of his progress in the third book. "But why (said he) should I trouble you or myself with these thoughts,

That hardiness of enterprise which had conducted him through life, brought the same novelty, and conferred on him the same vigour, in literature.

D'Avenant attempted to open a new vein of the invention in narrative poetry; which not to call *epic*, he termed *heroic;* and which we who have more completely emancipated ourselves from the arbitrary mandates of Aristotle and Bossu, have since styled romantic. Scott, Southey, and Byron have taught us this freer scope of invention, but characterised by a depth of passion which is not found in D'Avenant. In his age, the title which he selected to describe the class of his poetical narrative, was a miserable source of petty criticism. It was decreed, that every poem should resemble another poem, on the plan of the ancient epic. This was the golden age of "the poet-apes," till they found that it was easier to produce epic writers than epic readers.

But our poet, whose manly genius had rejected one great absurdity, had the folly to adopt another. The first reformers are always more heated with zeal than enlightened by sagacity. The four-and-twenty chapters of an epic, he perceived, were but fantastical divisions, and pro-

when I am pretty certain I shall be hanged next week?"—A stroke of the gaiety of temper of a very thoughtful mind; for D'Avenant, with all his wit and fancy, has made the profoundest reflections on human life.

The reader may be interested to know, that after D'Avenant's removal from Cowes to the Tower, to be tried, his life was saved by the gratitude of two aldermen of York, whom he had obliged. It is delightful to believe the story told by Bishop Newton, that D'Avenant owed his life to Milton; Wood, indeed, attributes our poet's escape to both; at the Restoration D'Avenant interposed, and saved Milton. Poets, after all, envious as they are to a brother, are the most generously-tempered of men: they libel, but they never hang; they will indeed throw out a sarcasm on the man whom they saved from being hanged. "Please your majesty," said Sir John Denham, "do not hang George Withers—that it may not be said I am the worst poet alive."

bably, originally, but accidental; yet he proposed another form, as chimerical; he imagined that by having only five he was constructing his poem on the dramatic plan of five acts. He might with equal propriety have copied the Spanish comedy which I once read, in twenty-five acts, and in no slender folio. "Sea-marks (says D'Avenant, alluding to the works of antiquity) are chiefly useful to *coasters*, and serve not those who have the ambition of *discoverers*, that love to sail in untried seas;" and yet he was attempting to turn an epic poem into a monstrous drama, from the servile habits he had contracted from his intercourse with the theatre! This error of the poet has, however, no material influence on the Gondibert, as it has come down to us; for, discouraged and ridiculed, our adventurer never finished his voyage of discovery. He who had so nobly vindicated the freedom of the British Muse from the meanness of imitation, and clearly defined what such a narrative as he intended should be, "a perfect glass of nature, which gives us a familiar and easy view of ourselves," did not yet perceive that there is no reason why a poetical narrative should be cast into any particular form, or be longer or shorter than the interest it excites will allow.

More than a century and a half have elapsed since the first publication of Gondibert, and its merits are still a subject of controversy; an indubitable proof of some inherent excellence not willingly forgotten. The critics are marshalled on each side, one against the other, while between these formidable lines stands the poet, with a few scattered readers;* but what is more surprising in the history of

* It would form a very curious piece of comparative criticism, were the opinions and the arguments of all the critics—those of the time and of the present day—thrown into the smelting pot. The massiness of some opinions of great authority would be reduced to a thread of wire; and even what is accepted as a standard ore, might shrink into "a gilt sixpence." On one side, the condemners of D'Avenant

the Gondibert, the poet is a great poet, the work imperishable!

would be Rymer, Blackwall, Granger, Knox, Hurd, and Hayley; and the advocates would be Hobbes, Waller, Cowley, Dr. Aikin, Headley, &c. Rymer opened his Aristotelian text-book. He discovers that that the poet's first lines do not give any light into his design (it is probable D'Avenant would have found it hard to have told it to Mr. Rymer;) that it has neither proposition nor invocation—(Rymer might have filled these up himself;) so that "he chooses to enter into the top of the house, because mortals of mean and satisfied minds go in at the door;" and then "he has no hero or action so illustrious that the *name* of the poem prepared the reader for its reception." D'Avenant had rejected the marvellous from his poem—that is, the machinery of the epic: he had resolved to compose a tale of human beings for men. "This was," says Blackwall, another of the classical flock, "like lopping off a man's limb, and then putting him upon running races." Our formal critics are quite lively in their dullness on our "adventurer." But poets, in the crisis of a poetical revolution, are more legitimate judges than all such critics. Waller and Cowley applaud D'Avenant for this very omission of the epical machinery in this new vein of invention:—

> "Here no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
> But human passions such as with us dwell;
> *Man is thy theme*, his virtue or his rage,
> Drawn to the life in each elaborate page."
>
> WALLER.

> "Methinks heroic poesy, till now,
> Like some fantastic fairy-land did show,
> *And all but man, in man's best work had place.*"
>
> COWLEY.

Hurd's discussion on Gondibert, in his Commentaries, is the most important piece of criticism; subtle, ingenious, and exquisitely analytical. But he holds out the fetter of authority, and he decides as a judge who expounds laws; not the best decision, when new laws are required to abrogate obsolete ones. And what laws invented by man can be immutable? D'Avenant was thus tried by the laws of a country, that of Greece or Rome, of which, it is said, he was not even a denizen.

It is remarkable that all the critics who condemn D'Avenant could not but be struck by his excellences, and are very particular in ex-

The Gondibert has poetical defects fatal for its popularity; the theme was not happily chosen; the quatrain has been discovered by capricious ears to be unpleasing, though its solemnity was felt by Dryden. The style is sometimes harsh and abrupt, though often exquisite; and the fable is deficient in that rapid interest which the story-loving readers of all times seem most to regard. All these are diseases which would have long since proved mortal in a poem less vital; but our poet was a commanding genius, who redeemed his bold errors by his energetic originality. The luxuriancy of his fancy, the novelty of his imagery, the grandeur of his views of human life; his delight in the new sciences of his age;—these are some of his poetical virtues. But, above all, we dwell on the impressive solemnity of his philosophical reflections, and his condensed epigrammatic thoughts. The work is often more ethical than poetical; yet, while we feel ourselves becoming wiser at every page, in the fullness of our minds we still perceive that our emotions have been seldom stirred by passion. The poem falls from our hands! yet is there none, of which we wish to retain so many single verses. D'Avenant is a poetical Rochefoucault; the sententious force of his maxims on all human affairs could only have been composed by one who had lived in a constant intercourse with mankind.*

pressing their admiration of his genius. I mean all the critics who have read the poem: some assuredly have criticised with little trouble.

* I select some of these lines as examples. Of Care, who only "seals her eyes in cloisters," he says,

"She visits cities, though she dwells in thrones."

Of learned Curiosity, eager, but not to be hurried—the student is

"Hasty to know, but not by haste beguiled."

He calls a library, with sublime energy,

"The monument of vanish'd minds."

A delightful invention in this poem is "the House of Astragon," a philosophical residence. Every great poet is affected by the revolutions of his age. The new experimental philosophy had revived the project of Lord Bacon's learned retirement, in his philosophical romance of the Atalantis; and subsequently in a time of civil repose after civil war, Milton, Cowley, and Evelyn attempted to devote an abode to science itself. These tumults of the imagination subsided in the establishment of the Royal Society. D'Avenant anticipated this institution. On an estate consecrated to philosophy, stands a retired building, on which is inscribed, "Great Nature's Office," inhabited by sages, who are styled "Nature's Registers," busily recording whatever is brought to them by "a throng of Intelligencers," who make "patient observations" in the field, the garden, the river, on every plant, and "every fish and

Never has a politician conveyed with such force a most important precept:

"The laws,
Men from themselves, but not from power, secure."

Of the Court he says,

"There prosperous power sleeps long, though suitors wake."
"Be bold, for number cancels bashfulness;
Extremes, from which a King would blushing shrink,
Unblushing senates act as no excess."

And these lines, taken as they occur:

"Truth's a discovery made by travelling minds."
"Honour's the moral conscience of the great."
"They grow so certain as to need no hope."
"Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds."

I conclude with one complete stanza, of the same cast of reflection. It may be inscribed in the library of the student, in the studio of the artist, in every place where excellence can only be obtained by knowledge.

"Rich are the diligent, who can command
Time, nature's stock! and, could his hour-glass fall,
Would, as for seed of stars, stoop for the sand,
And by incessant labour gather all!"

fowl and beast." Near at hand is "Nature's Nursery," a botanical garden. We have also "a Cabinet of Death," "the monument of bodies," an anatomical collection, which leads to "the Monument of vanished Minds," as the poet finely describes the library. Is it not striking to find, says Dr. Aikin, so exact a model of the *school of Linnæus?*

This was a poem to delight a philosopher; and Hobbes, in a curious epistle prefixed to the work, has strongly marked its distinct beauties. Gondibert not only came forth with the elaborate panegyric of Hobbes, but was also accompanied by the high commendatory poems of Waller and Cowley; a cause which will sufficiently account for the provocations it inflamed among the poetical crew; and besides these accompaniments, there is a preface of great length, stamped with all the force and originality of the poet's own mind; and a postscript, as sublime from the feelings which dictated it as from the time and place of its composition.

In these, this great genius pours himself out with all that "glory of which his large soul appears to have been full," as Hurd has nobly expressed it.* Such a conscious dig-

* Can one read such passages as these, without catching some of the sympathies of a great genius that knows itself?

"He who writes a heroic poem, leaves an estate entailed, and he gives a greater gift to posterity than to the present age; for a public benefit is best measured in the number of receivers; and our contemporaries are but few, when reckoned with those who shall succeed.

"If thou art a malicious reader, thou wilt remember my preface boldly confessed, that a main motive to the undertaking was a desire of fame; and thou mayest likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly, I have some years ago considered that Fame, like Time, only gets a reverence by long running: and that, like a river, 'tis narrowest where 'tis bred, and broadest afar off.

"If thou, reader, art one of those who have been warmed with poetic fire, I reverence thee as my judge; and whilst others tax me with vanity, I appeal to thy conscience whether it be more than such a necessary assurance as thou hast made to thyself in like under-

nity of character, struck the petulant wits with a provoking sense of their own littleness.

A club of wits caballed, and produced a collection of short poems, sarcastically entitled "*Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted in the Second Edition of Gondibert*, 1653." Two years after appeared a brother volume, entitled "*The Incomparable Poem of Gondibert vindicated from the Wit Combats of Four Esquires; Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding;** with these mottos:

"Κοτὲει καὶ ἀοίδος ἀοίδῳ.
Vatum quoque gratia, rara est."
Anglicè,
"One wit-brother
Envies another."

Of these rare tracts, we are told by Anthony Wood, and all subsequent literary historians, too often mere transcribers of title-pages, that the second was written by our author

takings? For when I observe that writers have many enemies, such inward assurance, methinks, resembles that forward confidence in men of arms, which makes them proceed in great enterprise; since the right examination of abilities begins with inquiring whether we doubt ourselves."

Such a composition is injured by mutilation. He here also alludes to his military character: "Nor could I sit idle, and sigh with such as mourn to hear the drum; for if the age be not quiet enough to be taught virtue a pleasant way, the next may be at leisure; nor could I (like men that have civilly slept till they are old in dark cities) think war a novelty." Shakespeare could not have expressed his feelings, in his own style, more eloquently touching, than D'Avenant.

* It is said there were four writers. The Clinias and Dametas were probably Sir John Denham and Jo. Donne; Sir Allan Broderick and Will Crofts, who is mentioned by the club as one of their fellows, appear to be the Sancho and Jack Pudding. Will Crofts was a favourite with Charles II.: he had been a skilful agent, as appears in Clarendon. Howell has a poem "On some who, blending their brains together, plotted how to bespatter one of the Muses' choicest sons, Sir William D'Avenant."

himself. Would not one imagine that it was a real vindication, or at least a retort courteous on these obliging friends? The irony of the whole volume has escaped their discovery. The second tract is a continuation of the satire: a mock defence, where the sarcasm, and the pretended remonstrance are sometimes keener than the open attack. If, indeed, D'Avenant were the author of a continuation of a satire on himself, it is an act of *felo de se* no poet ever committed; a self-flagellation by an iron whip, where blood is drawn at every stroke, the most penitent bard never inflicted on himself. Would D'Avenant have bantered his proud labour, by calling it "incomparable?" And were it true, that he felt the strokes of their witty malignity so lightly, would he not have secured his triumph by finishing that Gondibert, "the monument of his mind?" It is too evident, that this committee of wits hurt the quiet of a great mind.

As for this series of Literary satires, it might have been expected, that since the wits clubbed, this committee ought to have been more effective in their operations. Many of their papers were, no doubt, more blotted with their wine than their ink. Their variety of attack is playful, sarcastic, and malicious. They were then such exuberant wits, that they could make even ribaldry and grossness witty. My business with these wicked trifles is only as they concerned the feelings of the great poet, whom they too evidently hurt, as well as the great philosopher who condescended to notice these wits, with wit more dignified than their own.

Unfortunately for our "jeered Will," as in their usual court style they call him, he had met with "a foolish mischance," well known among the collectors of our British portraits. There was a feature in his face, or rather no feature at all, that served as a perpetual provocative: there was no precedent of such a thing, says Suckling, in "The Sessions of the Poets"—

"In all their records, in verse or in prose,
There was none of a Laureat who wanted a nose."

Besides, he was now doomed—

"Nor could old Hobbes
Defend him from dry bobbs."

The preface of Gondibert, the critical epistle of Hobbes, and the poems of the two greatest poets in England, were first to be got rid of. The attack is brisk and airy.

"UPON THE PREFACE.

"Room for the best of poets heroic,
If you'll believe two wits and a Stoic.
Down go the *Iliads*, down go the *Æneidos;*
All must give place to the *Gondiberteidos.*
For to *Homer* and *Virgil* he has a just pique,
Because one's writ in Latin, the other in Greek;
Besides an old grudge (our critics they say so)
With *Ovid*, because his sirname was *Naso.*
If fiction the fame of a poet thus raises,
What poets are you that have writ his praises?
But we justly quarrel at this our defeat;
You give us a stomach, he gives us no meat.
A preface to no book, a porch to no house;
Here is the mountain, but where is the mouse?"

This stroke, in the mock defence, is thus warded off, with a slight confession of the existence of "the mouse."

"Why do you bite, you men of fangs
(That is, of teeth that forward hangs,)
And charge my dear Ephestion
With want of meat? you want digestion.
We poets use not so to do,
To find men meat and stomach too.
You have the book, you have the house,
And mum, good Jack, and catch the mouse."

Among the personal foibles of D'Avenant, appears a desire to disguise his humble origin; and to give it an air of lineal descent, he probably did not write his name as his

father had done. It is said he affected, at the cost of his mother's honour, to insinuate that he was the son of Shakespeare, who used to bait at his father's inn. These humorists first reduce D'Avenant to "Old Daph."

"Denham, come help me to laugh,
At old Daph,
Whose fancies are higher than chaff."

Daph swells afterwards into "Daphne;" a change of sex, inflicted on the Poet for making one of his heroines a man; and this new alliance to Apollo becomes a source of perpetual allusion to the bays—

"Cheer up, small wits, now *you* shall crowned be,—
Daphne himself is turned into a tree."

One of the club inquires about the situation of *Avenant*—

"——— where now it lies,
Whether in Lombard.* or the skies."

Because, as seven cities disputed for the birth of Homer, so after ages will not want towns claiming to be *Avenant*—

"Some say by *Avenant* no place is meant,
And that our Lombard is without descent;
And as, by *Bilk*, men mean there's nothing there,
So come from *Avenant*, means from *no where*.
Thus *Will*, intending *D'Avenant* to grace,
Has made a notch in's name like that in's face."

D'Avenant had been knighted for his good conduct at the siege of Gloucester, and was to be tried by the Parliament, but procured his release without trial. This produces the following sarcastic epigram.—

"UPON FIGHTING WILL.

"The King Knights Will for fighting on his side;
Yet when Will comes for fighting to be tried,
There is not one in all the armies can
Say they e'er felt, or saw, this fighting man.

* The scene where the story of Gondibert is placed, which the wits sometimes pronounced *Lumber* and *Lumbery*.

Strange that the Knight should not be known i' the field;
A face well charged, though nothing in his shield.
Sure fighting Will like *basilisk* did ride
Among the troops, and all that *saw* Will died;
Else how could Will, for fighting, be a Knight,
And none alive that ever saw Will fight?"

Of the malignancy of their wit, we must preserve one specimen. They probably harassed our poet with anonymous despatches from the club: for there appears another poem on D'Avenant's anger on such an occasion:—

"A LETTER SENT TO THE GOOD KNIGHT.

"Thou hadst not been thus long neglected,
But we, thy four best friends, expected,
Ere this time, thou hadst stood corrected.
But since that planet governs still,
That rules thy tedious fustian quill
'Gainst nature and the Muses' will;
When, by thy friends' advice and care,
'Twas hoped, in time, thou wouldst despair
To give ten pounds to write it fair;
Lest thou to all the world would show it,
We thought it fit to let thee know it:
Thou art a damn'd insipid poet!"

These literary satires contain a number of other "pasquils," burlesqueing the characters, the incidents, and the stanza, of the GONDIBERT: some not the least witty are the most gross, and must not be quoted; thus the wits of that day were poetical suicides, who have shortened their lives by their folly.

D'Avenant, like more than one epic poet, did not tune to his ear the *names* of his personages. They have added, to show that his writings are adapted to an easy musical singer, "the names of his heroes and heroines, in these verses:—

"Hurgonil, Astolpho, Borgia, Goltha, Tibalt,
Astragon, Hermoglid, Ulfinor, Orgo, Thula,"

And "epithets that will serve for any substantives, either in this part or the next."

Such are the labours of the idlers of genius, envious of the nobler industry of genius itself! How the great author's spirit was nourished by the restoratives of his other friends, after the bitter decoctions prescribed by these "Four," I fear we may judge by the unfinished state in which Gondibert has come down to us. D'Avenant seems, however, to have guarded his dignity by his silence; but Hobbes took an opportunity of delivering an exquisite opinion on this Club of Wits, with perfect philosophical indifference. It is in a letter to the Hon. Edward Howard, who requested to have his sentiments on another heroic poem of his own, "The British Princes."

"My judgment in poetry hath, you know, been once already censured, by very good wits, for commending Gondibert; but yet they have not, I think, disabled my testimony. For, *what authority is there in wit?* A jester may have it; a man in drink may have it, and be fluent over night, and wise and dry in the morning. What is it? or who can tell whether it be better to have it, or be without it, especially if it be a pointed wit? I will take my liberty to praise what I like, as well as they do to reprehend what they do not like."

The stately Gondibert was not likely to recover favour in the Court of Charles the Second, where man was never regarded in his true greatness, but to be ridiculed; a court where the awful presence of Clarendon became so irksome, that the worthless monarch exiled him; a court where nothing was listened to but wit at the cost of sense, the injury of truth, and the violation of decency; where a poem of magnitude with new claims, was a very business for those volatile arbiters of taste; an Epic Poem that had been travestied and epigrammed, was a national concern with them, which, next to some new state-plot, that occurred oftener than a new Epic, might engage the monarch

and his privy council. These were not the men to be touched by the compressed reflections and the ideal virtues personified in this poem. In the court of the laughing voluptuary the manners as well as the morals of these satellites of pleasure were so little heroic, that those of the highest rank, both in birth and wit, never mentioned each other but with the vulgar familiarity of nicknames, or the coarse appellatives of Dick, Will, and Jack! Such was the era when the serious Gondibert was produced, and such were the judges who seemed to have decided its fate.

THE

PAPER-WARS OF THE CIVIL WARS.

The "Mercuries" and "Diurnals," archives of political fictions—"The Diurnals," in the pay of the Parliament, described by BUTLER and CLEIVELAND—Sir JOHN BIRKENHEAD excels in sarcasm, with specimens of his "Mercurius Aulicus"—how he corrects his own lies—Specimens of the Newspapers on the side of the Commonwealth.

AMONG these battles of Logomachy, in which so much ink has been spilt, and so many pens have lost their edge—at a very solemn period in our history, when all around was distress and sorrow, stood forwards the facetious ancestors of that numerous progeny who still flourish among us, and who, without a suspicion of their descent, still bear the features of their progenitors, and inherit so many of the family humours. These were the MERCURIES and DIURNALS—the newspapers of our Civil Wars.

The distinguished heroes of these Paper-Wars, Sir John Birkenhead, Marchmont Needham, and Sir Roger L'Estrange, I have elsewhere portrayed.* We have had of late correct lists of these works; but no one seems as yet to have given any clear notion of their spirit and their manner.

The London Journals in the service of the Parliament were usually the *Diurnals*. These politicians practised

* Curiosities of Literature, 11th Edition, p. 56.

an artifice which cannot be placed among "the lost inventions." As these were hawked about the metropolis to spur curiosity, often languid from over-exercise, or to wheedle an idle spectator into a reader, every paper bore on its front the inviting heads of its intelligence. Men placed in the same circumstances, will act in the same manner, without any notion of imitation; and the passions of mankind are now addressed by the same means which our ancestors employed, by those who do not suspect they are copying them.

These *Diurnals* have been blasted by the lightnings of Butler and Cleiveland. Hudibras is made happy at the idea that he may be

> "Register'd by fame eternal,
> In deathless pages of DIURNAL."

But Cleiveland has left us two remarkable effusions of his satiric and vindictive powers, in his curious character of "A Diurnal Maker," and "A London Diurnal." He writes in the peculiar vein of the wit of those times, with an originality of images, whose combinations excite surprise, and whose abundance fatigues our weaker delicacy.

"A Diurnal-Maker is the Sub-Almoner of History; Queen Mab's Register; one whom, by the same figure that a North-country pedlar is a merchantman, you may style an author. The silly countryman who, seeing an ape in a scarlet coat, blessed his young worship, and gave his landlord joy of the hopes of his house, did not slander his compliment with worse application than he that names this shred an historian. To call him an Historian is to knight a Mandrake; 'tis to view him through a perspective, and, by that gross hyperbole, to give the reputation of an engineer to a maker of mousetraps. When these weekly fragments shall pass for history, let the poor man's box be entitled an Exchequer, and the alms-basket a Magazine. Methinks the Turks should license Diurnals, because he prohibits learning and books." He characterizes the Di-

urnals as "a puny chronicle, scarce pin-feathered with the wings of Time; it is a history in sippets; the English Iliads in a nutshell; the Apocryphal Parliament's book of Maccabees in single sheets."

But Cleiveland tells us, that these *Diurnals* differ from a *Mercurius Aulicus* (the paper of his party,)

"As the Devil and his Exorcist, or as a black witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravel her enchantments."

The *Mercurius Aulicus* was chiefly conducted by Sir John Birkenhead, at Oxford, "communicating the intelligence and affairs of the court to the rest of the kingdom." Sir John was a great wag, and excelled in sarcasm and invective; his facility is equal to repartee, and his spirit often reaches to wit: a great forger of tales, who probably considered that a romance was a better thing than a newspaper.* The royal party were so delighted with his witty buffoonery, that Sir John was recommended to be Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford. Did political lying seem to be a kind of moral philosophy to the feelings of a party? The originality of Birkenhead's happy manner

* There is a small poem, published in 1643, entitled "The Great Assizes holden in Parnassus," in the manner of a later work, "The Sessions of the Poets," in which all the Diurnals and Mercuries are arraigned and tried. An impartial satire on them all; and by its good sense and heavy versification, is so much in the manner of George Wither, that some have conjectured it to be that singular author's.—Its rarity gives it a kind of value. Of such verses as Wither's, who has been of late extolled too highly, the chief merit is their sense and truth: which, if he were not tedious, might be an excellence in prose. Antiquaries, when they find a poet adapted for their purposes, conjecture that he is an excellent one. This prosing satirist, strange to say, in some pastoral poetry, has opened the right vein.

Aulicus is well characterized:

——————— "hee, for wicked ends,
Had the Castalian spring defiled with gall,
And changed by Witchcraft most satyricall,

consists in his adroit use of sarcasm: he strikes it off by means of a parenthesis. I shall give as a specimen, one of his summaries of what the *Parliamentary Journals* had been detailing during the week.

"The Londoners in print this week have been pretty copious. They say that *a troop of the Marquess of Newcastle's horse have submitted to the Lord Fairfax.* (They were part of the *German* horse which came over in the *Danish* fleet.*) That the Lord *Wilmot hath been dead five weeks, but the Cavaliers concealed his death.* (Remember this!) That *Sir John Urrey*† *is dead and burried at Oxford.* (He died the same day with the Lord Wilmot.) That the *Cavaliers before they have done, will* HURREY *all men into misery.* (This quibble hath been six times printed, and nobody would take notice of it; now let's hear of it no more!) That *all the Cavaliers which Sir William Waller took prisoners* (*besides* 500) *tooke the National Covenant.* (Yes, all he took (besides 500) tooke the Covenant.) That 2000 *Irish Rebels landed in Wales.* (You called them

> The bayes of Helicon and myrtles mild,
> To pricking hawthornes and to hollies wild.
> ——— with slanders false,
> With forged fictitious calumnies and tales—
> He added fewel to the direful flame
> Of civil discord; and domestic blowes,
> By the incentives of malicious prose.
> For whereas he should have composed his inke
> Of liquors that make flames expire, and shrink
> Into their cinders—
> — He laboured hard for to bring in
> The exploded doctrines of the Florentine,
> And taught that to dissemble and to lie
> Were vital parts of human policie."

* Alluding to a ridiculous rumour that the King was to receive foreign troops by a Danish fleet.

† Col. Urrey, alias Hurrey, deserted the Parliament, and went over to the King; afterwards deserted the King, and discovered to the Parliament all he knew of the King's forces.—*See Clarendon.*

English Protestants till you cheated them of their money.) That *Sir William Brereton left* 140 *good able men in Hawarden Castle.* ('Tis the better for Sir Michael Earnley, who hath taken the Castle.) That *the Queen hath a great deafnesse.* (Thou hast a great blister on thy tongue.) That *the Cavaliers burned all the suburbs of Chester, that Sir William Brereton might find no shelter to besiedge it.* (There was no hayrick, and Sir William cares for no other shelter.*) The Scottish Dove says (there are Doves in Scotland!) that *Hawarden Castle had but forty men in it when the Cavaliers took it.* (Another told you here were 140 lusty stout fellows in it: for shame, gentlemen! conferre Notes!) That *Colonel Norton at Rumsey took* 200 *prisoners.* (I saw them counted: they were just two millions.) Then the *Dove* hath this sweet passage: *O Auli-*

* This Sir William Brereton, or, as Clarendon writes the name Bruerton, was the famous Cheshire knight, whom Cleiveland characterizes as one of those heroes whose courage lies in their teeth. "Was Brereton," says the loyal Satirist, "to fight with his teeth, as he in all other things resembles the beast, he would have odds of any man at this weapon. He's a terrible slaughterman at a Thanksgiving dinner. Had he been cannibal enough to have eaten those he vanquished, his gut would have made him valiant." And in "Loyal Songs" his valiant appetite is noticed:

> "But oh! take heed lest he do eat
> The Rump all at one dinner!"

And Aulicus, we see, accuses him of concealing his bravery in a hayrick. It is always curious and useful to confer the writers of intemperate times one with another. Lord Clarendon, whose great mind was incapable of descending to scurrility, gives a very different character to this pot-valiant and hay-rick runaway; for he says, "It cannot be denied but Sir William Brereton, and the other gentlemen of that party, albeit their educations and course of life had been very different from their present engagements, and for the most part very unpromising in matters of war, and therefore were too much contemned enemies, executed their commands with notable sobriety and indefatigable industry, (virtues not so well practised in the King's quarters,) insomuch as the best soldiers who encountered with them had no cause to despise them."—*Clarendon,* vol. ii. p. 147.

cus, thou profane wretch, that darest scandalize God's *saints, darest thou call that loyal subject Master Pym a traitor?* (Yes, pretty *Pigeon*,* he was charged with six articles by his Majesty's Atturney Generall.) Next he says, that *Master Pym died like Moses upon the mount.* (He did not die upon the mount, but should have done.) Then he says, *Master Pym died in a good old age, like Jacob in Egypt.* (Not like Jacob, yet just as those died in Egypt in the days of Pharaoh."†)

As Sir John was frequently the propagator of false intelligence, it was necessary at times to seem scrupulous, and to correct some slight errors. He does this very adroitly, without diminishing his invectives.

* "The Scotch Dove" seems never to have recovered from this metamorphosis, but ever after, among the newsmongers, was known to be only a Widgeon. His character is not very high in "The Great Assizes."

> "The innocent *Scotch Dove* did then advance,
> Full sober in his wit and countenance;
> And, though his book contain'd not mickle scence,
> Yet his endictment shew'd no great offence.
> Great wits to perils great, themselves expose
> Oft-times; but the *Scotch Dove* was none of those.
> In many words he little matter drest,
> And did laconick brevity detest.
> But while his readers did expect some Newes,
> They found a Sermon—"

The Scotch Dove desires to meet the classical Aulicus in the duel of the pen:

> ——————— "to turn me loose,
> A *Scottish Dove* against a *Roman Goose*."

"The Scotch Dove" is condemned "to cross the seas, or to repasse the Tweede." They all envy him his "easy mulct," but he wofully exclaims at the hard sentence,

> "For if they knew that *home* as well as he,
> They'd rather die than there imprison'd be!"

† This stroke alludes to a rumour of the times, noticed also by Clarendon, that Pym died of the *morbus pediculosus*.

"We must correct a mistake or two in our two last weeks. We advertised you of certain money speeches made by Master *John* Sedgwick: on better information, it was not *John*, but *Obadiah*, Presbyter of Bread-street, who in the pulpit in hot weather used to unbutton his doublet, which John, who wanted a thumb, forbears to practise. And when we told you last week, of a committee of *Lawyers* appointed to put their new *Seale* in execution, we named, among others, Master George Peard.* I confess this was no small errour, to reckon Master Peard among the *Lawyers*, because he now lies sicke, and so farre from being their new *Lord Keeper*, that he now despairs to become their *Door-keeper*, which office he performed heretofore. But since Master Peard has become desperately sick; and so his vote, his law, and haire have all forsook him, his corporation of Barnstable have been in perfect health and loyalty. The town of Barnstable having submitted to the King, this will no doubt be a special cordial for their languishing Burgess. And yet the man may grow hearty again when he hears of the late defeat given to his Majesty's forces in Lincolnshire."

This paper was immediately answered by MARCHMONT NEEDHAM, in his "Mercurius Britannicus," who cannot boast the playful and sarcastic bitterness of Sir John; yet is not the dullest of his tribe. He opens his reply thus:

"Aulicus will needs venture his soule upon the other *half-sheet;* and this week he *lies*, as completely as ever he did in *two full sheets;* full of as many scandals and fictions, full of as much stupidity and ignorance, full of as many tedious untruths as ever. And because he would *recrute* the reputation of his wit, he falls into the company of our *Diurnals* very furiously, and there lays about him in the midst of our weekly pamphlets; and he casts in the few squibs, and the little wildfire he hath, dashing out his con-

* "Peard, a bold lawyer of little note."—*Clarendon.*

ceits; and he takes it ill that the poore scribblers should tell a story for their living; and after a whole week spent at Oxford, in inke and paper, to as little purpose as *Maurice* spent his shot and powder at *Plimouth*, he gets up about Saturday, into a jingle or two, for he cannot reach to a full jest; and I am informed that the three-quarter conceits in the last leaf of his Diurnall cost him fourteen pence in *aqua vitæ*."

Sir John never condescends formally to reply to Needham, for which he gives this singular reason:—"As for this libeller, we are still resolved to take no notice till we find him able to spell his own name, which to this hour BRITANNICUS never did."

In the next number of Needham, who had always written it *Brittanicus*, the correction was silently adopted. There was no crying down etymology of an Oxford malignant.

I give a short narrative of the political temper of the times, in their unparalleled gazettes.

At the first breaking out of the parliament's separation from the royal party, when the public mind, full of consternation in that new anarchy, shook with the infirmity of childish terrors, the most extravagant reports were as eagerly caught up as the most probable, and served much better the purposes of their inventors. They had daily discoveries of new conspiracies, which appeared in a pretended correspondence written from Spain, France, Italy or Denmark: they had their amusing literature, mixed with their grave politics; and a dialogue between "a Dutch mariner and an English ostler," could alarm the nation as much as the last letter from their "private correspondent." That the wildest rumours were acceptable appears from their contemporary Fuller. Armies were talked of, concealed under ground by the king, to cut the throats of all the Protestants in a night. He assures us, that one of the most prevailing dangers among the Londoners was, "a de-

sign laid for a mine of powder under the Thames, to cause the river to drown the city." This desperate expedient, it seems, was discovered just in time to prevent its execution; and the people were devout enough to have a public thanksgiving, and watched with a little more care, that the Thames might not be blown up. However, the plot was really not so much at the bottom of the Thames as at the bottom of their purses. Whenever they wanted 100,000*l.* they raised a plot, they terrified the people, they appointed a thanksgiving-day, and while their ministers addressed to God himself all the news of the week, and even reproached him for the rumours against their cause, all ended as is usual at such times, with the gulled multitude contributing more heavily to the adventurers who ruled them than the legal authorities had exacted in their greatest wants. "The Diurnals" had propagated thirty-nine of these "Treasons, or new Taxes," according to one of the members of the House of Commons, who had watched their patriotic designs.

"These "Diurnals" sometimes used such language as the following, from "The Weekly Accompt," January 1643:—

"This day afforded no newes at all, but onely what was *heavenly* and *spiritual*;" and he gives an account of the public fasts, and of the grave Divine Master Henderson's Sermon, with his texts in the morning; and in the afternoon, another of Master Strickland, with his texts—and of their spiritual effect over the whole parliament!

Such news as the following was sometimes very agreeable:—

"From Oxford it is informed, that on Sunday last was fortnight in the evening, Prince Rupert, accompanied with some lords, and other cavaliers, *danced through the streets, openly, with music before them*, to one of the colleges; where, after they had stayed about half an houre, they returned back again, dancing with the same music; and immediately

there followed *a pack of women or curtizans*, as it may be supposed, for they were hooded, and could not be knowne; and this the party who related affirmed he saw with his own eyes."

On this the Diurnal-maker pours out severe anathemas—and one, with a *note*, that "*dancing* and *drabbing* are inseparable companions, and follow one another close at the heels." He assures his readers, that the malignants or royalists, only fight like sensual beasts, to maintain their dancing and drabbing!—Such was the revolutionary tone here, and such the arts of faction everywhere. The matter was rather peculiar to our country, but the principle was the same as practised in France. Men of opposite characters, when acting for the same concealed end, must necessarily form parallels.

POLITICAL CRITICISM

ON

LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

ANTHONY WOOD and LOCKE—MILTON and SPRAT—BURNET and his History—PRIOR and ADDISON—SWIFT and STEELE—WAGSTAFFE and STEELE—STEELE and ADDISON—HOOKE and MIDDLETON—GILBERT WAKEFIELD—MARVELL and MILTON—CLARENDON and MAY.

VOLTAIRE, in his letters on our nation, has hit off a marked feature in our national physiognomy. "So violent did I find parties in London, that I was assured by several that the Duke of MARLBOROUGH was a coward, and Mr. POPE a fool."

A foreigner indeed could hardly expect that in collecting the characters of English authors by English authors (a labour which has long afforded me pleasure often interrupted by indignation)—in a word, that a class of literary history should turn out a collection of personal quarrels. Would not this modern Baillet, in his new *Jugemens des Sçavans*, so ingeniously inquisitive but so infinitely confused, require to be initiated into the mysteries of that spirit of party peculiar to our free country!

All that boiling rancour which sputters against the thoughts, the style, the taste, the moral character of an author, is often nothing more than practising what, to give it a name, we may call *Political Criticism in Literature;* where an author's literary character is attacked solely from the accidental circumstance of his differing in opinion from

his critics, on subjects unconnected with the topics he treats of.

Could Anthony Wood, had he not been influenced by this political criticism, have sent down LOCKE to us, as "a man of turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented, prating, and troublesome?"* But Locke was the antagonist of FILMER, that advocate of arbitrary power; and Locke is described "as bred under a fanatical tutor," and when in Holland, as one of those who under the earl of Shaftesbury "stuck close to him when discarded, and carried on the *trade of faction* beyond and within the seas several years after." In the great original genius, born, like BACON and NEWTON, to create a new era in the history of the human mind, this political literary critic, who was not always deficient in his perceptions of genius, could only discover "a trader in faction," though in his honesty he acknowledges him to be "a noted writer."

A more illustrious instance of party-spirit operating against works of genius, is presented to us in the awful character of MILTON. From earliest youth to latest age, endowed with all the characteristics of genius; fervent with all the inspirations of study; in all changes, still the same great literary character as Velleius Paterculus writes of one of his heroes, "Aliquando fortunâ, semper animo maximus:" while in his own day, foreigners, who usually

* A forcible description of Locke may be found in the curious life of Wood, written by himself. I shall give the passage where Wood acknowledges his after celebrity, at the very moment the bigotry of his feelings is attempting to degrade him.

Wood belonged to a club with Locke, and others, for the purpose of hearing chemical lectures. "John Locke of Christ Church was afterwards a noted writer. This John Locke was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented. The Club wrote and took notes from the mouth of their master, who sate at the upper end of a table, but the said John Locke scorned to do it; so that while every man besides of the Club were writing, he would be prating and troublesome."

anticipate posterity, were inquiring after Milton, it is known how utterly disregarded he lived at home. The divine author of the Paradise Lost was always connected with the man for whom a reward was offered in the London Gazette. But in their triumph, the lovers of monarchy missed their greater glory, in not separating for ever the republican secretary of state, from the rival of Homer.

That the genius of Milton pined away in solitude, and that all the consolations of fame were denied him during his life, from this political criticism on his works, is generally known; but not perhaps that this spirit propagated itself far beyond the poet's tomb. I give a remarkable instance. Bishop Sprat, who surely was capable of feeling the poetry of Milton, yet from political antipathy retained such an abhorrence of his *name*, that when the writer of the Latin Inscription on the poet JOHN PHILIPS, in describing his versification, applied to it the term *Miltono*, Sprat ordered it to be erased, as polluting a monument raised in a church.* A mere critical opinion on versification was

* This anecdote deserves preservation; I have drawn it from the MSS. of Bishop KENNET.

"In the Epitaph on JOHN PHILIPS occurs this line on his metre, that

'Uni in hoc laudis genere Miltono secundus,
Primoque pene par.'

These lines were ordered to be razed out of the monument by Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester. The word Miltono being, as he said, not fit to be in a Christian church; but they have since been restored by Dr. ATTERBURY, who succeeded him as Bishop of Rochester, and who wrote the Epitaph jointly with Dr. FREIND."—Lansdowne MSS. No. 908, p. 162.

The anecdote has appeared, but without any authority. Dr. SYMMONS, in his Life of Milton, observing on what he calls Dr. Johnson's "biographical libel on Milton," that Dr. Johnson has mentioned this fact, seems to suspect its authenticity; for, if true, "it would cover the respectable name of Sprat with eternal dishonour." Of its truth the above gives sufficient authority; but at all events the prejudices of Sprat must be pardoned, while I am showing that minds far greater

thus sacrificed to political feeling:—a stream indeed which in its course has hardly yet worked itself clear. It could only have been the strong political feeling of Warton which could have induced him to censure the prose of Milton with such asperity, while he closed his critical eyes on its resplendent passages, which certainly he wanted not the taste to feel,—for he caught in his own pages, occasionally, some of the reflected warmth. This feeling took full possession of the mind of Johnson, who, with all the rage of political criticism on subjects of literature, has condemned the finest works of Milton, and in one of his terrible paroxysms has demonstrated that the Samson Agonistes is "a Tragedy which ignorance has admired, and bigotry applauded." Had not Johnson's religious feelings fortunately interposed between Milton and his "Paradise," we should have wanted the present noble effusion of his criticism; any other Epic by Milton had probably sunk beneath his vigorous sophistry, and his tasteless sarcasm. Lauder's attack on Milton was hardily projected, on a prospect o encouragement, from this political criticism on the literary character of Milton; and he succeeded as long as he could preserve the decency of the delusion.

than his have shared in the same unhappy feeling. Dr. Symmons himself bears no light stain for his slanderous criticism on the genius of Thomas Warton, from the motive we are discussing; though Warton, as my text shows, was too a sinner! I recollect in my youth a more extraordinary instance than any other which relates to Milton. A woman of no education, who had retired from the business of life, became a very extraordinary reader; accident had thrown into her way a large library composed of authors who wrote in the reigns of the two Charleses. She turned out one of the *malignant* party, and an abhorrer of the Commonwealth's men. Her opinion of Cromwell and Milton may be given. She told me it was no wonder that the rebel who had been secretary to the usurper, should have been able to have drawn so finished a character of Satan, and that the Pandæmonium, with all the oratorical devils, was only such as he had himself viewed at Oliver's council-board.

The Spirit of Party has touched with its plague-spot the character of Burnet; it has mildewed the page of a powerful mind, and tainted by its suspicions, its rumours, and its censures, his probity as a man. Can we forbear listening to all the vociferations which faction has thrown out? Do we not fear to trust ourselves amid the multiplicity of his facts? And when we are familiarized with the variety of his historical portraits, are we not startled when it is suggested that "they are tinged with his own passions and his own weaknesses?" Burnet has indeed made "his humble appeal to the great God of Truth" that he has given it as fully as he could find it; and he has expressed his abhorrence of "a lie in history," so much greater a sin than a lie in common discourse, from its lasting and universal nature. Yet these hallowing protestations have not saved him! A cloud of witnesses, from different motives, have risen up to attaint his veracity and his candour; while all the Tory wits have ridiculed his style, impatiently inaccurate, and uncouthly negligent, and would sink his vigour and ardour, while they expose the meanness and poverty of his genius. Thus the literary and the moral character of no ordinary author have fallen a victim to party-feeling.*

* I throw into this note several curious notices respecting BURNET, and chiefly from contemporaries.

Burnet has been accused, after a warm discussion, of returning home in a passion, and then writing the character of a person. But as his feelings were warm, it is probable he might have often practised the reverse. An anecdote of the times is preserved in "The Memoirs of Grub-street," vol. ii. p. 291. "A noble Peer now living declares he stood with a very ill grace in the history, till he had an opportunity put into his hands of obliging the bishop, by granting a favour at court, upon which the bishop told a friend, within an hour, that he was mistaken in such a Lord, and must go and alter his whole character; and so he happens to have a pretty good one." In this place I also find this curious extract from the MS. "Memoirs of the M— of H—." "Such a day Dr. B—t told me King William was an obstinate, conceited man, that would take no advice; and on this day

But this victim to political criticism on literature was himself criminal, and has wreaked his own party feelings

King William told me that Dr. B—t was a troublesome, impertinent man, whose company he could not endure." These anecdotes are very probable, and lead one to reflect. Some political tergiversation has been laid to his charge; Swift accused him of having once been an advocate for passive obedience and absolute power. He has been reproached with the deepest ingratitude, for the purpose of gratifying his darling passion of popularity, in his conduct respecting the Duke of Lauderdale, his former patron.—If the following piece of secret history be true, he showed too much of a compliant humour, at the cost of his honour. I find it in Bishop Kennet's MSS. "Dr. Burnet having *over night* given in some important depositions against the Earl of Lauderdale to the House of Commons, was *before morning*, by the intercession of the D—, made king's chaplain and preacher at the Rolls; so he was bribed to hold the peace." Lansdowne MSS. 990, Bookseller's Cat. This was quite a politician's short way to preferment! An honest man cannot leap up the ascent, however he may try to climb. There was something morally wrong in this transaction, because Burnet notices it, and acknowledges "I was much blamed for what I had done." The story is by no means refuted by the *naïve* apology.

Burnet's character has been vigorously attacked with all the nerve of satire, in "Faction Displayed," attributed to Shippen, whom Pope celebrates—

> —— "And pour myself as plain
> As honest Shippen or as old Montaigne."

Shippen was a Tory. In "Faction Displayed" Burnet is represented with his Cabal (so some party nicknames the other,) on the accession of Queen Anne, plotting the disturbance of her government. "Black Aris's fierceness," that is Burnet, is thus described:

> "A Scotch, seditious, unbelieving priest,
> The brawny chaplain of the calves'-head feast;
> Who first his patron, then his prince betray'd,
> And does that church he's sworn to guard, invade,
> Warm with rebellious rage, he thus began," &c.

One hardly suspects the hermit Parnell capable of writing rather harsh verses, yet stinging satire; they are not in his works; but he wrote the following lines on a report of a fire breaking out in Burnet's

on the *Papist* Dryden, and the *Tory* Prior; Dryden he calls, in the most unguarded language, "a monster of im-

library, which had like to have answered the purpose some wished, of condemning the author and his works to the flames—

"He talks, and writes, that Popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn;
And as of late he meant to bless the age
With *flagrant prefaces of party rage*,
O'ercome with passion and the subject's weight,
Lolling he nodded in his elbow-seat;
Down fell the candle!—Grease and zeal conspire,
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn their sire;
Here crawls a *preface* on its half-burn'd maggots,
An there an *introduction* brings its fagots;
Then roars the prophet of the northern nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on moderation."

Thomas Warton smiles at Burnet for the horrors of Popery which perpetually haunted him, in his life of Sir T. Pope, p. 53. But if we substitute the term arbitrary power for popery, no Briton will join in the abuse Burnet has received on this account. A man of Burnet's fervid temper, whose foible was strong vanity and a passion for popularity, would often rush headlong into improprieties of conduct and language; his enemies have taken ample advantage of his errors; but many virtues his friends have recorded; and the elaborate and spirited character which the Marquis of Halifax has drawn of Burnet may soothe his manes, and secure its repose amid all these disturbances around his tomb. This fine character is preserved in the Biographia Britannica. Burnet is not the only instance of the motives of a man being honourable, while his actions are frequently the reverse, from his impetuous nature. He has been reproached for a want of that truth which he solemnly protests he scrupulously adhered to; yet of many circumstances which were at the time condemned as "lies," when Time drew aside the mighty veil, Truth was discovered beneath. Tovey, with his usual good humour, in his "Anglia Judaica," p. 277, notices "that pleasant copious imagination which will for ever rank our *English Burnet* with the *Grecian Heliodorus*." Roger North, in his "Examen," p. 413, calls him "a busy Scotch parson." Lord Orford sneers at his hasty epithets, and the colloquial carelessness of his style, in his "Historic Doubts," where, in a note, he mentions "*one* Burnet," tells a ridiculous story, mimicking Burnet's

modesty and impurity of all sorts." There had been a literary quarrel between Dryden and Burnet respecting a translation of Varillas' History of Heresies; Burnet had ruined the credit of the papistical author, while Dryden was busied on the translation; and as Burnet says, "he has wreaked his malice on me for spoiling his three months' labour." In return, he kindly informs Dryden, alluding to his poem of The Hind and the Panther, "that he is the author of the *worst* poem the age has produced;" and that as for "his morals, it is scarce possible to grow a worse man than he was"—a personal style not to be permitted in any controversy, but to bring this passion on the hallowed ground of history, was not "casting away his shoe" in the presence of the divinity of truth. It could only have been the spirit of party which induced Burnet, in his History, to mention with contempt and pretended ignorance, so fine a genius as "*one Prior*, who had been Jersey's secretary." It was the same party-feeling in the Tory Prior, in his elegant "Alma," where he has interwoven so graceful a wreath for Pope, that could sneer at the fine soliloquy of the Roman Cato of the Whig Addison:

> "I hope you would not have me die
> *Like simple Cato in the play*,
> For anything that he can say."

It was the same spirit which would not allow that Garth was the author of his celebrated poem—

> "Garth did not write his own Dispensary,"

as Pope ironically alludes to the story of the times: a con-

chit-chat, and concludes surprisingly with "So the Prince of Orange mounted the throne."

After reading this note, how would that learned foreigner proceed, who I have supposed might be projecting the "Judgments of the Learned" on our English authors? Were he to condemn Burnet as an historian void of all honour and authority, he would not want for documents. It would require a few minutes to explain to the foreigner the nature of political criticism.

temporary wit has recorded this literary injury, by repeating it.* And Swift, who once exclaimed to Pope, "The deuce take party!" was himself the greatest sinner of them all. He, once the familiar friend of Steele, till party divided them, not only emptied his shaft of quivers against his literary character, but raised the horrid yell of the war-whoop in his inhuman exultation over the unhappy close of the desultory life of a man of genius. Bitterly has he written—

> "From perils of a hundred jails,
> Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales."

When Steele published "The Crisis," Swift attacked the author in so exquisite a piece of grave irony, that I am tempted to transcribe his inimitable parallels of a triumvirate composed of the Flying Post, Dunton the literary projector, and poor Steele: the one, the Iscariot of hackney scribes; the other, a crack-brained scribbling bookseller, who boasted he had a thousand projects, fancied he had methodized six hundred, and was ruined by the fifty he executed. The following is a specimen of that powerful irony in which Swift excelled all other writers; that fine Cervantic humour, that provoking coolness which Swift preserves while he is panegyrizing the objects of his utter contempt.

"Among the present writers on the Whig side, I can recollect but *three* of any great distinction; which are, the Flying Post, Mr. Dunton, and the Author of The Crisis. The first of these seems to have been much sunk in reputation since the sudden retreat of the only true, genuine, original author, Mr. Ridpath, who is celebrated by the *Dutch Gazetteer* as

* Dr. Wagstaffe, in his "Character of Steele," alludes to the rumour which Pope has sent down to posterity in a single verse: "I should have thought Mr. Steele might have the example of his *friend* before his eyes, who *had the Reputation of being the Author of The Dispensary*, till, by two or three unlucky after-claps, he proved himself incapable of writing it."—Wagstaffe's *Misc. Works*, p. 136.

one of *the best pens in England.* Mr. Dunton hath been longer and more conversant in books than any of the three, as well as more voluminous in his productions: however, having employed his studies in so great a variety of other subjects, he hath, I think, but lately turned his genius to politics. His famous tract entitled *Neck* or *Nothing* must be allowed to be the shrewdest piece, and written with the most spirit of any which hath appeared from that side since the change of the ministry. It is indeed a most cutting satire upon the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke; and I wonder none of our friends ever undertook to answer it. I confess I was at first of the same opinion with several good judges, who from the style and manner suppose it to have issued from the sharp pen of the Earl of Nottingham; and I am still apt to think it might receive his lordship's last hand. The third and principal of this triumvirate is the author of *The Crisis*, who, although he must yield to the *Flying Post* in knowledge of the world and skill in politics, and to Mr. Dunton in keenness of satire and variety of reading, hath yet other qualities enough to denominate him a writer of a superior class to either, provided he would a little regard the propriety and disposition of his words, consult the grammatical part, and get some information on the subject he intends to handle."*

So far this fine ironical satire may be inspected as a model; the polished weapon he strikes with so gracefully,

* I know not how to ascertain the degree of political skill which Steele reached in his new career—he was at least a spirited Whig, but the ministry was then under the malignant influence of the concealed adherents to the Stuarts, particularly of Bolingbroke, and such as Atterbury, whose secret history is now much better known than in their own day. The terrors of the Whigs were not unfounded.—Steele in the House disappointed his friends; from his popular Essays, it was expected he would have been a fluent orator; this was no more the case with him than Addison. On this De Foe said he had better have continued the *Spectator* than the *Tatler*.—Lansdowne's *MSS.* 1097. Bookseller's Cat.

is allowed by all the laws of war; but the political criticism on the literary character, the party feeling which degrades a man of genius, is the drop of poison on its point.

Steele had declared in the "Crisis" that he had always maintained an inviolable respect for the clergy. Swift (who perhaps was aimed at in this instance, and whose character, since the publication of "The Tale of a Tub," lay under a suspicion of an opposite tendency) turns on Steele with all the vigour of his wit, and all the causticity of retort:—

"By this he would insinuate that those papers among the Tatlers and Spectators, where the whole order is abused, were not his own. I will appeal to all who know the flatness of his style, and the barrenness of his invention, whether he doth not grossly prevaricate? *Was he ever able to walk without his leading-strings, or swim without bladders, without being discovered by his hobbling or his sinking?*"

Such was the attack of Swift, which was pursued in the Examiner, and afterwards taken up by another writer. This is one of the evils resulting from the wantonness of genius: it gives a contagious example to the minor race; its touch opens a new vein of invention, which the poorer wits soon break into; the loose sketch of a feature or two from its rapid hand is sufficient to become a minute portrait, where not a hair is spared by the caricaturist. This happened to Steele, whose literary was to be sacrificed to his political character; and this superstructure was confessedly raised on the malicious hints we have been noticing. That the Examiner was the seed-plot of "The Character of Richard St—le, Esq.," appears by its opening—"It will be no injury, I am persuaded, to the Examiner to *borrow him* a little (Steele,) upon promise of returning him safe, as children do their playthings, when their mirth is over, and they have done with them."

The author of "The Character of Richard St—le, Esq.,"

was Dr. Wagstaffe, one of those careless wits* who live to repent a crazy life of wit, fancy, and hope, and an easy, indolent one, whose genial hours force up friends like hot-house plants, that bloom and flower in the spot where they are raised, but will not endure the change of place and season—this wit caught the tone of Swift, and because, as his editor tells us, "he had some friends in the ministry, and thought he could not take a better way to oblige them than by showing his dislike to a gentleman who had so much endeavoured to oppose them," he sat down to write a libel with all the best humour imaginable; for, adds this editor, "he was so far from having any personal pique or enmity against Mr. Steele, that at the time of his writing he did not so much as know him, even by sight." This principle of "having some friends in the ministry," and not "any knowledge" of the character to be attacked, has proved a great source of invention to our political adven-

* Wagstaffe's "Miscellaneous Works, 1726," have been collected into a volume. They contain satirical pieces of humour, accompanied by some Hogarthian prints. His "Comment upon the History of Tom Thumb," ridicules Addison's on the old ballad of Chevy Chase, who had declared "it was full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets," and quoted passages which he paralleled with several in the Æneid. Wagstaffe tells us he has found "in the library of a school-boy, among other undiscovered valuable authors, one more proper to adorn the shelves of Bodley, or the Vatican, than to be confined to the obscurity of a private study." This little Homer is the chanter of Tom Thumb. He performs his office of "a true commentator," proving the congenial spirit of the poet of Thumb with that of the poet of Æneas. Addison got himself ridiculed for that fine natural taste, which felt all the witchery of our ballad-Enniuses, whose beauties, had Virgil lived with Addison, he would have inlaid into his Mosiac. The bigotry of classical taste, which is not always accompanied by a natural one, and rests securely on prescribed opinions and traditional excellence, long contemned our vernacular genius, spurning at the minstrelsy of the nation; Johnson's ridicule of Percy's Reliques had its hour, but the more poetical mind of Scott has brought us back to home feelings, to domestic manners, and eternal nature.

turers;—thus Dr. Wagstaffe was fully enabled to send down to us a character where the moral and literary qualities of a genius, to whom this country owes so much as the father of periodical papers, are immolated to his political purpose. This severe character passed through several editions. However the careless Steele might be willing to place the elaborate libel to the account of party writings, if he did not feel disturbed at reproaches and accusations, which are confidently urged, and at critical animadversions, to which the negligence of his style sometimes laid him too open, his insensibility would have betrayed a depravity in his morals and taste which never entered into his character.*

* I shall content myself with referring to "The Character of Richard St—le, Esq.," in Dr. Wagstaffe's Miscellaneous Works, 1726. Considering that he had no personal knowledge of his victim, one may be well surprised at his entering so deeply into his private history; but of such a character as Steele the private history is usually too public—a mass of scandal for the select curious. Poor Steele, we are told, was "arrested for the maintenance of his bastards, and afterwards printed a *proposal* that the public should take care of them;" got into the House "not to be arrested;"—"his *set* speeches there, which he designs to get *extempore* to speak in the House." For his literary character we are told that "Steele was a jay who borrowed a feather from the peacock, another from the bullfinch, and another from the magpie; so that *Dick* is made up of borrowed colours; he borrowed his humour from Estcourt, criticism of Addison, his poetry of Pope, and his politics of Ridpath; so that his qualifications as a man of genius, like Mr. T—s, as a member of parliament, *lie in thirteen parishes.*" Such are the pillows made up for genius to rest its head on!

Wagstaffe has sometimes delicate humour; Steele who often wrote in haste, necessarily wrote incorrectly. Steele had this sentence: "And ALL, as one man will join in the common indignation against ALL who would perplex our obedience:" on which our pleasant critic remarks—"Whatever contradiction there is, as some suppose, in *all joining against all*, our author has good authority for what he says; and it may be proved, in spite of Euclid or Sir Isaac, that everything consists of *two alls*, that these *alls* are capable of being divided and subdivided into as many *alls* as you please, and so *ad infinitum*. The following lines may serve for an illustration:—

Steele was doomed even to lose the friendship of Addison amid political discords; but on that occasion Steele showed that his taste for literature could not be injured by political animosity. It was at the close of Addison's life, and on occasion of the Peerage Bill, Steele published "The Plebeian," a cry against enlarging the aristocracy. Addison replied with "The Old Whig;" Steele rejoined without alluding to the person of his opponent. But "The Old Whig could not restrain his political feelings, and contemptuously described "little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets." Steele replied with his usual warmth; but indignant at the charge of "vassalage," he says, "I will end this paper, by firing every free breast with that noble exhortation of the tragedian—

> "Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
> The generous plan of power deliver'd down
> From age to age," &c.

Thus delicately he detects the anonymous author, and thus energetically commends, while he reproves him!

> "Three children sliding on the ice
> Upon a summer's day;
> As it fell out, they all fell in;
> The rest they ran away."

"Though his polite author does not directly say there are *two alls*, yet he implies as much; for I would ask any *reasonable* man what can be understood by *the rest they ran away* but the *other all* we have been speaking of? The world may see that I can exhibit the beauties, as well as quarrel with the faults, of his composition, but I hope he will not value himself on his *hasty productions*."

Poor Steele, with the best humour, bore these perpetual attacks, not however without an occasional groan, just enough to record his feelings In one of his wild, yet well-meant projects of the invention of "a fish pool or vessel for importing fish alive, 1718," he complains of calumnies and impertinent observations on him, and seems to lay some to the account of his knighthood:—"While he was pursuing what he believed might conduce to the common good, he gave the syllables *Richard Steele* to the public, to be used and treated as they should think fit; he

Hooke (a Catholic,) after he had written his Roman History, published "Observations on Vertot, Middleton, &c. on the Roman Senate," in which he particularly treated Dr. Middleton, with a disrespect for which the subject gave no occasion: this was attributed to the Doctor's *offensive* letter from Rome. Spelman, in replying to this concealed motive of the Catholic, reprehends him with equal humour and bitterness for his desire of *roasting a Protestant parson.*

Our taste, rather than our passions, is here concerned; but the moral sense still more so. The malice of faction has long produced this literary calamity; yet great minds have not always degraded themselves; not always resisted the impulse of their finer feelings, by hardening them into insensibility, or goading them in the fury of a misplaced revenge. How delightful it is to observe Marvell, the presbyterian and republican wit, with that generous temper that instantly discovers the alliance of genius, warmly applauding the great work of Butler, which covered his own party with odium and ridicule "He is one of an excellent wit," says Marvell; "and whoever dislike the choice of his subject, cannot but commend the performance." *

Clarendon's profound genius could not expand into the same liberal feelings. He highly commends May for his learning, his wit and language, and for his Supplement to Lucan, which he considered as "one of the best epic poems in the English language;" but this great spirit sadly winces in the soreness of his feelings when he aludes to May's "History of the Parliament;" then we discover that this late "ingenious person" performed his part "so meanly, that he seems to have lost his wits when he left his honesty." Behold the political criticism in litera-

must go on in *the same indifference*, and allow the Town *their usual liberty with his name*, which I find they think they have much more room to sport with than formerly, as it is lengthened with the monosyllable Sir."

* Rehearsal transprosed, p. 45.

ture. However we may incline to respect the feelings of Clarendon, this will not save his judgment nor his candour. We read May now, as well as Clarendon; nor is the work of May that of a man who "had lost his wits," nor is it "meanly performed." Warburton, a keen critic of the writers of that unhappy and that glorious age for both parties, has pronounced this History to be "a just composition, according to the rules of history; written with much judgment, penetration, manliness, and spirit, and with a candour that will greatly increase your esteem, when you understand that he wrote by order of his masters the Parliament."

Thus have authors and their works endured the violations of party feelings; a calamity in our national literature which has produced much false and unjust criticism.* The better spirit of the present times will maintain a safer and more honourable principle,—the true objects of LITERA-

* The late Gilbert Wakefield is an instance where the political and theological opinions of a recluse student tainted his pure literary works. Condemned as an enraged Jacobin by those who were unitarians in politics, and rejected, because he was a unitarian in religion, by the orthodox, poor Wakefield's literary labours were usually reduced to the value of waste-paper. We smile, but half in sorrow, in reading a letter, where he says, "I meditate a beginning, during the winter, of my criticisms on all the ancient Greek and Latin authors, *by small piecemeals, on the cheapest possible paper, and at the least possible expense of printing.* As I can never do more than barely indemnify myself, I shall print only 250 copies." He half-ruined himself by his splendid edition of Lucretius, which could never obtain even common patronage from the opulent friends of classical literature. Since his death it has been reprinted, and is no doubt now a marketable article for the bookseller; so that if some authors are not successful for themselves, it is a comfort to think how useful, in a variety of shapes, they are made so to others. Even Gilbert's, "contracted scheme of publication" he was compelled to abandon! Yet the classic erudition of Wakefield was confessed, and is still remembered. No one will doubt that we have lost a valuable addition to our critical stores by this literary persecution, were it only in the present instance; but examples are too numerous!

TURE, the cultivation of the intellectual faculties, stand entirely unconnected with POLITICS and RELIGION, let this be the imprescriptible right of an author. In our free country unhappily they have not been separated—they run together, and in the ocean of human opinions, the salt and bitterness of these mightier waves have infected the clear waters from the springs of the Muses. I once read of a certain river that ran through the sea, without mixing with it, preserving its crystalline purity, and all its sweetnes during its course; so that it tasted the same at the Line as at the Poles. This stream indeed is only to be found in the geography of an old romance; literature should be this magical stream!

HOBBES AND HIS QUARRELS;

INCLUDING

AN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS CHARACTER.

Why HOBBES disguised his sentiments—why his philosophy degraded him—of the sect of the HOBBISTS—his LEVIATHAN; its principles adapted to existing circumstances—the author's difficulties on its first appearance—the system originated in his fears, and was a contrivance to secure the peace of the nation—its duplicity and studied ambiguity illustrated by many facts—the advocate of the national religion—accused of atheism—HOBBES's religion—his temper too often tried—attacked by opposite parties—Bishop FELL's ungenerous conduct—makes HOBBES regret that juries do not consider the quarrels of authors of any moment—the mysterious panic which accompanied him through life—its probable cause—he pretends to recant his opinions—he is speculatively bold, and practically timorous—an extravagant specimen of the anti-social philosophy—the SELFISM of HOBBES—his high sense of his works, in regard to foreigners and posterity—his monstrous egotism—his devotion to his literary pursuits—the despotic principle of the LEVIATHAN of an innocent tendency—the fate of systems of opinions.

THE history of the philosopher of Malmesbury exhibits a large picture of literary controversy, where we may observe how a persecuting spirit in the times drives the greatest men to take refuge in the meanest arts of subterfuge. Compelled to disguise their sentiments, they will not however suppress them; and hence, all their ambiguous proceedings; all that ridicule, and irony, and even recantation, with which ingenious minds, when forced to employ,

have never failed to try the patience, or the sagacity, of intolerance.*

The character of Hobbes will, however, serve a higher moral design. The force of his intellect, the originality of his views, and the keenest sagacity of observation, place him in the first order of minds; but he has mortified, and then degraded man into a mere selfish animal. From a cause we shall discover, he never looked on human nature but in terror or in contempt. The inevitable consequence

* Shaftesbury has thrown out, on this head, some important truths: —"If men are forbid to speak their minds *seriously*, they will do it *ironically*. If they find it dangerous to do so, they will then redouble their disguise, *involve themselves into mysteriousness*, and talk so as hardly to be understood.—The *persecuting* spirit has raised the *bantering* one. The higher the slavery, the more exquisite the buffoonery." Vol. i. p. 71. The subject of our present inquiry is a very remarkable instance of "involving himself into mysteriousness." To this cause we owe the strong raillery of Marvell; the cloudy "Oracles of Reason" of Blount; and the formidable, though gross burlesque, of Hickeringill, the rector of All-Saints, in Colchester. "Of him (says the editor of his collected works, 1716), the greatest writers of our times trembled at his pen; and as great a genius as Sir Roger L'Estrange's was, it submitted to his *superior way of reasoning*"—that is, to a most extraordinary burlesque spirit, in politics and religion. But even he who made others tremble, felt the terrors he inflicted; for he complains that "some who have thought his pen too sharp and smart; those who have been galled, sore men where the skin's off, have long lain to catch for somewhat to accuse me—upon such touchy subjects, a man had need have the *dexterity to split a hair*, to handle them pertinently, usefully, and yet *safely* and *warily*." —Such men, however, cannot avoid their fate: they will be persecuted, however they succeed in "splitting a hair;" and it is then they have recourse to the most absurd *subterfuges*, as our Hobbes was compelled to. Thus, also, it happened to Woolston, who wrote in a ludicrous way, "Blasphemies" against the miracles of Christ; calling them "tales and rodomontados." He rested his defence on this subterfuge; that "it was meant to place the Christian religion on a better footing," &c. But the Court answered, that "if the author of a treasonable libel should write at the conclusion, *God save the king!* it would not excuse him."

of that mode of thinking, or that system of philosophy, is to make the philosopher the abject creature he has himself imagined; and it is then he libels the species, from his own individual experience.*—More generous tempers, men endowed with warmer imaginations, awake to sympathies of a higher nature, will indignantly reject the system, which has reduced the unlucky system-maker himself to such a pitiable condition.

* The moral axiom of Solon, "KNOW THYSELF," (*Nosce teipsum,*) applied by the ancient sage as a corrective for our own pride and vanity, Hobbes contracts into a narrow principle, when, in his introduction to "Leviathan," he would infer, that by this self-inspection, we are enabled to determine on the thoughts and passions of other men; and thus, he would make the taste, the feelings, the experience of the individual decide for all mankind. This simple error has produced all the dogmas of Cynicism; for the Cynic is one whose insulated feelings, being all of the selfish kind, can imagine no other stirrer of even our best affections, and strains even our loftiest virtues into pitiful motives. Two noble authors, men of the most dignified feelings, have protested against this principle. Lord Shaftesbury keenly touches the characters of Hobbes and Rochester:—"Sudden courage, says our modern philosopher (Hobbes) is anger. If so, courage, considered as constant, and belonging to a character, must, in his account, be defined constant anger, or anger constantly recurring. All men, says a witty poet (Rochester), would be cowards, if they durst: that the poet and the philosopher both were cowards, may be yielded, perhaps, without dispute! they may have spoken the best of their knowledge."

SHAFTESBURY, vol. i. p. 119.

With a heroic spirit, that virtuous statesman, Lord Clarendon, rejects the degrading notion of Hobbes. When *he* looked into his own breast, he found that courage was a real virtue, which had induced him, had it been necessary, to have shed his blood as a patriot. But death, in the judgment of Hobbes, was the most terrible event, and to be avoided by any means. Lord Clarendon draws a parallel between a "man of courage," and one of the disciples of Hobbes, "brought to die together, by a judgment they cannot avoid."—"How comes it to pass, that one of these undergoes death, with no other concernment than as if he were going any other journey; and the other with such confusion and trembling, that he is even without life before he dies; if it were true, that all men fear alike upon the like occasion?" *Survey of the Leviathan,* p. 14.

Hobbes was one of those original thinkers who create a new era in the philosophical history of their nation and perpetuate their name, by leaving it to a sect.*

* They were distinguished as *Hobbists*, and the opinions as *Hobbianism*. Their chief happened to be born on a Good Friday; and in the metrical history of his own life, he seems to have considered it as a remarkable event. An atom had its weight in the scales by which his mighty egotism weighed itself. He thus marks the day of his birth, innocently enough:—

Natus erat noster Servator Homo-Deus annos
Mille et quingentos, octo quoque undecies.

But the *Hobbists* declared more openly, (as Wood tells us,) that "as our Saviour Christ went out of the world on that day, to save the men of the world; so another saviour came into the world on that day to save them!"

That the sect spread abroad, as well as at home, is told us by Lord Clarendon, in the preface to his "Survey of the Leviathan." The qualities of the author, as well as the book, were well adapted to proselytism; for Clarendon, who was intimately acquainted with him, notices his confidence in conversation—his never allowing himself to be contradicted—his bold inferences—the novelty of his expressions—and his probity, and a life free from scandal. "The humour and inclination of the time to all kind of paradoxes," was indulged by a pleasant clear style, an appearance of order and method, hardy paradoxes, and accommodating principles to existing circumstances.

Who were the sect composed of? The monstrous court of Charles II.—the grossest materialists! The secret history of that court could scarcely find a Suetonius among us. But our author was frequently in the hands of those who could never have comprehended what they pretended to admire; this appears by a publication of the times intituled, "Twelve ingenious Characters, &c. 1686," where, in that of a town-fop, who, "for genteel breeding, posts to town, by his mother's indulgence, three or four wild companions, half-a-dozen bottles of Burgundy, *two leaves of Leviathan*," and some few other obvious matters, shortly make this young philosopher nearly lose his moral and physical existence. "He will not confess himself an Atheist, yet he boasts aloud that he holds his *gospel* from *the Apostle of Malmesbury*, though it is more than probable he never read, at least understood, ten leaves of *that unlucky author*." If such were his wretched disciples, Hobbes was indeed "an unlucky author," for their morals and habits were quite opposite to those of their master. Eachard, in the preface to

The eloquent and thinking Madame de Staël has asserted, that "Hobbes was an *Atheist* and a *Slave*." Yet I still think that Hobbes believed, and proved, the necessary existence of a Deity, and that he loved freedom, as every age desires it. It is now time to offer an apology for one of those great men who are the contemporaries of all ages, and, by fervent inquiry, to dissipate that traditional cloud which hangs over one of "those monuments of the mind" which Genius has built with imperishable materials.

The author of the far-faimed "Leviathan" is considered as a vehement advocate for absolute monarchy. This singular production may, however, be equally adapted for a republic; and the monstrous principle may be so innocent in its nature, as even to enter into our own constitution, which presumes to be neither.*

his Second Dialogue, 1673, exhibits a very Lucianic arrangement of his disciples—Hobbes's "Pit, Box, and Gallery Friends." The *Pit-friends* were sturdy practicants, who, when they hear that "Ill-nature, Debauchery, and Irreligion, were Mathematics and Demonstration, clap and shout, and swear by all that comes from Malmesbury." The *Gallery* are "a sort of small, soft, little, pretty, fine gentlemen, who having some little wit, some little modesty, some little remain of conscience and country religion, could not hector it as the former, but quickly learnt to chirp and giggle when t'other clapt and shouted." But "the Don-Admirers, and *Box-friends* of Mr. Hobbes are men of gravity and reputation, who will scarce simper in favour of the philosopher, but can make shift to nod and nod again." Even amid this wild satire, we find a piece of truth in a dark corner; for the satirist confesses, that "his Gallery-friends, who were such resolved practicants in *Hobbianism* (by which the satirist means all kinds of licentiousness) would most certainly have been so, had there never been any such man as Mr. Hobbes in the world." Why then place to the account of the philosopher those gross immoralities which he never sanctioned? The life of Hobbes is without a stain! He had other friends besides these "Box, Pit, and Gallery" gentry—the learned of Europe, and many of the great and good men of his own country.

* Hobbes, in defending Thucydides, whom he has so admirably translated, from the charge of some obscurity in his design, observes that "Marcellinus saith he was obscure, on purpose that the common

As "The Leviathan" produced the numerous controversies of Hobbes, a history of this great moral curiosity enters into our subject.

Hobbes, living in times of anarchy, perceived the necessity of re-establishing authority with more than its usual force. But how were the divided opinions of men to melt together, and where in the state was to be placed *absolute power?* for a remedy of less force he could not discover for that disordered state of society which he witnessed. Was the sovereign or the people to be invested with that mighty power which was to keep every other quiescent?—a topic which had been discussed for ages, and still must be, as the humours of men incline—was, I believe, a matter perfectly indifferent to our philosopher, provided that whatever might be the government, absolute power could somewhere be lodged in it, to force men to act in strict comformity. He discovers his perplexity in the dedication of his work. "In a way beset with those that contend on one side for too great liberty, on the other side for too much authority, 'tis hard to pass between the points of both unwounded." It happened that our cynical Hobbes had no respect for his species; terrified at anarchy, he seems to have lost all fear when he flew to absolute power,—a sovereign remedy unworthy of a great spirit, though convenient for a timid one, like his own. Hobbes considered men merely as animals of prey, living in a state of perpetual hostility, and his solitary principle of action was self-preservation at any price.

He conjured up a political phantom, a favourite and fanciful notion, that haunted him through life. He imagined that the *many* might be more easily managed by making

people might not understand him; and not unlikely, for a wise man should so write (though in words understood by all men,) that wise men only should be able to commend him." Thus early in life Hobbes had determined on a principle which produced all his studied ambiguity, involved him in so much controversy, and, in some respects, preserved him in an inglorious security.

them up into an artificial *One*, and calling this wonderful political unity the *Commonwealth*, or the *Civil power*, or the *Sovereign*, or by whatever name was found most pleasing; he personified it by the image of "Leviathan." *

At first sight the ideal monster might pass for an innocent conceit; and there appears even consummate wisdom, in erecting a colossal power for our common security; but Hobbes assumed, that *Authority* was to be supported to its extreme pitch. *Force* with him appeared to constitute *right*, and *unconditional submission* then became a *duty;*

* Hobbes explains the image in his Introduction. He does not disguise his opinion that *Men* may be converted into *Automatons;* and if he were not very ingenious, we might lose our patience. He was so delighted with this whimsical fancy of his "artificial man," that he carried it on to Government itself, and employed the engraver to impress the monstrous personification on our minds, even clearer than by his reasonings. The curious design forms the frontispiece of "The Leviathan." He borrowed the name from that sea-monster, that mightiest of powers, which Job has told us is not to be compared with any on earth. The sea-monster is here, however, changed into a colossal man, entirely made up of little men from all the classes of society, bearing in the right hand the sword, and in the left the crosier. The compartments are full of political allegories. An expression of Lord Clarendon's in the Preface to his "Survey of the Leviathan," shows our philosopher's infatuation to this "idol of the Den," as Lord Bacon might have called the intellectual illusion of the philosopher. Hobbes, when at Paris, showed a proof-sheet or two of his work to Clarendon, who, he soon discovered, could not approve of the hardy tenets. "He frequently came to me," says his Lordship, "and told me, his book (*which he would call* LEVIATHAN) was then printing in England. He said, that he knew when I read his book I would not like it, and mentioned some of his conclusions: upon which I asked him, why he would publish such doctrine; to which, after a discourse, *between jest and earnest*, he said, *The truth is, I have a mind to go home!*" Some philosophical systems have, probably, been raised "between jest and earnest;" yet here was a text-book for the despot, as it is usually accepted, deliberately given to the world, for no other purpose than that the Philosopher was desirous of changing his lodgings at Paris for his old apartments in London!

these were consequences quite natural to one who at his first step degraded man by comparing him to a watch, and who would not have him go but with the same nicety of motion, wound up by a great key.

To be secure, by this system of Hobbes, we must at least lose the glory of our existence as intellectual beings. He would persuade us into the dead quietness of a commonwealth of puppets, while he was consigning into the grasp of his "Leviathan," or sovereign power, the wire that was to communicate a mockery of vital motion—a principle of action without freedom. The system was equally desirable to the Protector Cromwell as to the regal Charles. A conspiracy against mankind could not alarm their governors: it is not therefore surprising that the usurper offered Hobbes the office of Secretary of State; and that he was afterwards pensioned by the monarch.

A philosophical system, moral or political, is often nothing more than a temporary expedient to turn aside the madness of the times by substituting what offers an appearance of relief; nor is it a little influenced by the immediate convenience of the philosopher himself; his personal character enters a good deal into the system. The object of Hobbes in his "Leviathan" was always ambiguous, because it was, in truth, one of these systems of expediency, conveniently adapted to what has been termed of late "existing circumstances." His sole aim was to keep all things in peace, by creating one mightiest power in the state, to suppress instantly all other powers that might rise in insurrection. In his times, the establishment of despotism was the only political restraint he could discover of sufficient force to chain man down, amid the turbulence of society; but this concealed end he is perpetually shifting and disguising; for the truth is, no man loved slavery less.*

* The duplicity of the system is strikingly revealed by Burnet, who tells of Hobbes, that "he put all the law in the will of the *prince* or the *people;* for he writ his book *at first* in favour of *absolute monarchy*, but

The system of Hobbes could not be limited to politics: he knew that the safety of the people's morals required an

turned it afterwards to gratify the *republican party*. These were his true principles, though he had disguised them for deceiving unwary readers." It is certain Hobbes became a suspected person among the royalists. They were startled at the open extravagance of some of his political paradoxes; such as his notion of the necessity of extirpating all the *Greek* and *Latin* authors, "by reading of which, men from their childhood have gotten a habit of licentious controling the actions of their sovereigns," p. 111. But the doctrines of liberty were not found only among the Greeks and Romans; the *Hebrews* were stern republicans; and liberty seems to have had a nobler birth in the North among our German ancestors, than perhaps in any other part of the globe.—It is certain that the Puritans, who warmed over the Bible more than the classic historians, had their heads full of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea; the hanging of the five kings of Joshua; and the fat king of the Moabites, who in his summer-room received a present, and then a dagger, from the left-handed Jewish Jacobin. Hobbes curiously compares "The *tyrannophobia*, or fear of being strongly governed," to the *hydrophobia*. "When a monarchy is once bitten to the quick by those democratical writers, and, by their poison, men seem to be converted into dogs," his remedy is, "a strong monarch," or "the exercise of entire sovereignty," p. 171; and that the authority he would establish should be immutable, he hardily asserts, that "the ruling power cannot be punished for mal-administration." Yet in this elaborate system of despotism are interspersed some strong republican axioms, as, The safety of the people is the supreme law,—The public good to be preferred to that of the individual;—and that God made the one for the many, and not the many for the one. The effect the LEVIATHAN produced on the royal party was quite unexpected by the author. His hardy principles were considered as a satire on arbitrary power, and Hobbes himself as a concealed favourer of democracy.—This has happened more than once with such vehement advocates. Our philosopher must have been thunderstruck at the insinuation, for he had presented the royal exile, as Clarendon, in his "Survey," informs us, with a magnificent copy of "The Leviathan," written on vellum; this beautiful specimen of calligraphy may still be seen, as we learn from the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1813, where the curiosity is fully described. The suspicion of Hobbes's principles was so strong, that it produced his sudden dismissal from the presence of Charles II. when at Paris. The king, indeed, said he believed Hobbes intended him no hurt; and Hobbes said of the king, that "his majesty

Established Religion. The alliance between church and state had been so violently shaken, that it was necessary

understood his writings better than his accusers." However, happy was Hobbes to escape from France, where the officers were in pursuit of him, amid snowy roads and nipping blasts. The lines in his metrical life open a dismal winter scene for an old man on a stumbling horse :—

" Frigus erat, nix alta, senex ego, ventus acerbus,
Vexat equus sternax, et salebrosa via—"

A curious spectacle! to observe, under a despotic government, its vehement advocate in flight!

The ambiguity of the Leviathan seemed still more striking, when Hobbes came, at length, to place the right of government merely in what he terms " the Seat of Power "—a wonderful principle of expediency; for this was equally commodious to the republicans and to the royalists. By this principle, the republicans maintained the right of Cromwell, since his authority was established, while it absolved the royalists from their burthensome allegiance; for, according to " The Leviathan," Charles was the English monarch only, when in a condition to force obedience; and, to calm tender consciences, the philosopher further fixed on that precise point of time, " when a subject may obey an unjust conqueror." After the Restoration, it was subtilely urged by the Hobbists, that this very principle had greatly served the royal cause; for it afforded a plea for the emigrants to return, by compounding for their estates, and joining with those royalists who had remained at home in an open submission to the established government; and thus they were enabled to concert their measures in common, for reinstating the old monarchy. Had the Restoration never taken place, Hobbes would have equally insisted on the soundness of his doctrine: he would have asserted the title of Richard Cromwell to the Protectorate, if Richard had had the means to support it, as zealously as he afterwards did that of Charles II. to the throne, when the king had firmly re-established it. The philosophy of Hobbes, therefore, is not dangerous in any government; its sole aim is to preserve it from intestine divisions; but for this purpose, he was for reducing men to mere machines. With such little respect he treated the species, and with such tenderness the individual!

I will give Hobbes's own justification, after the restoration of Charles II. when accused by the great mathematician, Dr. Wallis, a republican under Cromwell, of having written his work in defence of Oliver's government. Hobbes does not deny that " he placed the right of government wheresoever should be the strength." Most subtilely he

to cement them once more. As our philosopher had been terrified in his politics by the view of its contending factions; so, in religion, he experienced the same terror at the hereditary rancours of its multiplied sects. He could devise no other means than to attack the mysteries and dogmas of theologians, those after-inventions and corruptions of Christianity, by which the artifices of their chiefs had so long split them into perpetual factions;* he therefore asserted, that the religion of the people ought to exist in strict conformity to the will of the state :†

argues, how this very principle "was designed in behalf of the faithful subjects of the king," after they had done their utmost to defend his rights and person. The government of Cromwell being established, these found themselves without the protection of a government of their own, and therefore might lawfully promise obedience to their victor, for the saving of their lives and fortunes; and more, they ought even to protect that authority in war, by which they were themselves protected in peace. But this plea, which he so ably urged in favour of the royalists, will not, however, justify those who, like Wallis, voluntarily submitted to Cromwell, because they were always the enemies of the king; so that this submission to Oliver is allowed only to the royalists—a most admirable political paradox! The whole of the argument is managed with infinite dexterity, and is thus unexpectedly turned against his accusers themselves. The principle of "self-preservation" is carried on through the entire system of Hobbes.—"*Considerations upon the Reputation, Loyalty*, &c. *of Mr. Hobbes.*"

* The passage in Hobbes to which I allude, is in "The Leviathan," c. 32. He there says, sarcastically, "It is with the *mysteries of religion* as with wholesome pills for the sick, which, swallowed whole, have the virtue to cure; but, chewed, are for the most part cast up again without effect." Hobbes is often a wit: he was much pleased with this thought, for he had it in his *De Cive;* which, in the English translation, bears the title of "Philosophical Rudiments concerning Government and Society, 1651." There he calls "the wholesome pills," "bitter." He translated the *De Cive* himself; a circumstance which was not known till the recent appearance of Aubrey's papers.

† Warburton has most acutely distinguished between the intention of Hobbes, and that of some of his successors. The bishop does not consider Hobbes as an enemy to religion, not even to the Chris-

When Hobbes wrote against mysteries, the mere polemics sent forth a cry of his impiety; the philosopher was branded with Atheism;—one of those artful calumnies, of which, after a man has washed himself clean, the stain will be found to have dyed the skin.*

tian; and even doubts whether he has attacked it in "The Leviathan." At all events, he has "taken direct contrary measures from those of Bayle, Collins, Tindal, Bolingbroke, and all that school. They maliciously endeavour to show, the Gospel was *unreasonable;* Hobbes, as reasonable as his admirable wit could represent it: they contended for the most unbounded *toleration*, Hobbes for the most rigorous *conformity*." See the "Alliance between Church and State," book i. c. v.—It is curious to observe the noble disciple of Hobbes, Lord Bolingbroke, a strenuous advocate for his political and moral opinions, enraged at what he calls his "High Church notions." Trenchard and Gordon, in their "Independent Whig," No. 44, that libel on the clergy, accuse them of *Atheism* and *Hobbism;* while some divines as earnestly reject Hobbes as an Atheist! Our temperate sage, though angried at that spirit of contradiction which he had raised, must, however, have sometimes smiled both on his advocates and his adversaries!

* The odious term of *Atheist* has been too often applied to many great men of our nation by the hardy malignity of party. Were I to present a catalogue, the very names would refute the charge. Let us examine the religious sentiments of Hobbes. The materials for its investigation are not common, but it will prove a dissertation of facts. I warn some of my readers to escape from the tediousness, if they cannot value the curiosity.

Hobbes has himself thrown out an observation, in his life of Thucydides, respecting Anaxagoras, that "his opinions, being of a strain above the apprehension of the vulgar, procured him the estimation of an *Atheist*, which name they bestowed upon all men that thought not as they did of their ridiculous religion, and in the end cost him his life." This was a parallel case with Hobbes himself, except its close; which, however, seems always to have been in the mind of our philosopher.

Bayle, who is for throwing all things into doubt, acknowledging that the life of Hobbes was blameless, adds, one might, however, have been tempted to ask him this question:

> Heus age responde; minimum ast quod scire laboro;
> *De Jove quid sentis?*—PERSIUS, Sat. ii. v. 17.

To me it appears, that Hobbes, to put an end to these religious wars, which his age and country had witnessed,

> Hark, now! resolve this one short question, friend!
> *What are thy thoughts of Jove?*

But Bayle, who compared himself to the Jupiter of Homer, powerful in gathering and then dispersing the clouds, dissipates the one he had just raised, by showing how "Hobbes might have answered the question with sincerity and belief, *according to the writers of his life.*"—But had Bayle known that Hobbes was the author of all the lives of himself, so partial an evidence might have raised another doubt with the great sceptic. It appears, by Aubrey's papers, that Hobbes did not wish his biography should appear when he was living, that he might not seem the author of it.

Baxter, who knew Hobbes intimately, ranks him with Spinosa, by strong epithet for materialists—"The *Brutists*, Hobbes, and Spinosa." He tells us, that Selden would not have him in his chamber while dying, calling out, "No Atheists!" But by Aubrey's papers it appears that Hobbes stood by the side of his dying friend. It is certain his enemies raised stories against him, and told them as suited their purpose. In the Landsdowne MSS. I find Dr. Grenville, in a letter, relates how "Hobbes, when in France and like to die, betrayed such expressions of repentance to a great prelate, from whose mouth I had this relation, that he admitted him to the sacrament. But Hobbes afterwards made this a subject of ridicule in companies." —*Landsdowne MSS.* 990—73.

Here is a strong accusation, and a fact too; yet, when fully developed, the result will turn out greatly in favour of Hobbes.

Hobbes had a severe illness at Paris, which lasted six months, thus noticed in his metrical life:

> Dein per sex menses morbo decumbo, propinque
> Accinctus morti; nec fugio, ille fugit.

It happened that the famous Guy Patin was his physician; and in one of those amusing letters, where he puts down the events of the day, like a newspaper of the times, in No. 61, has given an account of his intercourse with the philosopher, in which he says that Hobbes endured such pain, that he would have destroyed himself—"*Qu'il avoit voulu se tuer.*"—Patin is a vivacious writer: we are not to take him *au pied de la lettre.* Hobbes was systematically tenacious of life: and, so far from attempting suicide, that he wanted even the courage to allow Patin to bleed him! It was during this illness that

perpetually kindled by crazy fanatics and intolerant dogmatists, insisted that the *Crosier* should be carried in the

the Catholic party, who like to attack a Protestant in a state of unresisting debility, got his learned and intimate friend, Father Mersenne, to hold out all the benefits a philosopher might derive from their church. When Hobbes was acquainted with this proposed interview (says a French contemporary, whose work exists in MS. but is quoted in Joly's folio volume of Remarks on Bayle,) the sick man answered, "Don't let him come for this; I shall laugh at him; and perhaps I may convert him myself." Father Mersenne did come; and when this missionary was opening on the powers of Rome, to grant a plenary pardon, he was interrupted by Hobbes—"Father, I have examined, a long time ago, all these points; I should be sorry to dispute now; you can entertain me in a more agreeable manner. When did you see Mr. Gassendi?"—The monk, who was a philosopher, perfectly understood Hobbes, and this interview never interrupted their friendship. A few days after, Dr. Cosin (afterwards Bishop of Durham,] the great Prelate whom Dr. Grenville alludes to, prayed with Hobbes, who first *stipulated* that the prayers should be those authorized by the *Church of England;* and he also received the sacrament with reverence. Hobbes says;—"Magnum hoo erga disciplinam Episcopalem signum erat reverentiæ."—It is evident, that the conversion of Father Mersenne, to which Hobbes facetiously alluded, could never be to Atheism, but to Protestantism; and had Hobbes been an Atheist, he would not have risked his safety, when he arrived in England, by his strict attendance to the *Church of England*, resolutely refusing to unite with any of the sects. His views of the national religion were not only enlightened, but in this respect he showed a boldness in his actions very unusual with him.

But the religion of Hobbes was "of a strain beyond the apprehension of the vulgar," and not very agreeable to some of the Church. A man may have peculiar notions respecting the Deity, and yet be far removed from Atheism; and in his political system, the Church may hold that subordinate place which some Bishops will not like. When Dr. Grenville tells us "Hobbes ridiculed in companies" certain matters which the Doctor held sacred, this is not sufficient to accuse a man of Atheism, though it may prove him not to have held orthodox opinions. From the MS. collections of the French contemporary, who well knew Hobbes at Paris, I transcribe a remarkable observation:—"Hobbes said, that he was not surprised that the Independents, who were enemies of monarchy, could not bear it in heaven,

left hand of his Leviathan, and the *sword* in his right.* He testified, as strongly as man could, by his public ac-

and that therefore they placed there three Gods, instead of one; but he was astonished that the English bishops, and those Presbyterians who were favourers of monarchy, should persist in the same opinion concerning the Trinity. He added, that the Episcopalians ridiculed the Puritans, and the Puritans the Episcopalians; but that the wise ridiculed both alike."—*Lantiniana MS.* quoted by Joly, p. 434.

The *religion* of Hobbes was in *conformity* to *state and church.* He had, however, the most awful notions of the Divinity. He confesses he is unacquainted with "the nature of God, but not with the *necessity* of the existence of the Power of all powers, and First Cause of all causes: so that we know that God is, though not what he is." See his "Human Nature," chap. xi. But was the God of Hobbes the inactive deity of Epicurus, who takes no interest in the happiness or misery of his created beings; or, as Madame de Staël has expressed it, with the point and felicity of French antithesis, was this "an Atheism with a God?" This consequence some of his adversaries would draw from his principles, which Hobbes indignantly denies. He has done more; for, in his *De Corpore Politico*, he declares his belief of all the fundamental points of Christianity, part i. c. 4. p. 116, Ed. 1652. But he was an open enemy to those "who presume, out of Scripture, by their own interpretation, to raise any *doctrine to the understanding*, concerning those things which are incomprehensible;" and he refers to St. Paul, who gives a good rule "*to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man* the measure of faith."—Rom. xii. 3.

* It is remarkable, that when Hobbes adopted the principle that the *ecclesiastical* should be united with the *sovereign* power, he was then actually producing that portentous change which had terrified Luther and Calvin; who, even in their day, were alarmed by a new kind of political Antichrist; that "Cæsarean Popery" which Stubbe so much dreaded, and which I have elsewhere noticed. Luther predicted, that as the pope had at times seized on the political sword, so this "Cæsarean Popery," under the pretence of policy, would grasp the ecclesiastical crosier, to form a *political church.* The curious reader is referred to Wolfius, *Lectionum Memorabilium et reconditarum*, vol. ii. cent. x. p. 987. Calvin, in his commentary on Amos, has also a remarkable passage on this *political church;* animadverting on Amaziah, the priest, who would have proved the Bethel worship warrantable, because settled by the royal authority: "It is the king's

tions, that he was a Christian of the Church of England, "as by law established," and no enemy to the episcopal order; but he dreaded the encroachments of the Churchmen in his political system; jealous of that *supremacy* at which some of them aimed. Many enlightened bishops sided with the philosopher.* At a time when Milton sullenly withdrew from every public testimonial of divine worship, Hobbes, with more enlightened views, *attended Church service*, and strenuously supported *an established religion*; yet one is deemed a religious man, and the other an Atheist! Were the *actions* of men to be decisive of their characters, the reverse might be inferred.

chapel." Amos, vii. 13. Thus Amaziah, adds Calvin, assigns the king a double function, and maintains it is in his power to transform religion into what form he pleases, while he charges Amos with disturbing the public repose, and encroaching on the royal prerogative. Calvin zealously reprobates the conduct of those inconsiderate persons, "who give the civil magistrate a sovereignty in religion, and dissolve the church into the state." The supremacy in church and state, conferred on Henry VIII., was the real cause of these alarms; but the passion of domination raged not less fiercely in Calvin than in Henry VIII.; in the enemy of kings, than in kings themselves. Were the *forms* of religion more celestial, from the sanguinary hands of that tyrannical reformer, than from those of the reforming tyrant? The system of our philosopher was, to lay all the wild spirits which have haunted us, in the chimerical shapes of *Non-conformity*. I have often thought, after much observation on our Church history since the Reformation, that *the devotional feelings* have not been so much concerned in this bitter opposition to the National Church, as the rage of dominion, the spirit of vanity, the sullen pride of sectarism, and the delusions of madness.

* Hobbes himself tells us, that "some bishops are content to hold their authority from *the king's letters patents;* others will needs have somewhat more they know not what of *divine rights*, &c., *not acknowledging the power of the king*. It is a relic still remaining of the venom of popish ambition, lurking in that *seditious distinction and division* between the power *spiritual* and *civil*. The safety of the state does not depend on the safety of the clergy, but on the *entireness of the sovereign power*."

Considerations upon the Reputation, &c. of Mr. Hobbes, p. 44.

The temper of our philosopher, so ill adapted to contradiction, was too often tried; and if, as his adversary, Harrington, in the "Oceana," says, "Truth be a spark, whereunto objections are like bellows," the mind of Hobbes, for half a century, was a very forge, where the hammer was always beating, and the flame was never allowed to be extinguished. Charles II. strikingly described his worrying assailants. "Hobbes," said the king, "was a bear against whom the Church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them."* A stange repartee has preserved the causticity of his wit. Dr. Eachard, perhaps one of the prototypes of Swift, wrote two admirable ludicrous dialogues, in ridicule of Hobbes's "State of Nature."† These were much extolled, and kept up the laugh against the philosophic misanthropist: once when he was told that the clergy said that "Eachard had crucified Hobbes," he bitterly retorted, "Why, then, don't they fall down and *worship* me?"‡

The Leviathan was ridiculed by the wits, declaimed against by the republicans, denounced by the monarchists, and menaced by the clergy. The commonwealth-man, the dreamer of equality, Harrington, raged at the subtile advo-

* This royal observation is recorded in the "Sorberiana." Sorbiere gleaned the anecdote during his residence in England. By the "Aubrey Papers," which have been published since I composed this article, I find that Charles II. was greatly delighted by the wit and repartees of Hobbes, who was at once bold and happy in making his stand amidst the court wits. The king, whenever he saw Hobbes, who had the privilege of being admitted into the royal presence, would exclaim, "Here comes the bear to be baited." This did not allude to his native roughness, but the force of his resistance when attacked.

† See "Mr. Hobbes's State of Nature considered, in a Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy." The second dialogue is not contained in the eleventh edition of Eachard's Works, 1705, which, however, was long after his death, so careless were the publishers of those days of their authors' works. The literary bookseller, Tom Davies, who ruined himself by giving good editions of our old authors, has preserved it in his own.

‡ "A Discourse concerning Irony, 1729," p. 13.

cate for despotic power; but the glittering bubble of his fanciful "Oceana" only broke on the mighty sides of the Leviathan, wasting its rainbow tints: the mitred Bramhall, at "The catching of Leviathan, or the great Whale," flung his harpoon, demonstrating consequences from the principles of Hobbes, which he as eagerly denied. But our ambiguous philosopher had the hard fate to be attacked even by those who were labouring to the same end.* The literary wars of Hobbes were fierce and long; heroes he encountered, but heroes too were fighting by his side. Our chief himself wore a kind of magical armour; for, either he denied the consequences his adversaries deduced from his principles, or he surprised by new conclusions, which many could not discover in them; but by such means, he had not only the art of infusing confidence among the *Hobbists*, but the greater one of dividing his adversaries, who often retreated, rather fatigued than victorious. Hobbes owed this partly to the happiness of a genius which excelled in controversy, but more, perhaps, to the advantage of the ground he occupied as a metaphysician: the usual darkness of that spot is favourable to those shiftings and turnings which the equivocal possessor may practise with an unwary assailant. Far different was the fate of Hobbes

* Men of very opposite principles, but aiming at the same purpose, are reduced to a dilemma, by the spirit of party in controversy. Sir Robert Filmer, who wrote against "the Anarchy of a limited Monarchy," and "Patriarcha," to re-establish *absolute power*, derived it from the scriptural accounts of the patriarchal state. But Sir Robert and Hobbes, though alike the advocates for supremacy of power, were as opposite as possible on theological points. Filmer had the same work to perform, but he did not like the instruments of his fellow-labourer. His manner of proceeding with Hobbes shows his dilemma: he refutes the doctrine of the "Leviathan," while he confesses that Hobbes is right in the main. The philosopher's reasonings stand on quite another foundation than the scriptural authorities deduced by Filmer. The result therefore is, that Sir Robert had the trouble to confute the very thing he afterwards had to establish!

in the open daylight of mathematics: there his hardy genius lost him, and his sophistry could spin no web; as we shall see in the memorable war of twenty years waged between Hobbes and Dr. Wallis. But the gall of controversy was sometimes tasted, and the flames of persecution flashed at times in the closet of our philosopher. The ungenerous attack of Bishop Fell, who, in the Latin translation of Wood's "History of the University of Oxford," had converted eulogium into the most virulent abuse,* without the

* It may be curious to some of my readers to preserve that part of Hobbes's Letter to Anthony Wood, in the rare tract of his Latin Life, in which, with great calmness, the philosopher has painfully collated the odious interpolations. All that was written in favour of the morals of Hobbes—of the esteem in which foreigners held him—of the royal patronage, &c., were maliciously erased. Hobbes thus notices the amendments of Bishop Fell:—

"Nimirum ubi mihi tu ingenium attribuis *Sobrium*, ille, deleto *Sobrio*, substituit *Acri*.

"Ubi tu scripseras *Libellum scripsit de Cive*, interposuit ille inter *Libellum* et *de Cive*, *rebus permiscendis natum*, de *Cive*, quod ita manifestè falsum est, &c.

"Quod, ubi tu de libro meo *Leviathan* scripsisti, primò, quod esset, *Vicinis gentibus notissimus* interposuit ille, *publico damno*. Ubi tu scripseras, *scripsit librum*, interposuit ille *monstrosissimum*."

A noble confidence in his own genius and celelebrity breaks out in this Epistle to Wood. "In leaving out all that you have said of my character and reputation, the dean has injured you, but cannot injure me; for long since has my fame winged its way to a station from which it can never descend." One is surprised to find such a Miltonic spirit in the contracted soul of Hobbes, who in his own system might have cynically ridiculed the passion for fame, which, however, no man felt more than himself. In his controversy with Bishop Bramhall (whose book he was cautious not to answer till ten years after it was published, and his adversary was no more, pretending he had never heard of it till then!) he breaks out with the same feeling:—"What my works are he was no fit judge; but now he has provoked me, I will say thus much of them, that neither he, if he had lived, could—nor I, if I would, can—extinguish the light which is set up in the world by the greatest part of them."

It is curious to observe that an idea occurred to Hobbes, which

participation of Wood, who resented it with his honest warmth, was only an arrow snatched from a quiver which was every day emptying itself on the devoted head of our ambiguous philosopher. Fell only vindicated himself by a fresh invective on "the most vain and waspish animal of Malmesbury," and Hobbes was too frightened to reply. This was the Fell whom it was so difficult to assign a reason for not liking:

> "I don't like thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell,
> But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell!"

A curious incident in the history of the mind of this philosopher, was the mysterious panic which accompanied him to his latest day. It has not been denied that Hobbes was subject to occasional terrors: he dreaded to be left without company; and a particular instance is told, that on the Earl of Devonshire's removal from Chatsworth, the philosopher, then in a dying state, insisted on being carried away, though on a feather-bed. Various motives have been suggested to account for this extraordinary terror. Some declared he was afraid of Spirits; but he was too stout a materialist! *—another, that he dreaded assassina-

some authors have attempted lately to put into practice against their critics—to prosecute them in a court of law; but the knowledge of mankind was one of the liveliest faculties of Hobbes's mind: he knew well to what account common minds place the injured feelings of authorship; yet were *a jury of literary men* to sit in judgment, we might have a good deal of business in the court for a long time; the critics and the authors would finally have a very useful body of reports and pleadings to appeal to: and the public would be highly entertained and greatly instructed. On this attack of Bishop Fell, Hobbes says, "I might perhaps have an action on the case against him, if it were worth my while; but juries seldom consider the Quarrels of Authors as of much moment."

* Bayle has conjured up an amusing theory of apparitions, to show that Hobbes might fear that a certain combination of atoms agitating his brain, might so disorder his mind that it would expose him to spec-

tion; an ideal poniard indeed, might scare even a materialist. But Bishop Atterbury, in a sermon on the *Terrors of Conscience*, illustrates their nature by the character of our philosopher. Hobbes is there accused of attempting to destroy the principles of religion against his own inward conviction: this would only prove the insanity of Hobbes! The Bishop shows, that "the disorders of *conscience* are not a *continued*, but an *intermitting* disease;" so that the patient may appear at intervals in seeming health and real ease, till the fits return: all this he applies to the case of our philosopher. In reasoning on human affairs, the shortest way will be to discover human motives. The spirit, or the assassin, of Hobbes, arose from the bill brought into parliament, when the nation was panic-struck on the fire of London, against Atheism and Profaneness; he had a notion that a writ *de heretico comburendo* was intended for him by Bishop Seth Ward, his *quondam* admirer.* His spirits would sink at those moments; for in

tral visions; and being very timorous, and distrusting his imagination, he was averse to be left alone. Apparitions happen frequently in dreams, and they may happen, even to an incredulous man, when awake, for reading and hearing of them would revive their images—these images, adds Bayle, might play him some unlucky trick! We are here astonished at the ingenuity of a disciple of Pyrrho, who in his inquiries, after having exhausted all human evidence, seems to have demonstrated what he hesitates to believe! Perhaps the truth was, that the sceptical Bayle had not entirely freed himself from the traditions which were then still floating from the fire-side to the Philosopher's closet; he points his pen, as Æneas brandished his sword at the Gorgons and Chimæras that darkened the entrance of Hell; wanting the admonitions of the Sibyl, he would have rushed in—

Et frustra ferro diverberet umbras.

* The papers of Aubrey confirm my suggestion. I shall give the words: "There was a report, and surely true, that in parliament, not long after the king was settled, some of the bishops made a motion to have the good old gentleman burned for a heretique; which he hearing, feared that his papers might be searched by their order, and he told me he had burned part of them." P. 612. When Aubrey requested Waller

the philosophy of Hobbes, the whole universe was concentrated in the small space of SELF. There was no length he refused to go for what he calls "the natural right of preservation, which we all receive from the uncontrollable dictates of NECESSITY." He exhausts his imagination in the forcible descriptions of his extinction: "the terrible enemy of nature, Death," is always before him. The "inward horror" he felt of his extinction, Lord Clarendon thus alludes to: "If Mr. Hobbes and some other man were both condemned to death (which is the most formidable thing Mr. Hobbes can conceive")—and Dr. Eachard rallies him on the infinite anxiety he bestowed on his *body*, and thinks that "he had better compound to be kicked and beaten twice a day, than to be so dismally tortured about an old rotten carcass." Death was perhaps the only subject about which Hobbes would not dispute.

Such a Materialist was then liable to terrors; and though, when his Works were burnt, the author had not a hair singed, the convulsion of the panic often produced, as Bishop Atterbury expresses it, "an intermitting disease."

Persecution terrified Hobbes, and magnanimity and courage were no virtues in his philosophy. He went about hinting that he was not obstinate (that is, before the Bench of Bishops); that his opinions were mere conjectures, pro-

to write verses on Hobbes, the poet said that he was afraid of the Churchmen. Aubrey tells us, "I have often heard him say that he was not afraid of *Sprights*, but afraid of being knocked on the head for ten pounds which rogues might think he had in his chamber." This reason given by Hobbes for his frequent alarms was an evasive reply for too curious and talkative an inquirer. Hobbes has not concealed the cause of his terror in his metrical life:

"Tunc venit in mentem mihi Dorislaus et Ascham,
Tanquam procripto terror ubique aderat."

Dr. Dorislaus and Ascham had fallen under the daggers of proscription.

posed as exercises for the powers of reasoning. He attempted (without meaning to be ludicrous) to make his *opinions* a distinct object from his *person*; and, for the good order of the latter, he appealed to the family chaplain, for his attendance at divine service; from whence, however, he always departed at the sermon, insisting that the chaplain could not teach him anything. It was in one of these panics that he produced his "Historical Narrative of Heresy, and the Punishment thereof," where, losing the dignity of the philosophic character, he creeps into a subterfuge with the subtilty of the lawyer; insisting that "The Leviathan," being published at a time when there was no distinction of creeds in England (the Court of High Commissions having been abolished in the troubles,) that therefore none could be heretical.*

* It is said that Hobbes completely recanted all his opinions; and proceeded so far, as to declare that the opinions he had published, in his "Leviathan," were not his real sentiments, and that he neither maintained them in public nor in private. Wood gives this title to a work of his: "An Apology for himself and his writings," but without date. Some have suspected that this Apology, if it ever existed, was not his own composition. Yet why not? Hobbes, no doubt, thought that "The Leviathan" would outlast any recantation; and, after all, that a recantation is by no means a refutation! recantations usually prove the force of authority, rather than the force of conviction. I am much pleased with a Dr. Pocklington, who hit the etymology of the word *recantation* with the spirit. Accused and censured, for a penance he was to make a recantation, which he began thus:—"If *canto*, be to sing, *recanto* is to sing again:" so that he *re-chanted* his offensive principles by his *recantation!*

I suspect that the apology Wood alludes to, was only a republication of Hobbes's Address to the King, prefixed to the "Seven Philosophical Problems, 1662," where he openly disavows his opinions, and makes an apology for the Leviathan. It is curious enough to observe how he acts in this dilemma. It was necessary to give up his opinions to the clergy, but still to prove they were of an innocent nature. He therefore acknowledges that "his theological notions are not his opinions, but propounded with submission to the power ecclesiastical, never afterwards having maintained them in writing or discourse." Yet, to

No man was more speculatively bold, and more practically timorous;* and two very contrary principles enabled him, through an extraordinary length of life, to deliver his opinions, and still to save himself: these were, his excessive vanity, and his excessive timidity. The one inspired his hardy originality, and the other prompted him to protect himself by any means. His love of glory roused his vigorous intellect, while his fears shrunk him into his little self. Hobbes engaged in the cause of truth, betrayed her dignity by his ambiguous and abject conduct: this was a consequence of his selfish philosophy; and this conduct has yielded no dubious triumph to the noble school which opposed his cynical principles.

A genius more luminous, sagacity more profound, and morals less tainted, were never more eminently combined than in this very man, who was so often reduced to the most abject state. But the antisocial philosophy of Hobbes terminated in preserving a pitiful state of existence. He

show the king, that the regal power incurred no great risk in them, he laid down one principle, which could not have been unpleasing to Charles II. He asserts, truly, that he never wrote against Episcopacy; "yet he is called an Atheist, or man of no religion, because he he has made the authority of the Church depend wholly upon the regal power, which, I hope, your majesty will think is neither Atheism nor Heresy." Hobbes considered the *religion* of his country as a subject of *law*, and not *philosophy*. He was not for *separating* the Church from the State; but on the contrary, for *joining* them more closely. The bishops ought not to have been his enemies; and many were not.

* In the MS. collection of the French contemporary, who personally knew him, we find a remarkable confession of Hobbes. He said of himself, that "he sometimes made openings to let in light, but that he could not discover his thoughts but by half-views: like those who throw open the window for a short time, but soon closing it, from the dread of the storm."—*Il disoit qu'il faisoit quelquefois des ouvertures, mais qu'il ne pouvoit découvrir ses pensées qu'à-demi; qu'il imitoit ceux qui ouvrant la fenêtre pendant quelques momens, mais qui la referment promptement de pour de l'orage.*"—*Lantiniana MSS.* quoted by Joly in his folio volume of "Remarques sur Bayle."

who considered nothing more valuable than life, degraded himself by the meanest artifices of self-love,* and exulted in the most cynical truths.† The philosophy of Hobbes,

* Could one imagine that the very head and foot of the stupendous "Leviathan" bears the marks of the little artifices practised for self by its author?—This grave work is dedicated to Francis Godolphin, a person whom its author had never seen, merely to remind him of a certain legacy which that person's brother had left to our philosopher. If read with this fact before us, we may detect the concealed claim to the legacy, which it seems was necessary to conceal from the Parliament, as Francis Godolphin resided in England. It must be confessed, this was a miserable motive for dedicating a system of philosophy which was addressed to all mankind. It discovers little dignity. This secret history we owe to Lord Clarendon, in his "Survey of the Leviathan," who adds another. The postscript to the Leviathan, which is only in the English edition, was designed as an easy summary of the principles: and his lordship adds, as a sly address to Cromwell, that he might be induced to be master of them at once, and "as a pawn of his new subject's allegiance." It is possible that Hobbes might have anticipated the sovereign power which the *general* was on the point of assuming in the *protectorship*. It was natural enough that Hobbes should deny this suggestion.

† The story his antagonist (Dr. Wallis) relates, is perfectly in character. Hobbes, to show the Countess of Devonshire his attachment to life, declared, that "were he master of all the world to dispose of, he would give it to live one day."—"But you have so many friends to oblige, had you the world to dispose of!"—"Shall I be the better for that when I am dead?"—"No, (repeated the sublime cynic,) I would give the whole world to live one day."—He asserted, that "it was lawful to make use of ill instruments to do ourselves good," and illustrated it thus:—"Were I cast into a deep pit, and the devil should put down his cloven foot, I would take hold of it, to be drawn out by it."—It must be allowed this is a philosophy which has a chance of being long popular; but it is not that of another order of human beings! Hobbes would not, like Curtius, have leaped into a "deep pit" for his country; or, to drop the fable, have died for it in the field or on the scaffold, like the Falklands, the Sidneys, the Montroses—all the heroic brotherhood of genius! One of his last expressions, when informed of the approaches of death, was, "I shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at." Everything was seen in a little way by this great man; who, having reasoned himself into an abject being, "licked the dust" through life.

founded on fear and suspicion, and which, in human nature, could see nothing beyond himself, might make him a wary politician, but always an imperfect social being. We find, therefore, that the philosopher of Malmesbury, adroitly retained a friend at court, to protect him at an extremity; but considering all men alike, as bargaining for themselves, his friends occasioned him as much uneasiness as his enemies. He lived in dread that the Earl of Devonshire, whose roof had ever been his protection, should at length give him up to the parliament! There are no friendships among cynics!

To such a state of degradation had the selfish philosophy reduced one of the greatest geniuses; a philosophy true only for the wretched and the criminal.* But those

* In our country, Mandeville, Swift, and Chesterfield have trod in the track of Hobbes; and in France, Helvetius, Rochefoucault in his "Maxims," and L'Esprit more openly in his "*Faussete des Vertus Humaines.*" They only degrade us; they are polished cynics! But what are we to think of the tremendous cynicism of Machiavel? That great genius eyed human nature with the ferocity of an enraged savage. Machiavel is a vindictive assassin, who delights even to turn his dagger within the mortal wound he has struck; but our Hobbes, said his friend Sorbiere, "is a gentle and skilful surgeon, who, with regret, cuts into the living flesh, to get rid of the corrupted." It is equally to be regretted, that the same system of degrading man has been adopted by some, under the mask of religion.

Yet Hobbes, perhaps, never suspected the arms he was placing in the hands of wretched men, when he furnished them with such fundamental positions as, that "Man is naturally an evil being; that he does not love his equal; and only seeks the aid of society for his own particular purposes." He would at least have disowned some of his diabolical disciples. One of them, so late as in 1774, vented his furious philosophy in "An Essay on the Depravity and Corruption of Human Nature, wherein the Opinions of Hobbes, Mandeville, Helvetius, &c. are supported against Shaftesbury, Hume, Sterne, &c., by Thomas O'-Brien M'Mahon." This gentleman, once informed that he was *born wicked*, appears to have considered that wickedness was his paternal estate, to be turned to as profitable an account as he could. The titles of his chapters, serving as a string of the most extraordinary propositions, have been preserved in Monthly Rev. vol. lii. 77. The demon-

who feel moving within themselves the benevolent principle, and who delight in acts of social sympathy, are conscious of passions and motives, which the others have omitted in their system. And the truth is, these "unnatural philosophers," as Lord Shaftesbury expressively terms them, are by no means the monsters they tell us they are: their practice is therefore usually in opposition to their principles. While Hobbes was for chaining down mankind as so many beasts of prey, he surely betrayed his social passion, in the bevevolent warnings he was perpetually giving them: and while he affected to hold his brothers in contempt, he was sacrificing laborious days, and his peace of mind, to acquire celebrity. Who loved glory more than this sublime Cynic? "*Glory*," says our philosopher, "by

strations in the work itself must be still more curious. In these axioms we find that "Man has an *enmity* to all beings; that had he *power*, the first victims of his revenge would be his wife, children, &c.—a sovereign, if he could reign with the *unbounded authority* every man *longs for*, free from apprehension of punishment for misrule, would slaughter all his subjects; perhaps he would not leave one of them alive at the end of his reign." It was perfectly in character with this wretched being, after having quarrelled with human nature, that he should be still more inveterate against a small part of her family, with whom he was suffered to live on too intimate terms; for he afterwards published another extraordinary piece,—"The Conduct and Good-Nature of Englishmen exemplified in their charitable way of characterizing the Customs, Manners, &c. of neighbouring nations; their equitable and humane mode of governing States, &c.; their elevated and courteous deportment, &c., of which their own authors are everywhere produced as vouchers, 1777."

One is tempted to think that this O'Brein M'Mahon, after all, is only a wag, and has copied the horrid pictures of his masters, as Hogarth did the School of Rembrandt, by his "Paul before Felix, designed and *scratched* in the true Dutch taste." These works seem, however, to have their use. To have carried the conclusions of the Anti-social Philosophy to as great lengths as this writer has, is to display their absurdity. But, as every rational Englishman will appeal to his own heart, in declaring the one work to be nothing but a libel on the nation; so every man, not destitute of virtuous emotions, will feel the other to be a libel on human nature itself.

those whom it displeaseth, is called *Pride;* by those whom it pleaseth, it is termed *a just valuation of himself.*" * Had Hobbes defined, as critically, the passion of *self-love*, without resolving all our sympathies into a single monstrous one, we might have been disciplined without being degraded.

Hobbes, indeed, had a full feeling of the magnitude of his labours, both for foreigners and posterity, as he has expressed it in his life. He disperses, in all his works, some Montaigne-like notices of himself, and they are eulogistic. He has not omitted any one of his virtues, nor even an apology for his deficiency in others. He notices with complacency how Charles II. had his portrait placed in the royal cabinent; how it was frequently asked for by his friends, in England and in France.† He has written his life several times, in verse and in prose; and never

* Human Nature, c. ix.

† Hobbes did not exaggerate the truth. Aubrey says of Cooper's portrait of Hobbes, that "he intends to borrow the picture of his majesty, for Mr. Loggan to engrave an accurate piece by, which will sell well at home and abroad." We have only the rare print of Hobbes by Faithorne, prefixed to a quarto edition of his Latin Life, 1682, remarkable for its expression and character. Sorbiere, returning from England, brought home a portrait of the sage, which he placed in his collection; and strangers far and near, came to look on the physiognomy of a great and original thinker. One of the honours which men of genius receive is the homage the public pay to their images: either like the fat monk, one of the heroes of the *Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum*, who, standing before a portrait of Erasmus, spit on it in utter malice; or when they are looked on in silent reverence. It is alike a tribute paid to the masters of intellect. They have had their shrines and pilgrimages.

None of our authors have been better known, nor more highly considered, than our Hobbes, abroad. I find many curious particulars of him and his conversations accorded in French works, which are not known to the English biographers or critics. His residence at Paris occasioned this. See Ancillon's Mélange Critique, Basle, 1698; Patin's Letters, 61; Sorberiana; Niceron, tome iv.; Joly's Additions to Bayle.—All these contain original notices on Hobbes.

fails to throw into the eyes of his adversaries the reputation he gained abroad and at home.* He delighted to show he was living, by annual publications; and exultingly exclaimed, "That when he had silenced his adversaries, he published, in the eighty-seventh year of his life, the Odyssey of Homer, and the next year the Iliad, in English verse."

His greatest imperfection was a monstrous egotism—the fate of those who concentrate all their observations in their own individual feelings. There are minds which may think too much, by conversing too little with books and men. Hobbes exulted he had read little; he had not more than half-a-dozen books about him; hence he always saw things in his own way, and doubtless this was the cause of his mania for disputation.

He wrote against dogmas with a spirit perfectly dogmatic. He liked conversation on the terms of his own political system, provided absolute authority was established, peevishly referring to his own works whenever contradicted; and his friends stipulated with strangers, that "they should not dispute with the old man." But what are we to think of that pertinacity of opinion which he held even with one as great as himself? Selden has often quitted the room, or Hobbes been driven from it, in the fierceness of their battle.† Even to his latest day, the "war of

* To his Life are additions, which nothing but the self-love of the author could have imagined.

"Amicorum Elenchus."—He might be proud of the list of foreigners and natives.

"Tractuum contra Hobbium editorum Syllabus."

"Eorum qui in Scriptis suis Hobbio contradixerunt Indiculus."

"Qui Hobbii meminerunt seu in bonam seu in sequiorem partem."

"In Hobbii Defensionem."—Hobbes died 1679, aged 91. These two editions are, 1681, 1682.

† This fact has been recorded in one of the pamphlets of Richard Baxter, who, however, was no well-wisher to our philosopher. "Additional Notes on the Life and Death of Sir Matthew Hale, 1682," p. 40.

words" delighted the man of confined reading. The literary duels between Hobbes and another hero celebrated in Logomachy, the catholic priest, Thomas White, have been recorded by Wood. They had both passed their eightieth year, and were fond of paying visits to one another; but the two literary Nestors never met to part in cool blood, "wrangling, squabbling, and scolding on philosophical matters," as our blunt and lively historian has described.*

His little qualities were the errors of his own selfish philosophy; his great ones were those of nature. He was a votary to his studies:† he avoided marriage, to which he was inclined; and refused place and wealth, which he might have enjoyed, for literary leisure. He treated with philosophic pleasantry his real contempt of money.‡

* Athen. Oxon., vol. ii., p. 665, ed. 1821. No one, however, knew better than Hobbes the vanity and uselessness of *words*: in one place he compares them to "a spider's web; for, by contexture of words, tender and delicate wits are insnared and stopped, but strong wits break easily through them." The pointed sentence with which Warburton closes his preface to Shakespeare, is Hobbes's—that words are the counters of the wise, and the money of fools."

† Aubrey has minutely preserved for us the manner in which Hobbes composed his "Leviathan:" it is very curious for literary students. "He walked much, and contemplated; and he had in the head of his cane a pen and inkhorn, and carried always a note-book in his pocket; and as soon as a thought darted, he presently entered it into his book, or otherwise might have lost it. He had drawn the design of the book into chapters, &c., and he knew whereabouts it would come in. Thus that book was made."—Vol. ii., p. 607. Aubrey, the little Boswell of his day, has recorded another literary particularity, which some authors do not assuredly sufficiently use. Hobbes said, that he sometimes, would set his thoughts upon researching and contemplating, always with this proviso: "that he very much and deeply considered one thing at a time—for a week, or sometimes a fortnight."

‡ A small annuity from the Devonshire family, and a small pension from Charles II., exceeded the wants of his philosophic life. If he chose to compute his income, Hobbes says facetiously of himself, in French sols or Spanish maravedis, he could persuade himself that

" And now complete my four and eighty years,
Life's lengthen'd plot is o'er, and the last scene appears."*

Of the works of Hobbes we must not conclude, as Hume tells us, that "they have fallen into neglect;" nor, in the style with which they were condemned at Oxford, that "they are pernicious and damnable." The sanguine opin-

Crœsus or Crassus were by no means richer than himself; and when he alludes to his property, he considers wisdom to be his real wealth:—

"An quàm dives, id est, quâm sapiens fuerim?"

He gave up his patrimonial estate to his brother, not wanting it himself; but he tells the tale himself, and adds, that though small in extent, it was rich in its crops. Anthony Wood, with unusual delight opens the character of Hobbes: "Though he hath an ill name from some, and good from others, yet he was a person endowed with an excellent philosophical soul, was a contemner of riches, money, envy, the world, &c.; a severe lover of justice, and endowed with great morals; cheerful, open, and free of his discourse, yet without offence to any, which he endeavoured always to avoid." What an enchanting picture of the old man in the green vigour of his age has Cowley sent down to us!

"Nor can the snow which now cold age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be, thou 'rt yet:
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.
So contraries on Ætna's top conspire:
The' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep.—
To things immortal time can do no wrong;
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young."

* "Ipse meos nôsti, Verdusi candide, mores,
Et tecum cuncti qui mea scripta legunt:
Nam mea vita meis non est incongrua scriptis;
Justitiam doceo, Justitiamque colo.
Improbus esse potest nemo qui non sit avarus,
Nec pulchrum quisquam fecit avarus opus.
Octoginta ego jam complevi et quatuor annos;
Pene acta est vitæ fabula longa meæ.

ion of the author himself was, that the mighty "Leviathan" will stand for all ages, defended by its own strength; for the rule of justice, the reproof of the ambitious, the citadel of the Sovereign, and the peace of the people.* But the smaller treatises of Hobbes are not less precious. Locke is the pupil of Hobbes, and it may often be doubtful whether the scholar has rivalled the nervous simplicity and the energetic originality of his master.

The genius of Hobbes was of the first order; his works abound with the most impressive truths, in all the simplici-

* Hobbes, in his metrical (by no means his poetical) life, says, the more the Leviathan was written against, the more it was read; and adds,

"Firmiùs inde stetit, spero stabitque per omne
Ævum, defensus viribus ipse suis.
Justitiæ mensura, atque ambitionis elenchus,
Regum arx, pax populo, si doceatur, erit."

The term *arx* is here peculiarly fortunate, according to the system of the author—it means a citadel or fortified place on an eminence, to which the people might fly for their common safety.

His works were much read; as appears by "The Court Burlesqued," a satire attributed to Butler.

"So those who wear the holy robes
That rail so much at *Father Hobbes*,
Because he has exposed of late
The nakedness of Church and State;
Yet tho' they do his books condemn,
They love to buy and read the same."

Our author, so late as in 1750, was still so commanding a genius, that his works were collected in a handsome folio; but that collection is not complete. When he could not get his works printed at home, he published them in Latin, including his mathematical works, at Amsterdam, by Blaew, 1668, 4to. His treatises, "*De Cive*," and "On Human Nature," are of perpetual value. Gassendi recommends these admirable works, and Puffendorff acknowledges the depth of his obligations. The Life of Hobbes in the Biographia Britannica, by Dr. Campbell, is a work of curious research.

ty of thought and language, yet he never elevates nor delights. Too faithful an observer of the miserable human nature before him, he submits to expedients; he acts on the defensive; and because he is in terror, he would consider security to be the happiness of man. In *Religion* he would stand by an established one; yet thus he deprives man of that moral freedom which God himself has surely allowed us. Loeke has the glory of having first given distinet notions of the nature of toleration. In *Politics* his great principle is the establishment of *Authority*, or, as he terms it, an "entireness of sovereign power:" here he seems to have built his arguments with such eternal truths, and with such a contriving wisdom as to adapt his system to all the ehanges of government. Hobbes found it necessary, in his day, to place this despotism in the hands of his colossal monarch; and were Hobbes now living, he would not relinquish the prineiple, though perhaps he might vary the applieation; for if Authority, strong as man can create it, is not suffered to exist in our free eonstitution, what will become of our freedom? Hobbes would now maintain his system by depositing his "entireness of sovereign power" in the Laws of his Country. So easily shifted is the vast politieal machine of the much abused Leviathan! The *Citizen* of Hobbes, like the *Prince* of Machiavel, is alike innocent, when the end of their authors is once detected, amid those ambiguous means by which the hard necessity of their times constrained their mighty genius to disguise itself.

It is, however, remarkable of *Systems of Opinions*, that the founder's celebrity has usually outlived his sect's. Why are systems, when once brought into practiee, so often discovered to be fallaeies? It seems to me the natural progress of system making. A genius of this order of invention, long busied with profound observations and perpetual truths, would appropriate to himself this assemblage of his ideas, by stamping his individual mark on them; for this

purpose he strikes out some mighty paradox, which gives an apparent connexion to them all; and to this paradox he forces all parts into subserviency. It is a minion of the fancy, which his secret pride supports, not always by the most scrupulous means. Hence the system itself, with all its novelty and singularity, turns out to be nothing more than an ingenious deception carried on for the glory of the inventor; and when his followers perceive they were the dupes of his ingenuity, they are apt, in quitting the system, to give up all; not aware that the parts are as true as the whole together is false; the sagacity of Genius collected the one, but its Vanity formed the other!

HOBBES'S QUARRELS

WITH

DR. WALLIS THE MATHEMATICIAN.

HOBBES's passion for the study of Mathematics began late in life—attempts to be an original discoverer—attacked by WALLIS—various replies and rejoinders—nearly maddened by the opposition he encountered—after four years of truce, the war again renewed—character of HOBBES by Dr. WALLIS, a specimen of invective and irony; serving as a remarkable instance how the greatest genius may come down to us disguised by the arts of an adversary—HOBBES's noble defence of himself; of his own great reputation; of his politics; and of his religion—a literary stratagem of his—reluctantly gives up the contest, which lasted twenty years.

THE Mathematical War between HOBBES and the celebrated Dr. WALLIS is now to be opened. A series of battles, the renewed campaigns of more than twenty years, can be described by no term less eventful. Hobbes himself considered it as a war, and it was a war of idle ambition, in which he took too much delight. His "Amata Mathemata" became his pride, his pleasure, and at length his shame. He attempted to maintain his irruption into a province he ought never to have entered in defiance, by "a new method;" but having invaded the powerful natives, he seems to have almost repented the folly, and retires, leaving "the unmanageable brutes" to themselves:

Ergo meam statuo non ultra perdere opellam
Indocile expectans discere posse pecus.

His language breathes war, while he sounds his retreat, and confesses his repulse. The Algebraists had all declared against the Invader.

Wallisius contra pugnat; victusque videbar
Algebristarum Theiologumque scholis,
Et simul eductus Castris exercitus omnis
Pugnæ securus Wallisianus ovat.

And,

Pugna placet vertor—
Bella mea audisti—&c.

So that we have sufficient authority to consider this Literary Quarrel as a war, and a "Bellum Peloponnesiacum" too, for it lasted as long. Political, literary, and even personal feelings, were called in, to heat the temperate blood of two Mathematicians.

"What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?"

Hobbes was one of the many victims who lost themselves in squaring the circle, and doubling the cube. He applied, late in life, to mathematical studies, not so much, he says, to learn the subtile demonstrations of its figures, as to acquire those habits of close reasoning, so useful in the discovery of new truths, to prove or to refute. So justly he reasoned on mathematics; but so ill he practised the science, that it made him the most unreasonable being imaginable, for he resisted mathematical demonstration itself! *

His great and original character could not but prevail in everything he undertook; and his egotism tempted him to

* The origin of his taste for mathematics was purely accidental: begun in love, it continued to dotage. According to Aubrey, he was forty years old when, "being in a gentleman's library, Euclid's Elements lay open at the 47th Propos. lib. i. which, having read, he swore, 'This is impossible!' He read the demonstration, which referred him back to another—at length he was convinced of that truth. This made him in love with geometry. I have heard Mr. Hobbes say, that he was wont to draw lines on his thighs, and on the sheets a-bed."

raise a name in the world of Science, as he had in that of Politics and Morals. With the ardour of a young mathematician, he exclaimed, *Eureka!* "I have found it."—The quadrature of the circle was indeed the common Dulcinea of the Quixotes of the time; but they had all been disenchanted. Hobbes alone clung to his ridiculous mistress. Repeatedly confuted, he was perpetually resisting old reasonings, and producing new ones. Were only genius requisite for an able mathematician, Hobbes had been among the first; but patience and docility, not fire and fancy, are necessary. His reasonings were all paralogisms, and he had always much to say, from not understanding the subject of his inquiries.

When Hobbes published his "De Corpore Philosophico," 1655, he there exulted that he had solved the great mystery. Dr. Wallis, the Savilian professor of mathematics at Oxford,* with a deep aversion to Hobbes's political and religious sentiments, as he understood them, rejoiced to see this famous combatant descending into his own arena. He certainly was eager to meet him single-handed; for he instantly confuted Hobbes, by his "Elencus Geometriæ Hobbianæ."

* The author of the excellent Latin grammar of the English language, so useful to every student in Europe, of which work that singular patriot, Thomas Hollis, printed an edition, to present to all the learned Institutions of Europe. Henry Stubbe, the celebrated physician of Warwick, to whom the reader has been introduced, joined, for he loved a quarrel, in the present controversy, when it involved philosophical matters, siding with Hobbes, because he hated Wallis. In his "Oneirocritica, or an Exact Account of the Grammatical parts of this Controversy," he draws a strong character of Wallis, who was indeed a great mathematician, and one of the most extraordinary decypherers of letters; for perhaps no new system of character could be invented, for which he could not make a key; by which means he had rendered the most important services to the Parliament. Stubbe quaintly describes him, as "the sub-scribe to the tribe of Adoniram" (*i. e.* Adoniram Byfield, who, with this cant name, was scribe to the fanatical Assembly of Divines,) and "as the glory and pride of the Presbyterian faction."

Hobbes, who saw the newly-acquired province of his mathematics in danger, and which, like every new possession, seemed to involve his honour more than was necessary, called on all the world to be witnesses of the mighty conflict. He now published his work in English, with a sarcastic addition, in a magisterial tone, of "*Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford.*" These were Seth Ward* and Wallis, both no friends to Hobbes, and who hungered after him as a relishing morsel. Wallis now replied in English, by "Due Correction for Mr. Hobbes, or School-discipline for not saying his Lessons right, 1656." That part of controversy, which is usually the last, had already taken place in their choice of phrases.†

* Dr. Seth Ward, after the Restoration made Bishop of Salisbury, said, some years before this event was expected, that "he had rather be the author of one of Hobbes's books, than be king of England."—But afterwards he seemed not a little inclined to cry out *Crucifige!* He who, to one of these books, the admirable treatise on "Human Nature," had prefixed one of the highest panegyrics Hobbes could receive!—*Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii., p. 647.

† It is mortifying to read *such language* between two mathematicians, in the calm inquiries of square roots, and the finding of mean proportionals between two straight lines. I wish the example may prove a warning. Wallis thus opens on Hobbes:—"It seems, Mr. Hobbes, that you have a mind to *say your lesson*, and that the mathematic professors of Oxford should *hear* you. You are too old to learn, though you have as much need as those that be younger, and yet will think much to be whipped.

"What moved you to say your lessons in English, when the books against which you do chiefly intend them were written in Latin?—Was it chiefly for the perfecting your natural rhetoric, whenever you thought it convenient to repair to Billingsgate?—You found that the oyster-women could not teach you to rail in Latin. Now you can, upon all occasion, or without occasion, give the titles of *fool*, *beast*, *ass*, *dog*, &c., which I take to be but barking; and they are no better than a man might have at Billingsgate for a box o' the ear.

"You tell us, 'though the beasts, that think our railing to be roaring, have for a time admired us; yet now you have showed them our ears, they will be less affrighted.' Sir, those persons (the professors themselves) needed not the sight of *your ears*, but could tell by the *voice*

In the following year the campaign was opened by Hobbes with "ΣΤΙΓΜΑΙ; or, *marks* of the absurd Geometry, *rural Language*, Scottish Church-politics, and Barbarisms, of John Wallis." Quick was the routing of these fresh forces; not one was to escape alive! for Wallis now took the field with "Hobbiani Puncti dispunctio! or, the undoing of Mr. Hobbes's Points; in answer to Mr. Hobbes's ΣΤΙΓΜΑΙ, *id est*, Stigmata Hobbii."—Hobbes seems now to have been reduced to great straits; perhaps he wondered at the obstinacy of his adversary. It seems that Hobbes, who had been used to other studies, and who confesses all the algebraists were against him, could not conceive a point to exist without quantity; or a line could be drawn without latitude; or a superficies be without depth or thickness; but mathematicians conceive them without these qualities, when they exist abstractedly in the mind; though, when for the purposes of science they are produced to the senses, they necessarily have all the qualities. It was understanding these figures, in the vulgar way, which led Hobbes into a labyrinth of confusions and absurdities.* They appear to have nearly maddened the clear and vigorous intellect of our philosopher; for he exclaims, in one of these writings:

"I alone am mad, or they are all out of their senses: so that no third opinion can be taken, unless any will say that we are all mad."

Four years of truce were allowed to intervene between the next battle; when the irrefutable Hobbes, once more collecting his weak and his incoherent forces, arranged them, as well as he was able, into "Six Dialogues, 1661." The utter annihilation he intended for his antagonist, fell on himself. Wallis, borrowing the character of "The Self-tormentor," from Terence, produced "Hobbius Heau-

what kind of creature *brayed* in your books: you dared not have said this to their faces."—He bitterly says of Hobbes, that "he is a man who is always writing what was answered before he had written."

* Dr Campbell's art. on Hobbes, in Biog. Brit. p. 2619.

ton-timorumenos (Hobbes the Self-tormentor;) or, a Consideration of Mr. Hobbes's Dialogues; addressed to Robert Boyle, 1662."

This attack of Wallis is of a very opposite character to the arid discussion of abstract blunders in geometry. He who began with points, and doubling the cube, and squaring the circle, now assumes a loftier tone, and carrying his personal and moral feelings into a mere controversy between two idle mathematicians, he has formed a solemn invective, and edged it with irony. I hope the reader has experienced sufficient interest in the character of Hobbes to read the long, but curious extract I shall now transcribe, with that awe and reverence which the old man claims. It will show how even the greatest genius may be disguised, when viewed through the coloured medium of an adversary. One is, however, surprised to find such a passage in a mathematical work.

"He doth much improve; I mean he doth *proficere in pejus;* more, indeed, than I could reasonably have expected he would have done;—insomuch; that I cannot but profess some relenting thoughts (though I had formerly occasion to use him somewhat coarsely,) to see an old man thus fret and torment himself to no purpose. You, too, should pity your antagonist; not as if he did deserve it, but because he needs it; and as Chremes, in Terence, of his Senex, his self-tormenting Menedemus—

> Cum videam miserum hunc tam excruciarier
> Miseret me ejus. Quod potero adjutabo senem.

"Consider the temper of the man, to move your pity; a person *extremely passionate and peevish, and wholly impatient of contradiction.* A temper, which, whether it be a greater fault or torment (to one, who must so often meet with what he is so ill able to bear) is hard to say.

"And to this fretful humour you must add another as bad, which feeds it. You are therefore next to consider

him as *one highly opinionative and magisterial. Fanciful* in his conceptions, and deeply enamoured with those *phantasmes*, without a rival. He doth not spare to profess, upon all occasions, how incomparably he thinks himself to have *surpassed all*, ancient, modern, schools, academies, persons, societies, philosophers, divines, heathens, Christians; how despicable he thinks all their writings, in comparison of his; and what hopes he hath, that, by *the sovereign command of some absolute prince, all other doctrines being exploded, his new dictates should be peremptorily imposed, to be alone taught in all schools and pulpits, and universally submitted to.* To recount all which he speaks of himself *magnificently*, and *contemptuously* of others, would fill a volume. Should some idle person read over all his books, and collecting together his arrogant and supercilious speeches, applauding himself, and despising all other men, set them forth in one *synopsis*, with this title, *Hobbius de se*—what a pretty piece of pageantry this would make!

"The admirable sweetness of your own nature has not given you the experience of such a temper: yet your contemplation must have needs discerned it, in those symptoms which you have seen it work in others, like the strange effervescence, ebullition, fumes, and fetors, which you have sometimes given yourself the content to observe, in some active *acrimonious* chymical *spirits* upon the injection of some contrariant *salts* strangely vexing, fretting, and tormenting itself, while it doth but administer *sport* to the unconcerned spectator. Which temper, being so eminent in the person we have to deal with, your generous nature, which cannot but pity affliction, how much soever deserved, must needs have some compassion for him: who, besides those exquisite *torments* wherewith he doth afflict himself, like that

> —— quo Siculi non invenere Tyranni
> Tormentum majus—

is unavoidably exposed to those two great *mischiefs;* an

incapacity to be *taught what he doth not know*, or to be *advised when he thinks amiss;* and moreover, to this *inconvenience*, that he must never *hear his faults but from his adversaries;* for those who are willing to be reputed *friends* must either not advertise what they see amiss, or incommode themselves.

"But, you will ask, what need he thus torment himself? What need of pity? If *he have hopes* to be admitted the *sole dictator in philosophy*, civil and natural, in schools and pulpits, and to be owned as the only *magister sententiarum*, what would he have more?

"True, *if he have;* but what *if he have not?* That he *had* some hopes of such an honour, he hath not been sparing to let us know, and was providing against the *envy* that might attend it (*nec deprecabor invidiam, sed augendo, ulciscar*, was his resolution;) but I doubt these hopes are at an end. He did not find (as he expected) that the *fairies and hobgoblins* (for such he reputes all that went before him) did vanish presently, upon the first appearance of his *sunshine:* and, which is worse, while he was on the one side guarding himself against *Envy*, he is, on the other side, unhappily *surprised* by a worse enemy, called *Contempt*, and with which he is less able to grapple.

"I forbear to mention (lest I might seem to reproach that age which I reverence) the *disadvantages* which he may sustain by his old age. 'Tis possible that time and age, in a person somewhat *morose*, may have rivetted faster that preconceived opinion of his own worth and excellency beyond others. 'Tis possible, also, that he may have *forgotten* much of what once he knew. He may, perhaps, be sometimes more *secure* than *safe;* while trusting to what he thinks a firm foundation, his footing fails him; nor always so vigilant or quicksighted as to discern the *incoherence* or *inconsequence* of his own discourses; unwilling, notwithstanding, to make use of the eyes of other men, lest he should seem thereby to disparage his own; but

certainly (though his *will* may be as good as ever) his *parts* are less vegete and nimble, as to *invention* at least, than in his younger days.

"While he had endeavoured only to *raise an expectation*, or put the world in hopes of what great things he had in hand (*to render all philosophy as clear and certain as Euclid's Elements*,) if he had then *died*, it might, perhaps, have been thought by some, that the world had been deprived of *a great philosopher*, and learning sustained an invaluable loss, by the abortion of *so desired a piece*. But since that *Partus Montis* is come to light, and found to be no more than what little animals have brought forth, and that, *deformed* enough and *unamiable*, he might have sooner gone off the stage with more advantage than now he is like to do; such is the misfortune for a man to *outlive his reputation!*

"By this time, perhaps, you may see cause to *pity* him while you see him *falling*. But if you consider him *tumbling headlong* from so great a height, 'twill make some addition to that *compassion* which doth already begin to work. You are therefore next to consider, that when, upon the account of *geometry*, he was unsafely mounted to that height of vanity, he did unhappily fall into the hands of two mathematicians, who have used him so unmercifully, as would have put a person of *greater patience* into *passion*, and meeting with such a *temper*, have so discomposed him that he hath ever since *talked idly;* and to augment the grief, these mathematicians were both Divines—he had rather have fallen by any other hand. These *mathematical divines* (a term which he had thought incomponible) began to unravel the wrong end; and while he thought they should have first *untiled the roof*, and by degrees gone downward, they strike at the *foundation*, and make the building tumble all at once; and that in such confusion, that by dashing one part against another, they make each help to destroy the whole. They first fall upon his *last re-*

serve, and rout his *mathematics* beyond a possibility of *rallying;* and by *firing his magazine* upon the first assault, make his own weapons *fight against him.* Not contented herewith, they enter the *breach*, and pursue the *rout* through his Logics, Physics, Metaphysics, Theology, where they find all in confusion—"

This invective and irony from this celebrated mathematician, so much out of the path of his habitual studies, might have proved a tremendous blow; but the genius of Hobbes was invulnerable to mere human opposition, unless accompanied by the supernatural terrors of penal fires or perpetual dungeons. Our hero received the whole discharge of this battering train, and stood immoveable, while he returned the fire in—

"Considerations upon the Reputation, Loyalty, Manners, and Religion, of Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, written by way of Letter to a learned person, Dr. Wallis, 1662."

It is an extraordinary production. His lofty indignation retorts on the feeble irony of his antagonist with keen and caustic accusations; and the green strength of youth was still seen in the old man whose head was covered with snows.

From this spirited apology for himself, I shall give some passages. Hobbes thus replied to Dr. Wallis, who affected to consider the old man as a fit object for commiseration.

"You would make him contemptible, and move Mr. Boyle to pity him. This is a way of railing too much beaten to be thought witty; besides, 'tis no argument of your contempt to spend upon him so many angry lines, as would have furnished you with a dozen of sermons. If you had in good earnest despised him, you would have let him alone, as he does Dr. Ward, Mr. Baxter, Pike, and others, that have reviled him as you do. As for his reputation beyond the seas, it fades not yet; and because perhaps you have no means to know it, I will cite you a passage of an

epistle written by a learned Frenchman to an eminent person in France, in a volume of epistles."

Hobbes quotes the passage at length, in which his name appears joined with Galileo, Descartes, Bacon, and Gassendi.

In reply to Wallis' sarcastic suggestion, that an idle person should collect together Hobbes's arrogant and supercilous speeches applauding himself, under one title, *Hobbius de se*, he says,—

"Let your idle person do it; Mr. Hobbes shall acknowledge them under his hand, and be commended for it, and you scorned. A certain Roman senator having propounded something in the assembly of the people, which they, misliking, made a noise at, boldly bad them hold their peace, and told them he knew better what was good for the commonwealth than all they; and his words are transmitted to us as an argument of his virtue; *so much do truth and vanity alter the complexion of self-praise.* You can have very little skill in morality, that cannot see the justice of commending a man's self, as well as of anything else, in his own defence; and it was want of prudence in you to constrain him to a thing that would so much displease you.

"When you make his *age* a reproach to him, and show no cause that might impair the faculties of his mind, but only age, I admire how you saw not that you reproached all old men in the world as much as him, and warranted all young men, at a certain time which they themselves shall define, to call you *fool!* Your dislike of old age you have also otherwise sufficiently signified, in venturing so fairly as you have done to escape it. But that is no great matter to one that hath so many marks upon him of much greater reproaches. By Mr. Hobbes's calculation, that derives prudence from experience, and experience from age, you are a very young man; but, by your own reckoning, you are older already than Methuselah.

"During the late trouble, who made both Oliver and the

people mad but the preachers of your principles? But besides the wickedness, see the folly of it. You thought to make them mad, but just to such a degree as should serve your own turn; that is to say, mad, and yet just as wise as yourselves. Were you not very imprudent to think to govern madness?"—P. 15.

"The king was hunted as a partridge in the mountains, and though the hounds have been hanged, yet the hunters were as guilty as they, and deserved no less punishment. And the decypherers (Wallis had decyphered the royal letters) and all that blew the horn, are to be reckoned among the hunters. Perhaps you would not have had the prey killed, but rather have kept it tame. And yet who can tell? I have read of few kings deprived of their power by their own subjects that have lived any long time after it, for reasons that every man is able to conjecture."

He closes with a very odd image of the most cynical contempt:—

"Mr. Hobbes has been always far from provoking any man, though, when he is provoked, you find his pen as sharp as yours. All you have said is error and railling; that is, *stinking wind*, such as a jade lets fly when he is too hard girt upon a full belly. I have done. I have considered you now, but will not again, whatsoever preferment any of your friends shall procure you."

These were the pitched battles; but many skirmishes occasionally took place. Hobbes was even driven to a *ruse de guerre*. When he found his mathematical character in the utmost peril, there appeared a pamphlet, entitled,—

"Lux Mathematica, &c., or Mathematical Light struck out from the clashings between Dr. John Wallis, Professor of Geometry in the celebrated University of Oxford (celeberrima Academia), and Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury; augmented with many and shining rays of the Author, R. R. 1672."

Here the victories of Hobbes are trumpeted forth; but the fact is, that R. R. should have been T. H. It was Hobbes's own composition! R. R. stood for *Roseti Repertor*, that is, the Finder of the Rosary, one of the titles of Hobbes's mathematical discoveries. Wallis asserts, that this R. R. may still serve; for it may answer his own book, *Roseti Refutator*, or, the Refuter of the Rosary.

Poor Hobbes gave up the contest reluctantly; if, indeed, the controversy may not be said to have lasted all his life. He acknowledges he was writing to no purpose; and that the medicine was obliged to yield to the disease.

> "Sed nil profeci, magnis authoribus Error
> Fultus erat, cessit sic Medicina malo."

He seems to have gone down to the grave, in spite of all the reasonings of the geometricians on this side of it, with a firm conviction, that its superficies had both depth and thickness.* Such were the fruits of a great genius, entering into a province out of his own territories; and, though a most energetic reasoner, so little skilful in these new studies, that he could never know when he was confuted and refuted.†

* The strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles concerning the *real quantity of matter*, and the *reality of space*, have been noticed by Pope, in the Dunciad:—

> "Mad *Máthesis* alone was unconfined,
> Too mad for mere material chains to bind:
> Now to *pure space* lifts her ecstatic stare;
> Now running round *the circle*, finds its *square*."
>
> *Dunciad*, book iv., ver. 31.

† When all animosities had ceased, after the death of Hobbes, I find Dr. Wallis, in a very temperate letter to Tenison, exposing the errors of Hobbes in mathematical studies; Wallis acknowledges that philology had never entered into his pursuits,—in this he had never designed to oppose his superior genius; but it was Hobbes who had too often turned his mathematical into a philological controversy. Wallis has made a just observation on the nature of mathematical truths:—"Hobbes's argumentations are destructive in one part of

what is said in another. This is more convincingly evident, and more unpardonable, in mathematics than in other discourses, which are things capable of cogent demonstration, and so evident, that though a good mathematician may be subject to commit an error, yet one who understands but little of it, cannot but see a fault when it is showed him."

Wallis was an eminent genius in scientific pursuits. His art of decyphering letters was carried to amazing perfection; and among other phenomena he discovered, was that of teaching a young man, born deaf and dumb, to speak plainly. He humorously observes, in one of his letters:—"I am now employed upon another work, as hard almost as to make Mr. Hobbes understand mathematics. It is, to teach a person dumb and deaf to speak, and to understand a language."

JONSON AND DECKER.

BEN JONSON appears to have carried his military spirit into the literary republic—his gross convivialities, with anecdotes of the prevalent taste, in that age, for drinking-bouts—his "Poetaster" a sort of Dunciad, besides a personal attack on the frequenters of the theatres, with anecdotes—his Aopologetical Dialogue, which was not allowed to be repeated—characters of DECKER and of MARSTON—DECKER'S Satiromastix, a parody on JONSON'S Poetaster—BEN exhibited under the character of "Horace Junior"—specimens of that literary satire; its dignified remonstrance, and the honourable applause bestowed on the great bard—some foibles in the literary habits of BEN, alluded to by DECKER—JONSON'S noble reply to his detractors and rivals.

THIS quarrel is a splendid instance how genius of the first order, lavishing its satirical powers on a number of contemporaries, may discover, among the crowd, some individual who may return with a right aim the weapon he has himself used, and who will not want for encouragement to attack the common assailant: the greater genius is thus mortified by a victory conceded to the inferior, which he himself had taught the meaner one to obtain over him.

JONSON, in his earliest productions, "Every Man in his Humour" and "Every Man out of his Humour," usurped that dictatorship, in the Literary Republic, which he so sturdily and invariably maintained, though long and hardily disputed. No bard has more courageously foretold, that posterity would be interested in his labours; and often with very dignified feelings, he casts this declaration into the teeth of his adversaries: but a bitter contempt for his brothers and his contemporaries was not less vehement, than his affections for those who crowded under his wing.

To his "sons" and his admirers he was warmly attached; and no poet has left behind him in MS., so many testimonies of personal fondness, in the inscriptions and addresses, in the copies of his works, which he presented to friends: of these, I have seen more than one, fervent and impressive.

Drummond of Hawthornden, who perhaps carelessly and imperfectly minuted down the heads of their literary conference on the chief authors of the age, exposes the severity of criticism which Ben exercised on some spirits as noble as his own. The genius of Jonson was rough, hardy, and invincible, of which the frequent excess degenerated into ferocity; and by some traditional tales, this ferocity was still inflamed by large potations: for Drummond informs us, "Drink was the element in which he lived."* Old Ben

* The gross convivialities of the times, from the age of Elizabeth, were remarkable for several circumstances. Hard drinking was a foreign vice, imported by our military men on their return from the Netherlands: and the practice, of whose prevalence Camden complains, was even brought to a kind of science. They had a dialect peculiar to their orgies. See Curiosities of Literature, p. 278, 11th edition.

Jonson's inclinations were too well suited to the prevalent taste, and he gave as largely into it as any of his contemporaries. Tavern habits were then those of our poets and actors. Ben's "Humours" at "the Mermaid," and at a later period, his "Leges Convivales" at "the Apollo," the club-room of "the Devil," were doubtless one great cause of a small personal unhappiness, of which he complains, and which had a very unlucky effect, in rendering a mistress so obdurate, who "through her eyes had stopt her ears." This was, as his own verse tells us,

"His mountain belly and his rocky face."

He weighed near twenty stone, according to his own avowal—an Elephant Cupid! One of his "Sons," at the "Devil," seems to think that his "Catiline" could not fail to be a miracle, by a certain sort of inspiration which Ben used on the occasion.

"With strenuous sinewy words that Catiline swells,
I reckon it not among men-miracles.

had given, on two occasions, some remarkable proofs of his personal intrepidity. When a soldier, in the face of both

> How could that poem heat and vigour lack,
> *When each line oft cost* Ben *a cup of sack?*"
>
> *R. Baron's Pocula Castalia*, p. 113, 1650.

Jonson, in the Bacchic phraseology of the day, was "a Canary bird." "He would (says Aubrey) many times exceed in drink; Canary was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed; and, when he had thoroughly perspired, then to study."

Tradition, too, has sent down to us several tavern tales of "Rare Ben." A good humoured one has been preserved of the first interview between Bishop Corbet, when a young man, and our great bard. It occurred at a tavern, where Corbet was sitting alone. Ben, who had probably just drank up to the pitch of good fellowship, desired the waiter to take to the gentleman "a quart of *raw* wine; and tell him," he added, "I *sacrifice* my service to him."—"Friend," replied Corbet, "I thank him for his love; but tell him, from me, that he is mistaken; for *sacrifices are always burned*,"—This pleasant allusion to the mulled wine of the time, by the young wit, could not fail to win the affection of the master wit himself. Harl. MSS. 6395.

Ben is not viewed so advantageously, in an unlucky fit of ebriety recorded by Oldys, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine; but his authority is not to me of a suspicious nature: he had drawn it from a MS. collection of Oldisworth's, who appears to have been a curious collector of the history of his times. He was secretary to that strange character, Philip, Earl of Pembroke. It was the custom of those times to form collections of little traditional stories and other good things; we have had lately given to us by the Camden Society, an amusing one, from the L'Estrange family, and the MS. already quoted is one of them. There could be no bad motive in recording a tale, quite innocent in itself; and which is further confirmed by Isaac Walton, who, without alluding to the tale, notices that Jonson parted from Sir Walter Raleigh and his son "not in cold blood." Mr. Gifford, in a MS. note on this work, does not credit this story, it not being accordant with dates. Such stories may not accord with dates or persons, and yet may be founded on some substantial fact. I know of no injury to Ben's poetical character, in showing that he was, like other men, quite incapable of taking care of himself, when he was sunk in the heavy sleep of drunkenness. It was an age when kings, as our James I. and his majesty of Denmark, were as often laid under the table as their subjects. My motive for preserving the story is the in-

armies, he had fought single-handed with his antagonist, had slain him, and carried off his arms as trophies. Another time he killed his man in a duel. Jonson appears to have carried the same military spirit into the Literary Republic.

Such a genius would become more tyrannical by success, and naturally provoked opposition, from the proneness of mankind to mortify usurped greatness, when they can securely do it. The man who hissed the poet's play, had no idea that he might himself become one of the dramatic personages. Ben then produced his "Poetaster," which has been called the Dunciad of those times; but it is a Dunciad without notes. The personages themselves are now only known by their general resemblance to nature; with the exception of two characters, those of *Crispinus and Demetrius*.*

cident respecting *carrying men in baskets;* it was evidently a custom, which perhaps may have suggested the memorable adventure of Falstaff. It was a convenient mode of conveyance for those who were incapable of taking care of themselves before the invention of hackney coaches, which was of later date, in Charles the First's reign.

Camden recommended Jonson to Sir Walter Raleigh, as a tutor to his son, whose gay humours not brooking the severe studies of Jonson, took advantage of his foible, to degrade him in the eyes of his father, who, it seems, was remarkable for his abstinence from wine: though, if another tale be true, he was no common sinner in "the true Virginia." Young Raleigh contrived to give Ben a surfeit, which threw the poet into a deep slumber; and then the pupil maliciously procured a buck basket, and a couple of men, who carried our Ben to Sir Walter, with a message, that "their young master had sent home his tutor." There is nothing improbable in the story; for the circumstance of *carrying drunken men in baskets* was a usual practice. In the Harleian MS. quoted above, I find more than one instance; I will give one. An alderman, carried in *a porter's basket*, at his own door, is thrown out of it in a *qualmish* state. The man, to frighten away the passengers, and enable the grave citizen to creep in unobserved, exclaims, That the man had *the falling sickness!*

* These were Marston and Decker, but as is usual with these sort of caricatures, the originals sometimes mistook their likenesses. They

In "The Poetaster," Ben, with flames too long smothered, burst over the heads of all rivals and detractors. His

were both town wits, and cronies, of much the same stamp; by a careful perusal of their works, the editor of Jonson has decided that Marston was Crispinus. With him Jonson had once lived on the most friendly terms; afterwards, the great poet quarrelled with both, or they with him.

Dryden, in the preface to his "Notes and Observations on the Empress of Morocco," in his quarrel with Settle, which has been sufficiently narrated by Dr. Johnson, felt, when poised against this miserable rival, who had been merely set up by a party, to mortify the superior genius, as Jonson had felt when pitched against *Crispinus*. It is thus that literary history is so interesting to authors.—How often, in recording the fates of others, it reflects their own! "I knew indeed (says Dryden) that to write against him was to do him too great an honour; but I considered Ben Jonson had done it before to Decker, our author's predecessor, whom he chastised in his Poetaster, under the character of *Crispinus*." Langbaine tells us, the subject of the *Satiromastix* of Decker, which I am to notice, was "the witty Ben Jonson;" and with this agree all the notices I have hitherto met with, respecting "the Horace Junior" of Decker's Satiromastix. Mr. Gilchrist has published two curious pamphlets on Jonson; and in the last, p. 56, he has shown that Decker was "the poet-ape of Jonson," and that he avenged himself under the character of *Crispinus*, in his Satiromastix: to which may be added, that the *Fannius*, in the same satirical comedy, is probably his friend Marston.

Jonson allowed himself great liberty in *personal satire*, by which, doubtless, he rung an alarum to a waspish host; he lampooned *Inigo Jones*, the great machinist and architect. The lampoons are printed in Jonson's works; and I have in MS. an answer by Inigo Jones in verse, so pitiful that I have not printed it. That he condescended to bring obscure individuals on the stage, appears by his character of *Carlo Buffoon*, in "Every Man out of his Humour." He calls this "a second untruss," and was censured for having drawn it from personal revenge. The Aubrey papers, recently published, have given us the character of this *Carlo Buffoon*, "one Charles Chester, a bold impertinent fellow; and they could never be at quiet for him; a perpetual talker, and made a noise like a drum in a room. So one time, at a tavern, Sir Walter Raleigh beats him, and seals up his mouth; *i. e.* his upper and nether beard, with hard wax." P. 514. Such a character was no unfitting object for dramatic satire. Mr. Gilchrist's

enemies seem to have been among all classes; personages recognized on the scene as soon as viewed; poetical, military, legal, and histrionic. It raised a host in arms.—Jonson wrote an apologetical epilogue, breathing a firm spirit, worthy of himself: but its dignity was too haughty to be endured by contemporaries, whom genius must soothe by equality. This apologetical dialogue was never allowed to be repeated; now we may do it with pleasure. Writings, like pictures, require a particular light, and distance, to be correctly judged and inspected, without any personal inconvenience.

One of the dramatic personages in this epilogue inquires:

> "I never saw the play breed all this tumult.
> What was there in it could so deeply offend,
> And stir so many hornets?"

The author replies:

> ——————"I never writ that piece
> More innocent or empty of offence;
> Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall.
> ——————"Why, they say you tax'd
> The law and lawyers, captains, and the players,
> By their particular names.
> ——————"It is not so:
> I used no names. My books have still been taught
> To spare the persons, and to speak the vices."

And he proceeds to tell us, that to obviate this accusation, he had placed his scenes in the age of Augustus.

pamphlets defended Jonson from the frequent accusations raised against him for the freedom of his muse, in such portraits after the life. Yet even our poet himself does not deny their truth, while he excuses himself. In the dedication of "The Fox" to the two Universities, he boldly asks, "Where have I been particular? Where personal?—Except to a mimic, cheater, bawd, buffoon, creatures (for their insolencies) worthy to be taxed." The mere list he here furnishes us with, would serve to crowd one of the "twopenny audiences" in the small theatres of that day.

"To show that Virgil, Horace, and the rest
Of those great master-spirits, did not want
Detractors then, or praetisers against them:
And by this line, although no parallel,
I hoped at last they would sit down and blush."

But instead of their "sitting down and blushing," we find

"That they fly buzzing round about my nostrils;
And, like so many screaming grasshoppers
Held by the wings, fill every ear with noise."

Names were certainly not necessary to portraits, where every day the originals were standing by their side. This is the studied pleading of a poet, who knows he is concealing the truth.

There is a passage in the play itself, where Jonson gives the true cause of "the tumult" raised against him. Picturing himself under the character of his favourite Horace, he makes the enemies of Horace thus describe him, still, however, preserving the high tone of poetical superiority.

"Alas, sir, Horace is a mere sponge. Nothing but humours and observations he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again. He will pen all he knows. He will sooner lose his best friend, than his least jest. What he once drops upon paper against a man, lives eternally to upbraid him."

Such is the true picture of a town wit's life! The age of Augustus was much less present to Jonson than his own; and Ovid, Tibullus, and Horace, were not the personages he cared so much about, as "that society in which," it was said, "he went up and down sucking in and squeezing himself dry:" the formal lawyers, who were cold to his genius; the sharking captains, who would not draw to save their own swords, and would cheat "their friend, or

their friend's friend," while they would bully down Ben's genius; and the litle sycophant histrionic "the twopenny* tear-mouth, copper-laced scoundrel, stiff-toe, who used to travel with pumps full of gravel after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel-heads to an old crackt trumpet;" and who all now made a party with some rival of Jonson.

All these personages will account for "the tumult" which excites the innocent astonishment of our author. These only resisted him by "filling every ear with noise." But one of the "screaming grasshoppers held by the wings," boldly turned on the holder with a scorpion's bite; and Decker, who had been lashed in the Poetaster, produced his "Satiromastix, or the untrussing of the humorous Poet." Decker was a subordinate author, indeed; but what must have been very galling to Jonson, who was the aggressor, indignation proved such an inspirer, that Decker seemed to have caught some portion of Jonson's own genius, who had the art of making even Decker popular; while he discovered that his own laurel-wreath had been dextrously changed by the "Satiromastix" into a garland of "stinging nettles."

In "The Poetaster," *Crispinus* is the picture of one of those impertinent fellows who resolve to become Poets, having an equal aptitude to become anything that is in fashionable request. When Hermogenes, the finest singer in Rome, refused to sing, *Crispinus* gladly siezes the occasion, and whispers the lady near him—"Entreat the ladies to entreat me to sing, I beseech you." This character is marked by a ludicrous peculiarity which turning on an individual characteristic, must have assisted the audience in the true application. Probably Decker had some remarkable head of hair, and that his locks hung not like

* Alluding, no doubt, to the price of seats at some of the minor theatres.

"the curls of Hyperion;" for the jeweller's wife admiring among the company, the persons of Ovid, Tibullus, &c., *Crispinus* acquaints her that they were poets, and, since she admires them, he promises to become a poet himself. The simple lady further inquires, "if when he is a poet his looks will change? and particularly if his hair will change, and be like those gentlemen's?" "A man," observes *Crispinus*, "may be a poet, and yet not change his hair." "Well!" exclaims the simple jeweller's wife, "we shall see your cunning; yet if you can change your hair, I pray do it."

In two elaborate scenes, poor Decker stands for a full length. Resolved to be a Poet, he haunts the company of Horace: he meets him in the street, and discovers all the variety of his nothingness: he is a student, a stoic, an architect: every thing by turns, "and nothing long." Horace impatiently attempts to escape from him, but *Crispinus* foils him at all points. This affectionate admirer is even willing to go over the world with him. He proposes an ingenions project, if Horace will introduce him to Mæcenas. *Crispinus* offers to become "his assistant," assuring him that "he would be content with the next place, not envying thy reputation with thy patron;" and he thinks Horace and himself "would soon lift out of favour, Virgil, Varius, and the best of them, and enjoy them wholly to ourselves." The restlessness of Horace to extricate himself from this "Hydra of Discourse," the passing friends whom he calls on to assist him, and the glue-like pertinacity of *Crispinus*, are richly coloured.

A ludicrous and exquisitely satirical scene occurs at the trial of *Crispinus* and his colleagues. Jonson has here introduced an invention, which a more recent Satirist so happily applied to our modern Lexiphanes, Dr. Johnson, for his immeasurable polysyllable. Horace is allowed by Augustus to make *Crispinus* swallow a certain pill; the

light vomit which discharges a great quantity of hard matter, to clear

"His brain and stomach of their tumorous heats."

These consist in certain affectations in style, and adulteration of words, which offended the Horatian taste: "the basin" is called quickly for, and *Crispinus* gets rid easily of some, but others were of more difficult passage.—

"'Magnificate!' that come up somewhat hard!

Crispinus. 'O barmy froth——'

Augustus. What's that?

Crispinus. 'Inflate!—Turgidous!—and Ventositous'—

Horace. 'Barmy froth, inflate, turgidous, and ventosity are come up.'

Tibullus. O terrible windy words!

Gallus. 'A sign of a windy brain."

But all was not yet over: "Prorumpt" made a terrible rumbling, as if his spirit was to have gone with it; and there were others which required all the kind assistance of the Horatian "light vomit." This satirical scene closes with some literary admonitions from the grave Virgil, who details to *Crispinus* the wholesome diet to be observed after his surfeits, which have filled

"His blood and brain thus full of crudities."

Virgil's counsels to the vicious Neologist, who debases the purity of English diction, by affecting new words or phrases, may too frequently be applied.

"You must not hunt for wild outlandish terms
To stuff out a peculiar dialect;
But let your matter run before your words.
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some Gallo-Belgick phrase, you shall not straight-
Rack your poor verse to give it entertainment,
But let it pass; and do not think yourself
Much damnified, if you do leave it out
When not the sense could well receive it."

Virgil adds something which breathes all the haughty spirit of Ben: he commands *Crispinus:*

> ——————"Henceforth, learn
> To bear yourself more humbly, nor to swell
> Or breathe your insolent and idle spite
> On him whose laughter can your worst affright:"

and dismisses him

> "To some dark place, removed from company;
> He will talk idly else after his physic."

"The Satiromastix" may be considered as a parody on "The Poetaster." Jonson, with classical taste, had raised his scene in the court of Augustus: Decker, with great unhappiness, places it in that of William Rufus. The interest of the piece arises from the dexterity with which Decker has accommodated those very characters which Jonson has satirised in his "Poetaster." This gratified those who came every day to the theatre, delighted to take this mimetic revenge on the Arch Bard.

In Decker's prefatory address "To the World," he observes, "Horace haled his Poetasters to the bar;* the Poetasters untrussed Horace: Horace made himself believe that his Burgonian wit† might desperately challenge all comers, and that none durst take up the foils against him." But Decker is the Earl Rivers! He had been blamed for the personal attacks on Jonson; for "whipping his fortunes and condition of life; where the more noble reprehension had been of his mind's deformity:" but for this he retorts on Ben. Some censured Decker for barrenness of invention, in bringing on those characters in his own play whom Jonson had stigmatised; but "it was not im-

* Alluding to the trial of the Poetasters, which takes place before Augustus and his poetical jury of Virgil, Ovid, Tibullus, &c., in Ben's play.

† Decker alludes here to the bastard of Burgundy, who considered himself unmatchable, till he was overthrown in Smithfied by Woodville Earl Rivers.

proper," he says, "to set the same dog upon Horace, whom Horace had set to worry others." Decker warmly concludes by defying the Jonsonians.

"Let that mad dog Detraction bite till his teeth be worn to the stumps; Envy, feed thy snakes so fat with poison till they burst; World, let all thy adders shoot out their Hydra-headed forked stings! I thank thee, thou true Venusian Horace, for these good words thou givest me. *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.*"

The whole address is spirited. Decker was a very popular writer, whose numerous tracts exhibit to posterity a detailed narrative of the manners of the town in the Elizabethian age, than is elsewhere to be found.

In Decker's Satiromastix, Horace junior is first exhibited in his study, rehearsing to himself an Ode: suddenly the Pindaric rapture is interrupted by the want of a rhyme; this is satirically applied to an unlucky line of Ben's own. One of his "sons," Asinius Bulbo, who is blindly worshipping his great idol, or "his Ningle," as he calls him, amid his admiration of Horace, perpetually breaks out into digressive accounts of what sort of a a man his friends take him to be. For one, Horace in wrath prepares an epigram; and for *Crispinus* and *Fannius*, brother bards, who threaten "they'll bring your life and death on the stage, as a brick-layer in a play," he says, "I can bring a prepared troop of gallants, who, for my sake, shall distaste every unsalted line in their fly-blown comedies." "Ay," replies Asinius, "and all men of my rank!" *Crispinus*, Horace calls "a light voluptuous reveller," and *Fannius* "the slightest cobweb-lawn piece of a poet." Both enter, and Horace receives them with all friendship.

The scene is here conducted not without skill. Horace complains, that

> ——— ——— "when I dip my pen
> In distill'd roses, and do strive to drain
> Out of mine ink all gall—

Mine enemies, with sharp and searching eyes,
Look through and through me.
And when my lines are measured out as straight
As even parallels, 'tis strange, that still,
Still some imagine that they're drawn awry.
The error is not mine, but in their eye,
That cannot take proportions."

To the querulous satirist, *Crispinus* replies with dignified gravity.

"Horace! to stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your guilt; for, could we write on paper
Made of these turning leaves of heaven, the clouds,
Or speak with angels' tongues, yet wise men know
That some would shake their heads, though saints should sing:
Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with stings.
——————— Be not you grieved
If that which you mould fair, upright, and smooth,
Be screwed awry, made crooked, lame, and vile,
By racking comments.—
So to be bit it rankles not, for Innocence
May with a feather brush off the foul wrong.
But when your *dastard wit will strike at men*
In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart
If they take off all gilding from their pills,
And only offer you the bitter core."—

At this the galled Horace winces. *Crispinus* continues, that it is in vain Horace swears, that

——————————— "he puts on
The office of an executioner,
Only to strike off the swoln head of sin,
Where'er you find it standing. Say you swear,
And make damnation, parcel of your oath,
That when your lashing jests make all men bleed,
Yet you whip none—court, city, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike."—

Fannius, too, joins, and shows Ben the absurd oaths he takes, when he swears to all parties, that he does not

mean them. How, then, of five hundred and four, five hundred

> "Should all point with their fingers in one instant,
> At one and the same man?"

Horace is awkwardly placed between these two friendly remonstrants, to whom he promises perpetual love.

Captain Tucca, a dramatic personage in Jonson's "Poetaster," and a copy of his own Bobadil, whose original the poet had found at "Powles," the fashionable lounge of that day, is here continued with the same spirit; and as that character permitted from the extravagance of its ribaldry, it is now made the vehicle for those more personal retorts, exhibiting the secret history of Ben, which perhaps twitted the great bard more than the keenest wit, or the most solemn admonition which Decker could ever attain. Jonson had cruelly touched on Decker being out at elbows, and made himself too merry with the histrionic tribe: he, who was himself a poet, and had been a Thespian! The blustering captain thus attacks the great wit:—"Do'st stare, my Saracen's head at Newgate? I'll march through thy Dunkirk guts for shooting jests at me." He insists that as Horace, "that sly knave, whose shoulders were once seen lapp'd in a player's old cast cloak," and who had reflected on *Crispinus's* satin doublet being ravelled out; that he should wear one of *Crispinus's* "old cast satin suits," and that *Fannius* should write a couple of scenes for his own "strong garlic comedies," and Horace should swear they were his own—he would easily bear "the guilt of conscience." "Thy Muse is but a hagler, and wears clothes upon best be trust (a humorous Deckerian phrase)—thou'rt *great* in somebody's books for this!" Did it become Jonson to gibe at the histrionic tribe, who is himself accused of "treading the stage, as if he were treading mortar."* He once put up—

* Horace acknowledges he played Zulziman at Paris-garden. "Sir

—" A supplication to be a poor journeyman player, and hadst been still so, but that thou couldst not set *a good face* upon 't. Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in leather-pilch, by a play-wagon in the highway; and took'st mad Jerenimo's part, to get service among the mimics," &c.

Ben's person was, indeed, not gracious in the playfulness of love or fancy. A female, here, thus delineates Ben:—

" That same Horace has the most ungodly face, by my fan; it looks for all the world like a rotten russet-apple, when 'tis bruised. It's better than a spoonful of cinnamon-water next my heart, for me to hear him speak; he sounds it so i' th' nose, and talks and rants like the poor fellows under Ludgate—to see his face make faces, when he reads his songs and sonnets."

Again we have Ben's face compared with that of his favourite, Horace's—

" You staring Leviathan! look on the sweet visage of Horace; look, parboil'd face, look—he has not his face puncht full of eylet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan."—

Joseph Warton has oddly remarked that most of our poets were handsome men. Jonson, however was not poetical on that score; though his bust is said to resemble Menander's.

Such are some of the personalities with which Decker recriminated.

Horace is thrown into many ludicrous situations. He is told that " admonition is good meat." Various persons bring forward their accusations; and Horace replies, that they envy him,

" Because I hold more worthy company."

Vaughan: Then, master Horace, you played the part of an honest man—"

Tucca exclaims: " Death of Hercules! he could never play that part well in 's life!"

The greatness of Ben's genius is by no means denied by his rivals; and Decker makes *Fannius* reply, with noble feelings, and in an elevated strain of poetry:—

> "Good Horace, no! my cheeks do blush for thine,
> As often as thou speakest so; where one true
> And nobly virtuous spirit, for thy best part
> Loves thee, I wish one, ten; even from my heart!
> I make account, I put up as deep share
> In any good man's love, which thy worth earns,
> As thou thyself; we envy not to see
> Thy friends with bays to crown thy poesy.
> No, here the gall lies;—We, that know what stuff
> Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
> On which thy learning grows, and can give life
> To thy, once dying, baseness: yet must we
> Dance anticke on your paper.—
> But were thy wrap'd soul put in a new mould,
> I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold."

To which one adds, that "jewels, master Horace, must be hanged, you know."—This "Whip of Men," with Asinius his admirer, are brought to court, transformed into satyrs, and bound together; "not lawrefied, but nettle-fied;" crowned with a wreath of nettles.

> "With stinging-nettles crown his stinging wit."

Horace is called on to swear, after Asinius had sworn to give up his "Ningle."

"Now, master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer; for your oath must be, like your wits, of many colours; and like a broker's book, of many parcels."

Horace offers to swear till his hair stands up on end, to be rid of this sting. "Oh, this sting!" alluding to the nettles. "'Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?" asks one. In the inventory of his oaths, there is a poignant satire, with strong humour; and it probably exhibits some foibles in the literary habits of our bard.

He swears—

"Not to hang himself, even if he thought any man could write plays as well as himself; not to bombast out a new

play with the old linings of jests stolen from the Temple's Revels; not to sit in a gallery, when your comedies have entered their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at every line, to make men have an eye to you, and to make players afraid; not to venture on the stage, when your play is ended, and exchange courtisies and compliments with gallants, to make all the house rise and cry—That's Horace! that's he that pens and purges humours. When you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poor couple, that is to say, your Wits and Necessities—alias, a poet's Whitsun-ale—you shall swear that, within three days after, you shall not abroad, in book-binders' shops, brag that your viceroys, or tributary-kings, have done homage to you, or paid quarterage. Moreover, when a knight gives you his passport to travel in and out to his company, and gives you money for God's sake,—you will swear not to make scald and wry-mouth jests upon his knighthood. When your plays are misliked at court, you shall not cry Mew! like a puss-cat, and say, you are glad you write out of the courtier's element; and in brief, when you sup in taverns, amongst your betters, you shall swear not to dip your manners in too much sauce; nor, at table, to fling epigrams or play-speeches about you."

The King observes, that

> ——————————"He whose pen
> Draws both corrupt and clear blood from all men,
> Careless what vein he pricks; let him not rave
> When his own sides are struck; blows, blows do crave.

Such were the bitter apples which Jonson, still in his youth, plucked from the tree of his broad satire, that branched over all ranks in society. That even his intrepidity and hardiness felt the incessant attacks he had raised about him, appears from the close of the Apologetical Epilogue to the Poetaster; where, though he replies with all the consciousness of genius, and all its haughtiness, he closes with a determination to give over the composition of Come-

dies! This, however, like all the vows of a poet, was soon broken; and his masterpieces were subsequently produced.

"*Friend.* Will you not answer then the libels?

Author. No.

Friend. Nor the Untrussers?

Author. Neither.

Friend. You are undone, then.

Author. With whom?

Friend. The world.

Author. The bawd!

Friend. It will be taken to be stupidity or tameness in you.

Author. But they that have incensed me, can in soul,
Acquit me of that guilt. They know I dare
To spurn or baffle them; or squirt their eyes
With ink or urine; or I could do worse,
Arm'd with Archilochus' fury, write iambicks,
Would make the desperate lashers hang themselves."—

His Friend tells him that he is accused, that "all his writing are mere railing;" which Jonson nobly compares to "the salt in the old Comedy;" that they say, that he is slow, and "scarce brings forth a play a year."

Author.———— "'tis true,
I would they could not say that I did that.

He is angry that their

————"base and beggarly conceits
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Against the most abstracted work, opposed
To the stufft nostrils of the drunken rout."—

And then exclaims, with admirable enthusiasm—

"O this would make a learn'd and liberal soul
To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watch'd labours to the fire;

Things that were born, when none but the still night,
And the dumb candle saw his pinching throes."

And again alluding to these mimics—

"This 'tis that strikes me silent, seals my lips,
And apts me rather to sleep out my time,
Than I would waste it in contemned strifes
With these vile Ibides, these unclean birds,
That make their mouths their clysters, and still purge
From their hot entrails.* But I leave the monsters
Totheir own fate. And since the Comic Muse
Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
If Tragedy have a more kind aspect.
Leave me! There is something come into my thought
That must and shall be sung, high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's back jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.
Friend. I reverence these raptures, and obey them."

Such was the noble strain in which Jonson replied to his detractors in the town, and to his rivals about him. Yet this poem composed with all the dignity and force of the bard, was not suffered to be repeated. It was stopped by authority. But Jonson, in preserving it in his works, sends it "TO POSTERITY, that it may make a difference between their manners that provoked me then, and mine that neglected them ever."

* Among those arts of imitation which man has derived from the practice of animals, Naturalists assure us that he owes *the use of Clysters* to the Egyptian Ibis. There are some who pretend that this medicinal invention comes from the stork. The French are more like *Ibises* than we are: *ils se donnet des lavements eux-mémes.* But as it is rather uncertain what the Egyptian *Ibis* is; whether, as translated in Leviticus xi. 17, the cormorant, or a species of stork, or only "a great owl," as we find in Calmet; it would be safest to attribute the invention to the unknown bird. I recollect, in Wickliffe's version of the Pentateuch, which I once saw in MS. in the possession of my valued friend Mr. Douce, that that venerable Translator interpolates a little, to tell us that the Ibis "giveth to herself a purge."

CAMDEN AND BROOKE.

Literary, like political history, is interested in the cause of an obscure individual, when deprived of his just rights—character of CAMDEN—BROOKE's "Discovery of Errors" in the Britannia—his work disturbed in the printing—afterwards enlarged, but never suffered to be published—whether BROOKE's motive was personal rancour?—the persecuted author becomes vindictive—his keen reply to CAMDEN—CAMDEN's beautiful picture of calumny—BROOKE furnishes a humorous companion-piece—CAMDEN's want of magnanimity and justice—when great authors are allowed to suppress the works of their adversary, the public receives the injury and the insult.

In the literary as well as the political commonwealth, the cause of an obscure individual violently deprived of his just rights is a common one. We protest against the power of genius itself, when it strangles rather than wrestles with its adversary, or combats in mail against a naked man. The general interests of literature are involved by the illegitimate suppression of a work, of which the purpose is to correct another, whatever may be the invective which accompanies the correction: nor are we always to assign to malignant motives even this spirit of invective, which, though it betrays a contracted genius, may also show the earnestness of an honest one.

The quarrel between CAMDEN, the great author of the Britannia, and BROOKE, the York Herald, may illustrate these principles. It has hitherto been told to the shame of the inferior genius; but the history of Brooke was imperfectly known to his contemporaries. Crushed by oppression, his tale was marred in the telling. A century

sometimes passes away before the world can discover the truth even of a private history.

Brooke is aspersed as a man of the meanest talents, insensible to the genius of Camden, rankling with envy at his fame, and correcting the "Britannia" out of mere spite.

When the history of Brooke is known, and his labours fairly estimated, we shall blame him much less than he has been blamed; and censure Camden, who has escaped all censure, and whose conduct, in the present instance was destitute of magnanimity and justice.

The character of the author of "Britannia" is great; and this error of his feelings, now first laid to his charge, may be attributed as much to the weakness of the age as to his own extreme timidity, and perhaps to a little pride. Conscious as was Camden of enlarged views, we can easily pardon him for the contempt he felt, when he compared them with the subordinate ones of his cynical adversary.

Camden possessed one of those strongly-directed minds which early in life plan some vast labour, while their imagination and their industry feed on it for many successive years; and they shed the flower and sweetness of their lives in the preparation of a work which at its maturity excites the gratitude of their nation. His passion for our national antiquities discovered itself even in his school-days, grew up with him at the University; and, when afterwards engaged in his public duties as master at Westminster school, he there composed his "Britannia," "at spare hours, and on festival days." To the perpetual care of his work, he voluntarily sacrificed all other views in life, and even drew himself away from domestic pleasures; for he refused marriage and preferments, which might interrupt his beloved studies! The work, at length produced, received all the admiration due to so great an enterprise; and even foreigners, as the work was composed in the universal language of learning, could sympathize with Britons,

when they contemplated the stupendous labour. Camden was honoured by the titles (for the very names of illustrious genius become such), of the Varro, the Strabo, and the Pausanias, of Britain.

While all Europe admired the "Britannia," a cynical genius, whose mind seemed bounded by his confined studies, detected one error amidst the noble views the mighty volume embraced; the single one perhaps he could perceive, and for which he stood indebted to his office as York Herald. Camden, in an appendage to the end of each county, had committed numerous genealogical errors, which he afterwards affected, in his defence, to consider as trivial matters in so great a history, and treats his adversary with all the contempt and bitterness he could inflict on him; but Ralph Brooke entertained very high notions of the importance of heraldical studies, and conceived that the "Schoolmaster" Camden, as he considered him, had encroached on the rights and honours of his College of Heralds. When particular objects engage our studies, we are apt to raise them in the scale of excellence to a degree disproportioned to their real value; and are thus liable to incur ridicule. But it should be considered that many useful students are not philosophers, and the pursuits of their lives are never ridiculous to them. It is not the interest of the public to degrade this class too low. Every species of study contributes to the perfection of human knowledge, by that universal bond which connects them all in a philosophical mind.

Brooke prepared "A Discovery of certain Errors in the much-commended Britannia." When we consider Brooke's character, as head-strong with heraldry as Don Quixote's with romances of chivalry, we need not attribute his motives (as Camden himself, with the partial feelings of an author, does, and subsequent writers echo) to his envy at Camden's promotion to be Clarencieux King-of-Arms; for it appears that Brooke began his work before this promo-

tion. The indecent excesses of his pen, with the malicious charges of plagiarism he brings against Camden for the use he made of Leland's collections, only show the insensibility of the mere heraldist to the nobler genius of the historian. Yet Brooke had no ordinary talents: his work is still valuable for his own peculiar researches; but his *naïve* shrewdness, his pointed precision, the bitter invective, and the caustic humour of his cynical pen, give an air of originality, if not of genius, which no one has dared to notice. Brooke's first work against Camden was violently disturbed in its progress, and hurried, in a mutilated state, into the world, without license or a publisher's name. Thus impeded, and finally crushed, the howl of persecution followed his name; and subsequent writers servilely traced his character from their partial predecessors.

But Brooke, though denied the fair freedom of the press, and a victim to the powerful connexions of Camden, calmly pursued his silent labour with great magnanimity. He wrote his "Second Discovery of Errors," an enlargement of the first. This he carefully finished for the press, but could never get published. The secret history of the controversy may be found there.*

Brooke had been loudly accused of indulging a personal rancour against Camden, and the motive of his work was attributed to envy of his great reputation; a charge constantly repeated.

Yet this does not appear; for when Brooke first began his "Discovery of Errors," he did not design its publication; for he liberally offered Camden his Observations and Collections. They were fastidiously, perhaps haughtily,

* This work was not given to the public till 1724, a small quarto, with a fine portrait of Brooke. More than a century had elapsed since its forcible suppression. Anstis printed it from the fair MS. which Brooke had left behind him. The author's paternal affection seemed fondly to imagine its child might be worthy of posterity, though calumniated by its contemporaries.

rejected; on this pernicious and false principle, that to correct his errors in genealogy might discredit the whole work. On which absurdity Brooke shrewdly remarks—"As if healing the sores would have maimed the body." He speaks with more humility on this occasion than an insulted, yet a skilful writer, was likely to do, who had his labours considered, as he says, "worthy neither of thanks nor acceptance."

"The rat is not so contemptible but he may help the lion, at a pinch, out of those nets wherein his strength is hampered; and the words of an inferior may often carry matter in them to admonish his superior of some important consideration; and surely, of what account soever I might have seemed to this learned man, yet, in respect to my profession and courteous offer, (I being an officer-of-arms, and he then but a schoolmaster), might well have vouchsafed the perusal of my notes."

When he published, our herald stated the reasons of writing against Camden with good-humour, and rallies him on his "incongruity in his principles of heraldry—for which I challenge him!—for depriving some nobles of issue to succeed them, who had issue, of whom are descended many worthy families; denying barons and earls that were, and making barons and earls of others that were not; mistaking the son for the father, and the father for the son; affirming legitimate children to be illegitimate, and illegitimate to be legitimate; and framing incestuous and unnatural marriages, making the father to marry the son's wife, and the son his own mother."

He treats Camden with the respect due to his genius, while he judiciously distinguishes where the greatest ought to know to yield.

"The most abstruse arts I profess not, but yield the palm and victory to mine adversary, that great learned Mr. Camden; with whom, yet, a long experimented navigator may contend about his chart and compass, about havens,

creeks, and sounds; so I, an ancient herald, a little dispute, without imputation of audacity, concerning the honour of arms, and the truth of honourable descents."—

Brooke had seen, as he observes, in four editions of the Britannia, a continued race of errors, in false descents, &c., and he continues, with a witty allusion :—

"Perceiving, that even the brains of many learned men beyond the seas had misconceived and miscarried in the travail and birth of their relations, being gotten, as it were, with child (as Diomede's mares) by the blasts of his erroneous puffs; I could not but a little question the original father of their absurdities, being so far blown, with the trumpet of his learning and fame, into foreign lands."

He proceeds with instances of several great authors on the Continent having been misled by the statements of Camden.

Thus largely have I quoted from Brooke, to show, that at first he never appears to have been influenced by the mean envy, or the personal rancour, of which he is constantly accused. As he proceeded in his work, which occupied him several years, his reproaches are whetted with a keener edge, and his accusations are less generous. But to what are we to attribute this? To the contempt and persecution Brooke so long endured from Camden: these acted on his vexed and degraded spirit, till it burst into the excesses of a man heated with injured feelings.

When Camden took his station in the Herald's College with Brooke, whose offers of his notes he had refused to accept, they soon found what it was for two authors to live under the same roof, who were impatient to write against each other. The cynical York, at first, would twit the new king-of-arms, perpetually affirming that "his predecessor was a more able herald than any who lived in this age:" a truth, indeed, acknowledged by Dugdale. On this occasion, once the king-of-arms gave malicious York "the lie!" reminding the crabbed herald of "his own

learning; who, as a scholar, was famous through all the provinces of Christendom."—"So that (adds Brooke) now I learnt, that before him, when we speak in commendation of any other, to say, I must always except Plato."—Camden would allow of no private communication between them; and in "*Sermonibus Convivalibus*," in his Table-talk, "the heat and height of his spirit" often scorched the contemned Yorkist, whose rejected "Discovery of Errors" had no doubt been too frequently enlarged, after such rough convivialities. Brooke now resolved to print; but, in printing the work, the press was disturbed, and his house was entered by "this learned man, his friends, and the stationers." The latter were alarmed for the sale of the Britannia, which might have been injured by this rude attack. The work was therefore printed in an unfinished state: part was intercepted: and the author stopped, by authority, from proceeding any farther.—Some imperfect copies got abroad.

The treatment the exasperated Brooke now incurred, was more provoking than Camden's refusal of his notes, and the haughtiness of his "Sermonibus Convivalibus." The imperfect work was, however, laid before the public, so that Camden could not refuse to notice its grievous charges. He composed an angry reply in Latin, addressed *ad Lectorem!* and never mentioning Brooke by name, contemptuously alludes to him only by a *Quidam* and *Iste* (a certain person, and He!)—"He considers me (cries the mortified Brooke, in his second suppressed work) as an *Individuum avgum*, and makes me but *Quidam* in his pamphlet, standing before him as a school-boy, while he whips me. Why does he reply in Latin to an English accusation? He would disguise himself in his school-rhetoric; wherein, like the cuttle-fish, being stricken, he thinks to hide and shift himself away in the ink of his rhetoric. I will clear the waters again."

He fastens on Camden's former occupation, virulently

accusing him of the manners of a pedagogue:—"A man may perceive an immoderate and eager desire of vain glory growing in hand, ever since he used to teach and correct children for these things, according to the opinion of some, *in mores et naturam adeunt*." He complains of "the school-hyperboles" which Camden exhausts on him, among which Brooke is compared to "the strumpet Leontion," who wrote against "the divine Theophrastus." To this Brooke keenly replies:

"Surely, had Theophrastus dealt with women's matters, a woman, though mean, might in reason have contended with him. A king must be content to be laughed at, if he come into Apelles's shop, and dispute about colours and portraiture. I am not ambitious nor envious to carp at matters of higher learning than matters of heraldry, which I profess: that is the slipper, wherein I know a slip when I find it. But see your cunning; you can, with the blur of your pen, dipped in copperas and gall, make me learned and unlearned; nay, you can almost change my sex, and make me a whore, like Leontion; and taking your silver pen again, make yourself the divine Theophrastus."

At the close of Camden's answer, he introduced the allegorical picture of calumny, that elegant invention of the Grecian fancy of Apelles, painted by him when suffering under the false accusations of a rival. The picture is described by Lucian; but it has received many happy touches from the classical hand of the master of Westminster school. As a literary satire, he applies it with great dignity. I give here a translation, but I preserve the original Latin in the note, as Camden's reply to Brooke is not easily to be procured.

"But though I am not disposed to waste more words on these, and this sort of men, yet I cannot resist the temptation of adding a slight sketch, for I cannot give that vivacity of colouring of the picture of the great artist Apelles, that our Antiphilus and the like, whose ears are ever open

to calumny, may, in contemplating it, find a reflection of themselves.

"On the right hand sits a man, who, to show his credulity, is remarkable for his prodigious ears, similar to those of Midas. He extends his hand, to greet Calumny, who is approaching him. The two diminutive females around him are Ignorance and Suspicion. Opposite to them Calumny advances, betraying, in her countenance and gesture, the savage rage and anger working in her tempestuous breast: her left hand holds a flaming torch; while, with her right, she drags by the hair a youth, who, stretching his uplifted hands to Heaven, is calling on the immortal powers to bear testimony to his innocence. She is preceded by a man, of a pallid and impure appearance, seemingly wasting away under some severe disease, except that his eye sparkles, and has not the dullness usual to such. That Envy is here meant, you readily conjecture. Some diminutive females, frauds and deceits, attend her as companions, whose office is to encourage and instruct, and studiously to adorn their mistress. In the background, Repentance, sadly arrayed in a mournful, worn-out, and ragged garment, who with averted head, with tears and shame, acknowledges and prepares to receive Truth, approaching from a distance."*

* "Verum enimverò de his et hoc genere hominum ne verbum amplius addam, tabellam tamen summi illius artificis Appellis, cùm colorum vivacitate depingere non possim, verbis leviter adumbrabo et proponam, ut Antiphilus noster, suique similes, et qui calumniis credunt, hanc, et in hac seipsos semel simulque intueantur.

"Ad dextram sedet quidam, quia credulus, auribus prælongis insignis, quales ferè illæ Midæ feruntur. Manum porrigit procul accedenti Calumniæ. Circumstant eum mulierculæ duæ, Ignorantia ac Suspicio. Adit aliunde propiùs Calumnia eximiè compta, vultu ipso et gestu corporis efferens rabiem, et iram æstuanti concceptam pectore præ se ferens: sinistra facem tenens flammanten, dextra secum adolescentem capillis arreptum, manus ad superos tendentem, obtestantemque immortalium deorum fidem, trahit. Anteit vir pallidus, in speciem impurus, acie oculorum minimè hebeti, cæterùm planè iis similis, qui gravi aliquo

This elegant picture, so happily introduced into a piece of literary controversy, appears to have only slightly affected the mind of Brooke, which was probably of too stout a grain to take the folds of Grecian drapery. Instead of sympathizing with its elegance, he breaks out into a horse laugh; and what is quite unexpected among such grave inquiries, into a ludicrous tale in verse, which, though it has not Grecian fancy has broad English humour, where he maliciously insinuates that Camden had appropriated to his own use, or "new-coated his Britannia" with Leland's MSS. and disguised what he had stolen.

"Now, to show himself as good a painter as he is a herald, he propounded at the end of his book, a table (i. e. a picture) of his own invention, being nothing comparable to Appelles, as he himself confesseth, and we believe him; for, like the rude painter that was fain to write, 'This is a Horse,' upon his painted horse, he writes upon his picture the names of all that furious rabble therein expressed;—which, for to requite him, I will return a tale of John Fletcher (some time of Oxford) and his horse. Neither can this fable be any disparagement to his table, being more ancient and authenticall, and far more conceipted, than his envious picture. And thus it was:

A TALE (NOT OF A ROASTED) BUT OF A PAINTED HORSE.

John Fletcher, famous, and a man well known,
But using not his sirname's trade alone,*
Did Hackney out poor jades for common hire,
Not fit for any pastime but to tire.

morbo contabuerunt. Hic Livor est, ut facilè conjicias. Quin, et mulierculæ aliquot Insidiæ et Fallaciæ ut comites Calumniam, comitatur. Harum est munus, dominam hortari, instruere, comere, et subornare. A tergo, habitu lugubri, pullato, laceroque Pœnitentia subsequirtur, quæ capite in tergum deflexo, cum lachrymis, ac pudore procul venientem Veritatem agnoscit, et excipit."

* A *Fletcher* is a maker of bows and arrows.—Ash.

His conscience, once, surveying his jade's stable,
Prick'd him, for keeping horses so unable.
Oh why should I, saith John, by scholars thrive,
For jades that will not carry, lead, nor drive?

To mend the matter, out he starts, one night,
And having spied a palfrey somewhat white,
He takes him up, and up he mounts his back,
Rides to his house, and there he turns him black;

Marks him in forehead, feet, in rump, and crest,
As coursers mark those horses which are best.
So nearly John had coloured every spot,
That the right owner sees him, knows him not.

Had he but feather'd his new-painted breast,
He would have seemèd Pegasus at least.
Who but John Fletcher's horse, in all the town,
Amongst all hackney, purchased this renown?

But see the luck; John Fletcher's horse, one night,
By rain was wash'd again almost to white.
His first right owner, seeing such a change,
Thought he should know him, but his hue was strange.

But eyeing him, and spying out his steed,
By flea-bit spots of his now washèd weed,
Seizes the horse; so Fletcher was attainted,
And did confess the horse—he stole and painted.

To close with honour to Brooke; in his graver moments, he warmly repels the accusation Camden raised against him, as an enemy to learning, and appeals to many learned scholars, who had tasted of his liberality at the Universities, towards their maintenance; but, in an elevated tone, he asserts his right to deliver his animadversions as York-herald.

"I know (says Brooke) the great advantage my adversary has over me, in the received opinions of the world. If some will blame me for that my writings carry some characters of spleen against him, men of pure affections, and not partial, will think reason that he should, by ill-hearing, lose the pleasure he conceived by ill speaking.

But since I presume not to understand above that which is meet for me to know, I must not be discouraged, nor fret myself, because of the malicious; for I find myself seated upon a rock, that is sure from tempests and waves, from whence I have a prospect into his errors and waverings. I do confess his great worth and merit, and that we Britons are in some sort beholding to him; and might have been much more, if God had lent him the grace to have played the faithful steward, in the talent committed to his trust and charge."

Such was the dignified and the intrepid reply of Ralph Brooke, a man whose name is never mentioned without an epithet of reproach; and who, in his own day, was hunted down, and not suffered, vindictive as he was no doubt, to relieve his bitter and angry spirit, by pouring it forth to the public eye.

But the story is not yet closed. Camden, who wanted the magnanimity to endure with patient dignity the corrections of an inferior genius, had the wisdom, with the meanness, silently to adopt his useful corrections, but would never confess the hand which had brought them.*

Thus hath Ralph Brooke told his own tale undisturbed, and, after the lapse of more than a century, the press has been opened to him. Whenever a great author is suffered to gag the mouth of his adversary, Truth receives the insult. But there is another point, more essential to inculcate in literary controversy. Ought we to look too scrupulously into the motives which may induce an inferior author to detect the errors of a greater? A man from no amiable motive may perform a proper action: Ritson was

* In Anstis's Edition of "A Second Discoverie of Errors in the much condemned Britannia, &c. 1724," the reader will find all the passages in the Britannia of the edition of 1594 to which Brooke made exceptions, placed column-wise, with the following edition of it in 1600. It is, as Anstis observes, a debt to truth, without making any reflections.

useful after Warton; nor have we a right to ascribe it to any concealed motives, which, after all, may be doubtful. In the present instance, our much-abused Ralph Brooke first appears to have composed his elaborate work from the most honourable motives: the offer he made of his Notes to Camden seems a sufficient evidence. The pride of a great man first led Camden into an error, and that error plunged him into all the barbarity of persecution; thus, by force, covering his folly. Brooke over-valued his studies: it is the nature of those peculiar minds, adapted to excel in such contracted pursuits. He undertook an ungracious office, and he has suffered, by being placed by the side of the illustrious genius with whom he has so skilfully combated, in his own province; and thus he has endured contempt, without being contemptible. The public are not less the debtors to such unfortunate, yet intrepid authors.*

* There is a sensible observation in the old Biographia Britannia, on Brooke. "From the splenetic attack originally made by Rafe Brooke upon the Britannica, arose very *great advantages to the public*, by the shifting and bringing to light as good, perhaps a better and more authentic account of our nobility, than had been given at that time of those in any other country of Europe." P. 1135.

MARTIN MAR-PRELATE.

Of the two prevalent factions in the reign of Elizabeth, the Catholics and the Puritans—Elizabeth's philosophical indifference offends both—Maunsell's Catalogue omits the books of both parties—of the Puritans, "the mild and moderate, with the fierce and fiery," a great religious body covering a political one—Thomas Cartwright, the chief of the Puritans, and his rival Whitgift—attempts to make the Ecclesiastical paramount to the Civil power—his plan in dividing the country into comitial, provincial, and national assemblies, to be concentrated under the secret head at Warwick, where Cartwright was elected "perpetual Moderator!"—after the most bitter controversies, Cartwright became very compliant to his old rival Whitgift, when Archbishop of Canterbury—of MARTIN MAR-PRELATE—his sons—specimens of their popular ridicule and invective—Cartwright approves of this mode of controversy—better counteracted by the wits than by the grave admonishers—specimens of the ANTI-MARTIN MAR-PRELATES—of the authors of these surreptitious publications.

THE Reformation, or the new Religion, as it was then called, under Elizabeth, was the most philosophical she could form, and therefore the most hateful to the zealots of all parties. It was worthy of her genius, and of a better age! Her sole object was, a deliverance from the Papal usurpation. Her own supremacy maintained, she designed to be the great sovereign of a great people; and the Catholic, for some time, was called to her council-board, and entered with the Reformer into the same church. But wisdom itself is too weak to regulate human affairs, when the passions of men rise up in obstinate insurrection. Elizabeth neither won over the Reformers nor the Catholics. An excommu-

nicating bull, precipitated by Papal Machiavelism, driving on the brutalized obedience of its slaves, separated the friends. This was a political error arising from a misconception of the weakness of our government; and when discovered as such, a tolerating dispensation was granted "till better times;" an unhealing expedient to join again a dismembered nation! It would surprise many, were they aware how numerous were our ancient families and our eminent characters who still remained Catholics.* The country was then divided, and Englishmen who were heroic Romanists, fell the terrible victims.

On the other side, the national evil took a new form. It is probable that the Queen, regarding the mere ceremonies of religion, now venerable with age, as matters of indifference, and her fine taste perhaps still lingering amid the solemn gorgeousness of the Roman service, and her senses and her emotions excited by the religious scenery, did not share in that abhorrence of the paintings and the images, the chant and the music, the censer and the altar, and the pomp of the prelatical habits, which was prompting many well intentioned Reformers to reduce the ecclesiastical state into apostolical nakedness and primitive rudeness. She was slow to meet this austerity of feeling, which in this country at length extirpated those arts which exalt our nature; and for this, these pious Vandals nicknamed the Queen "the untamed heifer;" and the fierce Knox expressly wrote his "First Blast against the monstrous Government of Women." Of these Reformers, many had

* The Church History by Dodd, a Catholic, fills three vols. folio; it is very rare and curious. Much of our own domestic history is interwoven in that of the fugitive papists, and the materials of this work are frequently drawn from their own archives, preserved in their seminaries at Douay, Valladolid, &c. which have not been accessible to Protestant writers. Here I discovered a copious nomenclature of eminent persons, and many literary men, with many unknown facts, both of a private and public nature. It is useful, at times, to know whether an English author was a Catholic.

imbibed the republican notions of Calvin. In their hatred of Popery, they imagined that they had not gone far enough in their wild notions of reform, for they viewed it, still shadowed out in the new hierarchy of the bishops. The fierce Calvin, in his little church at Geneva, presumed to rule a great nation on the scale of a parish institution; copying the apostolical equality at a time when the church (say the Episcopalians) had all the weakness of infancy, and could live together in a community of all things, from a sense of their common poverty. Be this as it may; the dignified ecclesiastical order was a vulnerable institution, which could do no greater injury, and might effect as much public good, as any other order in the state.* My business is not with this discussion. I mean to show how the republican system of these Reformers ended in a political struggle, which, crushed in the reign of Elizabeth, and beaten down in that of James, so furiously triumphed under Charles. Their history exhibits the curious spectacle of a great religious body covering a political one; such as was discovered among the Jesuits, and such as may again distract the empire, in some new and unexpected shape.

Elizabeth was harassed by the two factions of the intriguing Catholic, and the disguised Republican. The age abounded with libels.† Many a *Benedicite* was handed to

* I refer the reader to Selden's "Table Talk" for many admirable ideas on "Bishops." That enlightened genius, who was no friend to the ecclesiastical temporal power, acknowledges the absolute necessity of this order in a great government. The preservers of our literature and our morals they ought to be, and many have been. When the political reformers ejected the bishops out of the house, what did they gain? a more vulgar prating race, but even more lordly! Selden says, "The bishops being put out of the house, whom will they lay the fault upon now? When the dog is beat out of the room, where will they lay the stink?"

† The freedom of the press hardly subsisted in Elizabeth's reign; and yet libels abounded! A clear demonstration that nothing is really gained by those violent suppressions and expurgatory indexes

her from the Catholics; but a portentous personage, masked, stepped forth from a club of PURITANS, and terrified the nation by continued visitations, yet was never visible till the instant of his adieus—"starting, like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons!"

Men echo the tone of their age, yet still the same unvarying human nature is at work; and the Puritans,* who

which power in its usurpation may enforce. At a time when they did not dare even to publish the titles of such libels, yet were they spread about, and even hoarded. The most ancient catalogue of our vernacular literature is that by Andrew Maunsell, published in 1595. It consists of Divinity, Mathematics, Medicine, &c.; but the third part which he promised, and which to us would have been the most interesting, of "Rhetoric, History, Poetry, and Policy," never appeared. In the Preface, such was the temper of the times, and of Elizabeth, we discover that he has deprived us of a catalogue of the works alluded to in our text, for he thus distinctly points at them: "The books written by the *fugitive papistes*, as also those that are *written against the present government* (meaning those of the Puritans), I doe not think meete for me to meddle withall." In one part of his catalogue, however, he contrived to insert the following passage; the burden of the song seems to have been chorused by the ear of our cautious Maunsell. He is noticing a Pierce Plowman in prose. "I did not see the beginning of this booke, but it ended thus:—

> "God save the king, and speed the Plough,
> And send the *prelats* care inough,
> Inough, inough, inough." P. 80.

Few of our native productions are so rare as the *Martin Mar-Prelate* publications. I have not found them in the public repositories of our national literature. There they have been probably rejected with indignity, though their answerers have been preserved; yet even these are almost of equal rarity and price. They were rejected in times less enlightened than the present. In a National Library every book deserves preservation. By the rejection of these satires, however absurd or infamous, we have lost a link in the great chain of our National Literature and History.

* We know them by the name of Puritans, a nickname obtained by their affecting superior sanctity; but I find them often distinguished by the more humble appellative of Precisians. As men do

in the reign of Elizabeth imagined it was impossible to go too far in the business of reform, were the spirits called

not leap up, but climb on rocks, it is probable they were only *precise* before they were *pure*. A satirist of their day, in "Rythmes against Martin Marre-Prelate," melts their attributes into one verse:—

"The sacred sect, and perfect *pure precise*."

A more laughing satirist, "Pasquill of England to Martin Junior," persists in calling them Pruritans, *a pruritu!* for their perpetual itching, or a desire to do something. Elizabeth herself only considered them as "a troublesome sort of people;" even that great politician could not detect the political monster in a mere chrysalis of Reform. I find, however, in a poet of the Elizabethan age, an evident change in the public feeling respecting the *Puritans*, who being always most active when the government was most in trouble, their political views were discovered. Warner, in his "Albion's England," describes them:—

"If ever England will in aught prevent her own mishap,
Against these Skommes (no terme too gross) let England shut the gap;
With giddie heads—
Their countrie's foes they helpt, and most their country harm'd.
If *Hypocrites* why *Puritaines* we term, be asked, in breefe,
'Tis but an *ironised terme:* good-fellow so spells theefe!"

The gentle-humoured FULLER, in his Church History, felt a tenderness for the name of *Puritan*, which, after the mad follies they had played during the Commonwealth, was then held in abhorrence. He could not venture to laud the good men of that party, without employing a new term to conceal the odium. In noticing, under the date of 1563, that the bishops urged the clergy of their dioceses to press uniformity, &c. he adds, "Such as refused were branded with the name of Puritans; a name which in this nation began in this year, subject to several senses, and various in the acceptions. *Puritan* was taken for the opposers of hierarchy and church service, as resenting of superstition. But the nick-name was quickly improved by profane mouths to abuse pious persons. We will decline the word to prevent exceptions, which, if casually slipping from our pen, the reader knoweth that only *non-conformists* are intended." lib. ix. p. 76. Fuller, however, divides them into two classes, "the mild and moderate, and the fierce and fiery." HEYLIN, in his history of the Presbyterians, blackens them as so many political devils; and NEALE, in his

Roundheads under Charles, and who have got another nickname in our days. These wanted a Reformation of a Reformation: they aimed at reform, but they designed Revolution; and they would not accept of toleration, because they had determined on predominance.

Of this faction, the chief was THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, a

history of the Puritans, blanches them into a sweet and almond whiteness.

Let us be thankful to these PURITANS for a political lesson. They began their quarrels on the most indifferent matters. They raised disturbances about the "Romish Rags," by which they described the decent surplice as well as the splendid scarlet chimere * thrown over the white linen rochet with the square cap worn by the bishops. The scarlet robe, to please their sullen fancy, was changed into black satin: but these men soon resolved to deprive the bishops of more than a scarlet robe. The affected niceties of these PRECISIANS, dismembering our images, and scratching at our paintings, disturbed the uniformity of the religious service. A clergyman in a surplice was turned out of the church. Some wore square caps, some round, some abhorred all caps. The communion-table placed in the East, was considered as an idolatrous altar, and was now dragged into the middle of the church, where, to show their contempt, it was always made the filthiest seat in the church. They used to kneel at the sacrament; now they would sit, because that was a proper attitude for a supper; then they would not sit, but stand: at length they tossed the elements about, because the bread was wafers, and not from a loaf. Among their *preciseness* was a qualm at baptism: the water was to be taken from a basin, and not from a fount; then they would not name their children; or if they did, they would neither have Grecian, nor Roman, nor Saxon names, but Hebrew ones, which they ludicrously translated into English, and which, as Heylin observes, "many of them when they came to age were ashamed to own;" such as "Accepted—Ashes—Fight-the-good-Fight-of-Faith—Joy-again—Kill-sin, &c."

Who could have foreseen, that some pious men, quarrelling about the square caps and the rochets of bishops, should at length attack bishops themselves; and, by an easy transition, passing from bishops to kings, finally close in levellers!

* So Heylin writes the word: but in the "Rythmes against Martin," a contemporary production, the term is *Chiver*. It is not in Cotgrave.

person of great learning, and doubtless of great ambition. Early in life a disappointed man, the progress was easy to a disaffected subject. At a philosophy act, in the University of Cambridge, in the royal presence, the queen preferred and rewarded his opponent, for the slighter and more attractive elegances, in which the learned Cartwright was deficient. He felt the wound rankle in his ambitious spirit. He began, as Sir George Paul, in his Life of Archbishop Whitgift expresses it, "to kick against her Ecclesiastical Government." He expatriated himself several years, and returned fierce with the republican spirit he had caught among the Calvanists at Geneva, which aimed at the extirpation of the Bishops. It was once more his fate to be poised against another rival, Whitgift, the Queen's Professor of Divinity. Cartwright, in some lectures, advanced his new doctrines; and these innovations soon raised a formidable party, "buzzing their conceits into the green heads of the University." Whitgift regularly preached at Cartwright, but to little purpose; for, when Cartwright preached at St. Mary's they were forced to take down the windows. Once, our sly polemic, taking advantage of the absence of Whitgift, so powerfully operated, in three sermons on one Sunday, that in the evening his victory declared itself, by the students of Trinity College rejecting their surplices, as Papistical badges. Cartwright was now to be confuted by other means. The University refused him his degree of D. D.; condemned the lecturer to silence; and at length performed that last feeble act of power, Expulsion. In a heart already alienated from the established authorities, this could only envenom a bitter spirit. Already he had felt a personal dislike to royalty, and now he had received an insult from the University; these were motives, which, though concealed, could not fail to work, in a courageous mind, whose new forms of religion accorded with his political feelings. The "Degrees" of the University, which he now declared to be

"unlawful," were to be considered "as limbs of Antichrist." The whole hierarchy was to be exterminated for a republic of Presbyters; till, through the church, the republican, as we shall see, discovered a secret passage to the Cabinet of his Sovereign, where he had many protectors.

Such is my conception of the character of Cartwright. The reader is enabled to judge for himself, by the note.*

* I give a remarkable extract from the Writings of Cartwright. It will prove two points. First, that the *religion* of those men became a cover for a *political* design; which was *to raise the ecclesiastical above the civil power.* Just the reverse of Hobbes's after scheme; but while theorists thus differ and seem to refute one another, they in reality work for an identical purpose. Secondly, it will show the not uncommon absurdity of man; while these non-conformists were affecting to annihilate the hierarchy of England, as a remains of the Romish supremacy, they themselves were designing one, according to their own fresher scheme. It was to be a state or republic of Presbyters, in which *all Sovereigns* were to hold themselves, to use their style, as "Nourisses, or servants under the Church; the Sovereigns were to be as subjects, they were to veil their sceptres and to offer their crowns, as the prophet speaketh, *to lick the dust of the feet of the Church.*" These are Cartwright's words, in his "Defence of the Admonition." But he is still bolder, in a joint production with *Travers.* He insists that "the *Monarchs of the World* should give up their *sceptres and crowns* unto him (Jesus Christ,) who is *represented by the Officers of the Church.*"—See "A full and plain declaration of Ecclesiastical Discipline," p. 185. One would imagine he was a disguised Jesuit, and an advocate for the Pope's supremacy. But observe how these saintly Republicans would govern the State. Cartwright is explicit, and very ingenious. "The world is now deceived, that thinketh that the *Church* must be framed according to the *Commonwealth*, and the *Church Government* according to the *Civil Government;* which is as much as to say, as if a man should fashion his house according to his hangings; whereas, indeed, it is clean contrary. That as the hangings are made fit for the house, so the Commonwealth must be made to agree with the Church, and the government thereof with her government; for, as the house is before the hangings, therefore the hangings, which come after, must be framed to the house, which was before; so the Church being before there was a commonwealth, and the commonwealth coming after, must be fashioned, and made suitable to the Church; otherwise, God is made to

But Cartwright chilled by an imprisonment, and witnessing some of his party condemned, and some executed; after

give place to men, heaven to earth."—CARTWRIGHT'S *Defence of the Admonition*, p. 181.

Warburton's "Alliance between Church and State," which was in his time considered as a paradox, is mawkish in its pretensions, compared with this sacerdotal republic. It is not wonderful that the wisest of our Sovereigns, that great politician Elizabeth, should have punished with death these democrats; but it is wonderful to discover, that these inveterate enemies to the Church of Rome were only trying to transfer its absolute power into their own hands! They wanted to turn the Church into a democracy. They fascinated the people, by telling them, that there would be no beggars, were there no bishops;—that every man would be a governor, by setting up a Presbytery. From the Church, I repeat, it is scarcely a single step to the cabinet; yet the early Puritans come down to us as persecuted saints. Doubtless, there were a few honest saints among them; but they were as mad politicians as their race afterwards proved to be, to whom they left so many fatal legacies. Cartwright uses the very language a certain class of political reformers have recently done. He declares, "An establishment may be made without the magistrate;" and told the people, that "if every hair of their head was a life, it ought to be offered for such a cause." Another of this faction is for "registering the names of the fittest and hottest brethren, without lingering for Parliament;" and another exults, that "there are a hundred thousand hands ready.' Another, that "we may overthrow the bishops and all the government in one day." Such was the style, and such the confidence in the plans which the lowest orders of revolutionists promulgated during their transient exhibition in this country. More in this strain may be found in Maddox's vindication against Neale, the advocate for the Puritans, p. 255; and in an admirable letter of that great politician, Sir Francis Walsingham, who, with many others of the ministers of Elizabeth, was a favourer of the Puritans, till he detected their secret object, to subvert the government. This letter is preserved in Collier's Eccl. Hist. vol. ii. p. 607. They had begun to divide the whole country into *classes*, provincial synods, &c. They kept registers, which recorded all the heads of their debates, to be finally transmitted to the secret head of the *Classis* of Warwick, where Cartwright governed, as *the perpetual moderator! Heylin's Hist. of Presbyt.* p. 277. These violent advocates for the freedom of the Press had, however, an evident intention to monopolize it; for they decreed that "no book should be put in print but by consent of the *Classes*."—Sir G. PAUL'S *Life of Whitgift*, p. 65. The

having long sustained the most elevated and rigid tone, suddenly let his alp of ice dissolve away in the gentlest thaw that ever occurred in political life. Ambitious he was, but not of martyrdom! His party appeared once formidable,* and his protection at Court sure. I have read several letters of the Earl of Leicester, in MS., that show he always shielded Cartwright, whenever in danger. Many of the ministers of Elizabeth were Puritans; but, doubtless, this was before their state policy had detected the politicians in mask. When some of his followers had dared to do what he had only thought, he appears to have forsaken them. They reproached him for this left-handed policy, some of the boldest of them declaring that they had neither acted nor written anything but what was warranted by his principles. I do not know many political ejaculations more affecting than that of Henry Barrow, said to have been a dissipated youth, when Cartwright refused, before Barrow's execution, to allow of a conference. The deluded man, after a deep sigh, said: "Shall I be thus forsaken by him? Was it not he that brought me first into briars? and will he now leave me in the same? Was it not for him alone that I took my grounds? Or did I not, out of such premises as he pleased to give me, infer those propositions, and deduce those conclusions, for which I am now kept in these bonds?" He was soon after executed, with others.

Then occurred one of those political spectacles at which

very Star-Chamber they justly protested against, they were for raising among themselves!

* Under the denomination of *Barrowists* and *Brownists.* I find Sir Walter Raleigh declaring, in the House of Commons, on a motion for reducing disloyal subjects, that "they are worthy to be rooted out of a Commonwealth. He is alarmed at the danger, for it is to be feared, that men not guilty will be included in the law about to be passed. I am sorry for it. I am afraid there is near twenty thousand of them in England; and when they be gone (that is, expelled,) who shall maintain their wives and children?"—Sir Simon D'Ewes's *Journal*, p. 517.

the simple-minded stare, and the politic smile; when, after the most cruel civil war of words,* Cartwright wrote very compliant letters to his old rival, Whitgift, now Archbishop of Canterbury; while the Archbishop was pleading with the Queen, in favour of the inveterate Republican, declaring that had Cartwright not so far engaged himself in the beginning, he thought he would have been, latterly, drawn into conformity. To clear up this mysterious conduct, we must observe that Cartwright seems to have graduated his political ambition to the degree the government touched, of weakness or of strength: and besides, he was now growing prudent as he was growing rich. For it seems, that he who was for scrambling for the church revenues, telling the people that the Apostles, *silver and gold they had none*, was himself "feeding too fair and fat," for the meagre groaning state of a pretended reformation. He had early in life studied that part of the law, by which he had learned the marketable price of landed property; and as the cask still retains its old flavour, this despiser of bishops was still making the best interest for his money by land-jobbing.†

* The controversies of Whitgift and Cartwright were of a nature which could never close, for toleration was a notion which never occurred to either. These rivals, from early days, wrote with such bitterness against each other, that at length it produced mutual reproaches. Whitgift complains to Cartwright: "If you were writing against the veriest Papist, or the ignorantest dolt, you could not be more spiteful and malicious." And Cartwright replies: "If peace had been so precious unto you as you pretend, you would not have brought so many hard words and bitter reproaches, as it were sticks and coals, to double and treble the heat of contention."

After this, it is curious, even to those accustomed to such speculations, to observe some men changing with the times, and furious rivals converted into brothers. Whitgift, whom Elizabeth, as a mark of her favour, called "her black husband," soliciting Cartwright's pardon from the Queen; and the proud Presbyter Cartwright styling Whitgift his Lord the Archbishop's Grace of Canterbury, and visiting him!

† Sir George Paul, a contemporary, attributes his wealth "to the

One of the memorable effects of this attempted innovation was, that continued stream of libels which ran throughout the nation, under the portentous name of Martin Mar-Prelate. This extraordinary personage, in his collective form, for he is to be splitted into more than one, long terrified Church and State. He walked about the kingdom invisibly, dropping here a libel, and there a proclamation for sedition; but wherever *Martinism* was found, *Martin* was not. He prided himself in what he calls "Pistling the Bishops." Sometimes he hints to his pursuers how they may catch him, for he prints, "within two furlongs of a bouncing priest," or "in Europe;" while he acquaints his friends who were so often uneasy for his safety, that "he has neither wife nor child," and prays "they may not be anxious for him, for he wishes that his head might not go to the grave in peace."—"I come, with the rope about my neck, to save you, howsoever it goeth with me." His press is interrupted, he is silent, and Lambeth seems to breathe in

benevolence and bounty of his followers." Dr. Sutcliffe, one of his adversaries, sharply upbraids him, that "in the persecution he perpetually complained of, he was grown rich." A Puritan advocate reproves Dr. Sutcliffe for always carping at Cartwright's purchases: "Why not Cartwright sell the lands he had from his father, and buy others with the money, as well as some of the bishops, who by bribery, simony, extortion, racking of rents, wasting of woods, and such-like stratagems, wax rich, and purchased great lordships for their posterity?"

To this Sutcliffe replied:

"I do not carpe alway, no, nor once, at Master Cartwright's purchase. I hinder him not; I envy him not. Only thus much I must tell him, that Thomas Cartwright, a man that hath more landes of his own in possession than any bishop that I know, and that fareth daintily every day, and feedeth fayre and fatte, and lyeth as soft as any tenderling of that brood, and hath wonne much wealth in short time, and will leave more to his posterity than any bishop, should not cry out either of persecution, or of excess of bishops' livinges."—Sutcliffe's *Answer to certain calumnious Petitions.*

peace. But he has "a son; nay, five hundred sons!" and *Martin Junior* starts up! He inquires—

"Where his father is; he who studied the art of pistle-making? Why has he been tongue-tied these four or five months? Good Nuncles (the bishops,) have you closely murthered the gentleman in some of your prisons? Have you choaked him with a fat prebend or two? I trow my father will swallow down no such pills, for he would thus soon purge away all the conscience he hath. Do you mean to have the keeping of him? What need that? he hath five hundred sons in the land. My father would be sorry to put you to any such cost as you intend to be at with him. A meaner house, and less strength than the Tower, the Fleet, or Newgate, would serve him well enough. He is not of that ambitious vein that many of his brethren the bishops are, in seeking for more costly houses than ever his father built for him."

This same "Martin Junior," who, though he is but young, as he says, "has a pretty smattering gift in this pistle-making; and I fear, in a while, I shall take a pride in it." He had picked up beside a bush, where it had dropped from somebody, an imperfect paper of his father's:—

"Theses Martinianæ—set forth as an afterbirth of the noble gentleman himselfe, by a pretty stripling of his, Martin Junior, and dedicated by him to his good nuncka, Maister John Cankerbury (i. e. Canterbury.) Printed without a sly priviledge of the Cater Caps"—(i. e. the square caps the bishops wore.)

But another of these five hundred sons, who declares himself to be his "reverend and elder brother, heir to the renowned *Martin Mar-Prelate* the Great," publishes—

"The just Censure and reproof of Martin Junior; where, lest the Springall should be utterly discouraged in his good meaning, you shall finde that he is not bereaved of his due commendation."

Martin Senior, after finding fault with *Martin Junior* for

"his rash and indiscreet headiness," notwithstanding, agrees with every thing he had said. He confirms all, and cheers him; but charges him,

"Should he meet their father in the street, never to ask his blessing, but walke smoothly and circumspectly; and if anie offer to talk with thee of Martin, talke thou straite of the voyage into Portugal, or of the happie death of the Duke of Guise, or some such accident; but meddle not with thy father. Only, if thou have gathered anie thing in visitation for thy father, intreate him to signify, in some secret printed pistle, where a will have it lefte. I feare least some of us should fall into John Canterburie's hand."

Such were the mysterious personages who, for a long time, haunted the palaces of the bishops and the vicarages of the clergy, disappearing at the moment they were suddenly perceived to be near. Their slanders were not only coarse buffooneries, but the hottest effusion of hatred, with an unparalleled invective of nicknames.* Levelled at the

* Cartwright approved of them, and well knew the concealed writers, who frequently consulted him: this appears by Sir G. Paul's Life of Whitgift, p. 65. Being asked his opinion of such books, he said, that "since the bishops and others there touched, would not amend by grave books, it was therefore meet they should be dealt withal to their farther reproach; and that some books must be *earnest* some *more mild and temperate*, whereby they may be both of the spirit of Elias and Eliseus:" the one the great mocker, the other the more solemn reprover. It must be confessed, Cartwright here discovers a deep knowledge of human nature. He knew the power of ridicule and of invective. At a later day, a writer of the same stamp, in "The Second Wash, or the *Moore* scoured *once more*," (written against Dr. Henry More, the Platonist,) in defence of that vocabulary of *names* which he has poured on More, asserts it is a practice allowed by the high authority of Christ himself. I transcribe the curious passage:—It is the practice of Christ himself to character *men* by those *things* to which they assimilate. Thus hath he called *Herod* a *fox; Judas*, a *devil; false pastors* he calls *wolves;* the *buyers and sellers, theeves;* and those Hebrew Puritans the *Pharisees, hypocrites.* This rule and justice of his Master, St. Paul hath well observed, and he acts freely thereby; for when he reproves the Cretians, he makes use of that ignominious proverb,

bishops, even the natural defects, the personal infirmities, the domestic privacies, much more the tyranny of these now "petty popes," now "bouncing priests," now "terrible priests," were the inexhaustible subjects of these popular invectives.* Those "pillars of the state" were now

Evil beasts and slow bellies. When the high-priest commanded the Jews to *smite* him on the face, he replied to him, not without some bitterness, *God shall smite thee, thou white wall.* I cite not these places to justify an injurious spleen, but to argue the liberty of the truth."—*The Second Wash, or the* Moore *scoured once* more. 1651. P. 8.

* One of their works is "A Dialogue, wherein is laid open the tyranical dealing of L. Bishopps against God's children." It is full of scurrilous stories, probably brought together by two active cobblers who were so useful to their junto. Yet the bishops of that day were not of dissolute manners; and the accusations are such that it only proves their willingness to raise charges against them. Of one bishop they tell us, that after declaring he was poor, and what expenses he had been at, as Paul's church could bear witness, shortly after hanged four of his servants for having robbed him of a considerable sum. Of another who cut down all the woods at Hamstead, till the towns-women "fell a swaddling of his men," and so saved Hamstead by their resolution. But when *Martin* would give a proof that the bishop of London was one of the bishops of the devil, in his "Pistle to the terrible Priests," he tells this story:—When the bishop throws his bowl (as he useth it commonly upon the sabbath-day,) he runnes after it; and if it be too harde, he cries *Rub! rub! rub! the diuel goe with thee!* and he goeth himself with it; so that by these words he names himself the Bishop of the Divel, and by his tyranical practice prooveth himselfe to be." He tells, too, of a parson well known, who, being in the pulpit, and "hearing his dog cry, he out with his text; 'Why, how now, hoe! can you not let my dog alone there? Come, Springe! come, Springe!' and whistled the dog to the pulpit." One of their chief objects of attack was Cooper, Bishop of Lincoln, a laborious student, but married to a dissolute woman, whom the university of Oxford offered to separate from him: but he said he knew his infirmity, and could not live without his wife, and was tender on the point of divorce. He had a greater misfortune than even this loose woman about him—his *name* could be punned on; and this bishop may be placed among that unlucky class of authors who have fallen victims to their *names*. Shenstone meant more than he expressed, when he thanked God that he could not be punned on. Mar-prelate, besides many cruel hits at Bishop Cooper's wife, was now always "making the *Cooper's hoops to flye*

called "its caterpillars;" and the inferior clergy, who perhaps were not always friendly to their superiors, yet dread-

off, and the bishop's tubs to leake out." In "The protestatyon of Martin Marprelat," where he tells of two bishops "who so contended in throwing down elmes, as if the wager had bene, whether of them should most have impoverished their bishopricks. Yet I blame not *Mar-Elme* so much as Cooper for this fact, because it is no less given him by his *name* to spoil elmes, than it is allowed him by the secret judgment of God to mar the church. A man of *Cooper's* age and occupation, so wel seene in that trade, might easily know that tubs made of green timber must needs leak out; and yet I do not so greatly marvel for he that makes no conscience to be a deceiver in the building of a churche, will not stick for his game to be a *deceitfull workeman in making of tubbs.*" P. 19. The author of the books against Bishop Cooper is said to have been Job Throckmorton, a learned man, affecting raillery and humour to court the mob.

Such was the strain of ribaldry and malice which Martin Mar-Prelate indulged, and by which he obtained full possession of the minds of the people for a considerable time. His libels were translated, and have been often quoted by the Roman Catholics abroad and at home for their particular purposes, just as the revolutionary publications in this country have been concluded abroad to be the general sentiments of the people of England; and thus our factions always will serve the interests of our enemies. Martin seems to have written little verse; but there is one epigram worth preserving for its bitterness.

Martin Senior, in his "Reproofe of Martin Junior," complains that "his younger brother has not taken a little pains in ryming with *Mar-Martin* (one of their poetical antagonists,) that the Cater-Caps may know how the meanest of my father's sonnes is able to answeare them both at blunt and sharpe." He then gives his younger brother a specimen of what he is hereafter to do. He attributes the satire of *Mar-Martin* to Dr. Bridges, dean of Sarum, and John Whitgift, archbishop of Canterbury.

"The first rising, generation, and original of *Mar-Martin.*

"From Sarum came a goos's egg,
With specks and spots bepatched;
A priest of Lambeth couched theron,
Thus was *Mar-Martin* hatched.

Whence hath *Mar-Martin* all his wit,
But from that egg of Sarum?

ed this new race of innovators, were distinguished as "halting neutrals." These invectives were well farced for the gross taste of the multitude; and even the jargon of the lowest of the populace affected, and perhaps the coarse malignity of two *cobblers* who were connected with the party, often enlivened the satirical page. The *Martin Mar-Prelate* productions are not, however, effusions of genius; they were addressed to the coarser passions of mankind, their hatred and contempt. The authors were grave men, but who affected to gain over the populace with a popular familiarity.* In vain the startled bishops re-

The rest comes all from great Sir John,
Who rings us all this 'larum.

What can the cockatrice hatch up
But serpents like himselfe?
What sees the ape within the glasse
But a deformed elfe?

Then must *Mar-Martin* have some smell
Of Forge, or else of fire:
A sotte in wit, a beaste in minde,
For so was damme and sire."

* It would, however, appear, that these revolutionary publications reached the universities, and probably fermented "the green heads" of our students, as the following grave admonition directed to them evidently proves:—

"Anti-Martinus sive monitio cujusdam Londinensis ad adolescentes vtrimque academiæ contra personatum quendam rabulam qui se Anglicè Martin Marprelat, &c., Londini, 1589, 4to."

A popular favourite as he was, yet even Martin, *in propria persona*, acknowledges that his manner was not approved of by *either party*. His "Theses Martinianæ" opens thus: "I see my doings and my course misliked of many, both the good and the bad; though also I have favourers of both sortes. The bishops and their traine, though they stumble at the cause, yet especially mislike my manner of writing. Those whom foolishly men call *Puritanes*, like of the matter I have handled, but the forme they cannot brooke. So that herein I have them both for mine adversaries. But now what if I should take the course in certain theses or conclusions, without *inveighing* against either

monstrated: they were supposed to be criminals, and were little attended to as their own advocates. Besides, they were solemn admonishers, and the mob are composed of laughers and scorners.

The Court-party did not succeed more happily when they persecuted Martin, broke up his presses, and imprisoned his assistants. Never did sedition travel so fast, nor conceal itself so slosely; for they employed a moveable press; and, as soon as it was surmised that Martin was in

person or *cause*." This was probably written after Martin had swallowed some of his own sauce, or taken his "Pap (offered to him) with a Hatchet," as one of the most celebrated government pamphlets is entitled. But these "Theses Martinianæ," without either scurrility or invective are the dullest things imaginable; abstract propositions were not palatable to the multitude; and then it was, after the trial had been made, that *Martin Junior and Senior* attempted to revive the spirit of the old gentleman; but, if sedition has its progress, it has also its decline; and if it could not strike its blow when strongest, it only puled and made grimaces, prognostics of weakness and dissolution. This is admirably touched in "Pappe with an Hatchet." "Now Old Martin appeared, with a wit worn into the socket, twingling and pinking like the snuffe of a candle; *quantum mutatus ab illo*, how unlike the knave he was before, not for maliee, but for sharpnesse! The hogshead was even come to the hauneing, and nothing could be drawne from him but dregs; yet the emptie caske sounds lowder than when it was full, and protestes more in his waining than he could performe in his waxing. I drew neere the sillie soule, whom I found quivering in two sheets of protestation paper (alluding to the work mentioned here in the following note.) O how meagre and lean he looked, so crost falne that his combe hung down to his bill; and had I not been sure it was the picture of Envie, I should have sworn it had been the image of Death: so like the veric anatomie of Mischief, that one might see through all the ribbes of his conscience."

In another rare pamphlet from the same school, "Pasquill of England to Martin Junior, in a countereuffe given to Martin Junior," he humorously threatens to write "The Owle's Almanack, wherein your night labours be set down;" and "some fruitful volumes of 'The Lives of the Saints,' which, maugre your father's five hundred sons, shall be printed," with "hays, jiggs, and roundelays, and madrigals, serving for epitaphs for his father's hearse."

Surrey, it was found he was removed to Northamptonshire, while the next account came that he was showing his head in Warwickshire. And long they invisibly conveyed themselves, till in Lancashire the snake was scotched, by the Earl of Derby, with all its little brood.*

* Some of these works still bear evident marks that the "pursuivants" were hunting the printers. "The Protestatyon of Martin Mar-prelate, wherein, notwithstanding the surprising of the printer, he maketh it knowne vnto the world that he feareth neither proud priest, tirannous prelate, nor godlesse cater-cap; but defieth all the race of them," including a "challenge" to meet them personally, was probably one of their latest efforts. The printing and the orthography show all the imperfections of that haste in which they were forced to print this work. As they lost their strength, they were getting more venomous. Among the little Martins disturbed in the hour of parturition, but already christened, there were: "Episto Mastix;" "The Lives and Doings of English Popes;" "Itinerarium, or Visitations;" "Lambethisms." The "Itinerary" was a survey of every clergyman of England! and served as a model to a similar work, which appeared during the time of the Commonwealth. The "Lambethisms" were secrets divulged by Martin; who, it seems, had got into the palace itself! Their productions were, probably, often got up in haste, in utter scorn of the Horatian precept.

As a great curiosity, I preserve a fragment in the *Scottish* dialect, which well describes them and their views. The title is wanting in the only copy I have seen; but its extreme rarity is not its only value: there is something venerable in the criticism, and poignant in the political sarcasm.

"Weil lettred clarkis endite their warkes, quoth Horace, slow and geasoun,
Bot thou can wise forth buike by buike, at every spurt and seasoun;
For men of litrature t' endite so fast, them doth not fitte,
Enanter in them, as in thee, their pen outrun their witte.
The shaftis of foolis are soone shot out, but fro the merke they stray;
So art thou glibbe to guibe and taunte, but rouest all the way,
Quhen thou hast parbrackt out thy gorge, and shot out all thy arrowes,
See that thou hold thy clacke, and hang thy quiver on the gallows,
Els Clarkis will soon all be Sir Johns, the priestis craft will empaire,
And Dickin, Jackin, Tom, and Hob, mon sit in Rabbies chaire.

These pamphlets were "speedily dispersed and greedily read," not only by the people—they had readers and even patrons among persons of condition. They were found in the corners of chambers at Court; and when a prohibition issued that no person should carry about them any of the Mar-prelate pamphlets on pain of punishment, the Earl of Essex observed to the Queen, "What then is to become of me?" drawing one of these pamphlets out of his bosom and presenting it to her.

The Martinists were better counteracted by the Wits, in some extraordinary effusions, prodigal of humour and invective. Wit and raillery were happily exercised against these masked divines; for the gaiety of the Wits was not foreign to their feelings. The Mar-prelates showed merry faces, but it was with a sardonic grin they had swallowed the convulsing herb; they horridly laughed against their will —at bottom all was gloom and despair. The extraordinary style of their pamphlets, concocted in the basest language of the populace, might have originated less from design than from the impotence of the writers. Grave and learned persons have often found to their cost that wit and humour must spring from the soil, no art of man can plant them there. With such this play and grace of the intellect can never be the movements of their nature, but its convulsions.

Father Martin and his two sons received "'A sound Boxe of the Eare,' in 'a Pistle' to 'the father and the two sonnes, Huffe, Ruffe, and Snuffe, the three tame ruffians of the Church, who take pepper in the nose because they cannot marre Prelates grating," when they once met with an adversary who openly declared,

"I profess rayling, and think it is as good a cudgel for

Let Georg and Nichlas, cheek by jol, bothe still on cock-horse yode,
That dignitie of Pristis with thee may hau a long abode.
Els Litrature mon spredde her wings, and piercing welkin bright,
To Heaven, from whence she did first wend, retire and take her flight."

a Martin as a stone for a dogge, or a whip for an ape, or poison for a rat. Who would curry an ass with an ivory comb? Give this beast thistles for provender. I doe but yet angle with a silken flie, to see whether Martins will nibble, and if I see that, why then I have wormes for the nonce, and will give them line enough, like a trowte, till they swallow both hooke and line, and then, Martin, beware of your gills, for I'll make you daunce at the pole's end.

"Fill thy answer as full of lies as of lines, swell like a toade, hiss like an adder, bite like a dog, and chatter like a monkey, my pen is prepared, and my mind; and if you chaunce to find anie worse words than you broughte, let them be put in your Dad's dictionarie. Farewell, and be hanged; and I pray God you fare no worse.—Your's at an hour's warning."

This was the proper way to reply to such writers, by driving them out of the field with their own implements of warfare. "Pasquill of England"* admirably observed the papers of this faction, "Doubt not but that the same reckoning in the ende will be made of you which your favourers commonly make of their old shoes; when they are past wearing they barter them awaie for newe broomes, or carrie them forth to the dunghill and leave them there." The writers of these Martin Mar-prelate books have been tolerably ascertained,† considering the secrecy with which

* "Pasquill of England to Martin Junior, in a countercuffe given to Martin Junior."

† "Most of the books under Martin's name were composed by John Penry, John Udall, John Field, and Job Throckmorton, who all concurred in making Martin. See Answer to Throgmorton's Letter by Sutcliffe, p. 70; 'More Work for a Cooper;' and 'Hey, any Work for a Cooper;' and 'Some layd open in his Colours;' were composed by Job Throckmorton." *MS. Note by Thomas Baker.*—Udall, indeed, denied having any concern in these invectives, and professed to disapprove of them. We see Cartwright, however, of quite a different opinion. In Udall's library, some MS. Notes had been seen by a per-

they were printed: sometimes at night, sometimes hid in cellars, and never long in one place; besides the artifices used in their dispersion, by motley personages, held together by an invisible chain of confederacy. Conspiracy, like other misery, "acquaints a man with strange bedfellows;" and the present confederacy combined persons of the most various descriptions, and perhaps of very opposite views. I find men of learning, and of rigid lives, intimately associated with dissipated, or with too ardently-tempered youths; connected, too, with maniacs, whose lunacy had taken a revolutionary turn; and men of rank combining with old women and cobblers.* Such are the

son who considered them as materials for a Martin Marprelate work in embryo, which Udall confessed was written "by a friend." All the writers were silenced Ministers; though it is not improbable that their scandalous tales, and much of the ribaldry, might have been contributed by their lowest retainers, those purveyors for the mob, of what they lately chose to call their "Pigs-meat."

* The execution of Hacket, and condemnation of his party, who had declared him "King of Europe," so that England was only a province to him, is noted in our General History of England. This was the first serious blow which alarmed the Puritanic party. Doubtless, this man was a mere maniac, and his ferocious passions broke out early in life; but, in that day, they permitted no lunacy as a plea for any politician. Cartwright held an intercourse with that party, as he had with Barrow, said to have been a debauched youth; yet we had a sect of Barrowists; and Robert Brown, the founder of another sect, named after him *Brownists*, which became very formidable. This Brown, for his relationship, was patronized by Cecil, Earl of Burleigh. He was a man of violent passions. He had a wife, with whom he never lived, and a church, wherein he never preached, observes the characterizing Fuller, who knew him, when Fuller was young. In one of the pamphlets of the time I have seen, it is mentioned, that being reproached with beating his wife, he replied, "I do not beat Mrs. Brown as my wife, but as a curst cross old woman." He closed his life in prison; not for his opinions, but for his brutality to a constable. The old women, and the cobblers connected with these Martin Mar-prelates, are noticed in the burlesque epitaphs on Martin's death, supposed to be made by his favourites; a humorous appendix to "Martin's Monthminde." Few political conspiracies, whenever religion forms a pretext, is without a

party-coloured apostles of insurrection! and thus their honourable and dishonourable motives lie so blended toge-

woman. One Dame Lawson is distinguished, changing her "silke for sacke;" and other names might be added of ladies. Two cobblers are particularly noticed, as some of the industrious purveyors of sedition through the kingdom; Cliffe, the cobbler, and one Newman. Cliffe's epitaph on his friend Martin is not without humour:—

"Adieu, both naule and bristles now for euer;
The shoe and soale—Ah, woe is me!—must sever.
Bewaile, mine awle, thy sharpest point is gone;
My bristle's broke, and I am left alone.
Farewell, old shoes, thumb-stall, and clouting-leather,
Martin is gone, and we undone together."

Nor is Newman, the other cobbler, less mortified and pathetic.—"The London Corresponding Society" had a more ancient origin than that sodality was aware.

"My hope once was, my old shoes should be sticht;
My thumbs ygilt, that were before bepicht:
Now Martin's gone, and laid full deep in ground,
My gentry's lost, before it could be found."

Among the Martin Mar-prelate books was one entitled "The Cobbler's Book." This I have not seen; but these cobblers probably picked up intelligence for these scandalous chronicles. The writers, too, condescended to intersperse the cant dialect of the populace, with which the cobblers doubtless assisted these learned men, when busied in their buffoonery. Hence all their vulgar gibberish; the Shibboleth of the numerous class of their admirers; such as, "O whose *tat?*"—John *Kan*kerbury, for Canterbury; *Paltri*-politans, for Metropolitans; *See Villains*, for Civillians; and Doctor of *Devility*, for Divinity; and more of the same stamp. Who could imagine that the writers of these scurrilities were learned men, and that their patrons were men of rank! We find two knights heavily fined for secreting these books in their cellars. But it is the nature of rebellion to unite the two extremes;—for *want* stirs the populace to rise, and *excess* the higher orders. This idea is admirably expressed in one of our elder poets:—

"Want made them murmur; for the people, who
To get their bread, do wrestle with their fate,
Or those, who in superfluous riot flow,
Soonest rebel. Convulsions in a State,
Like those which natural bodies do oppress,
Rise from repletion or from emptiness."

ALEYNE'S *Henry VII.*

ther, that the historian cannot separate them. At the moment the haughty spirit of a conspirator is striking at the head of established authority, he is himself crouching to the basest intimates; and to escape, often, from an ideal degradation, he can bear with a real one.

Of the heads of this party, I shall notice Penry aud Udall, two self-devoted victims to Non-conformity. The most active was John Penry, or *Ap Henry*. He exulted that "he was born and bred in the mountains of Wales:" he had, however, studied at both our universities. He had all the heat of his soil, and of his party. He "wished that his head might not go down to the grave in peace," and was just the man to obtain his purpose. When he and his papers were at length seized, Penry pleaded that he could not be tried for sedition, professing unbounded loyalty to the Queen: such is the usual plea of even violent Reformers. Yet how could Elizabeth be the sovereign, unless she adopted the mode of government planned by these Reformers? In defence of his papers, he declared that they were only the private memorandums of a scholar, in which, during his wanderings about the kingdom, he had collected all the objections he had heard against the government. Yet these, though written down, might not be his own. He observed, that they were not even English, nor intelligible to his accusers; but a few Welshisms could not save Ap Henry; and the judge assuming the hardy position, that *scribere est agere*, the author found more honour conferred on his MSS. than his genius cared to receive. It was this very principle which proved so fatal, at a later period, to a more elevated politician than Penry; yet Algernon Sidney, perhaps, possessed not a spirit more Roman.* State-necessity claimed another victim; and

* The writer of Algernon Sidney's Memoirs could not have known this fact, or he would not have said that "this was the first indictment of high treason upon which any man lost his life, for *writing anything, without publishing it.*" Edit. 1751, p. 21. It is curious to have Sidney's

this ardent young man, whose execution had been at first unexpectedly postponed, was suddenly hurried from his dinner to a temporary gallows; a circumstance marked by its cruelty, but designed to prevent an expected tumult.*

own opinion on this point. We discover this on his trial. He gives it, assuming one of his own noble principles, not likely to have been allowed by the wretched Tories of that day. Addressing the villanous Jeffries, the Lord Chief Justice :—" My lord, I think it is *a right of mankind, and 'tis exercised by all studious men*, to write, in their own closets, what they please, for their own memory; and no man can be answerable for it, unless they publish it."—Jeffries replied : " Pray don't go away with *that right of mankind*, that it is lawful for me to write what I will in my own closet, so I do not publish it. We must not endure men to talk thus, that by the *right of nature* every man may contrive mischief in his own chamber, and is not to be punished till he thinks fit to be called to it."—Jeffries was a profligate sophist, but his talents were as great as his vices.

* Penry's unfinished petition, which he designed to have presented to the Queen before the trial, is a bold and energetic composition! his protestation, after the trial, a pathetic prayer! Neale has preserved both in his History of the Puritans. With what simplicity of eloquence he remonstrates on the temporising government of Elizabeth. He thus addresses the Queen, under the title of Madam :—" Your standing is, and has been, by the Gospel : it is little beholden to you, for anything that appears. The practice of your government shows, that if you could have ruled without the Gospel, it would have been doubtful whether the Gospel should be established or not; for now that you are established in your throne by the Gospel, you suffer it to reach no farther than the end of your sceptre limiteth unto it."—Of a milder, and more melancholy cast, is the touching language, when the hope of life, but not the firmness of his cause, had deserted him. " I look not to live this week to an end. I never took myself for a rebuker, much less for a reformer of states and kingdoms. I never did anything in this cause for contention, vain-glory, or to draw disciples after me. Great things, in this life, I never sought for: sufficiency I had, with great outward trouble; but most content I was with my lot, and content with my untimely death, though I leave behind me a friendless widow and four infants."—Such is often the pathetic cry of the simple-hearted, who fall the victims to the political views of more designing heads.

. We could hardly have imagined that this eloquent and serious young man was that Martin Mar-prelate who so long played the political ape

Contrasted with this fiery Mar-prelate, was another, the learned subtile John Udall. His was the spirit which dared to do all that Penry had dared, yet conducting himself in the heat of action with the tempered wariness of age: "If they silence me as a minister," said he, "it will allow me leisure to write; and then I will give the bishops such a blow as shall make their hearts ache." It was agreed among the party neither to deny, or to confess, writing any of their books, lest among the suspected the real author might thus be discovered, or forced solemnly to deny his own work: and when the bishop of Rochester, to catch Udall by surprise, suddenly said, "Let me ask you a question concerning your book," the wary Udall replied, "It is not yet proved to be mine!" He adroitly explained away the offending passages the lawyers picked out of his book, and in a contest between him and the judge, not only repelled him with his own arms, but when his lordship would have wrestled on points of divinity, Udall expertly perplexed the lawyer, by showing he had committed an anachronism of four hundred years! He was equally acute with the witnesses; for, when one deposed that he had seen a catalogue of Udall's library, in which was inserted "The Demonstration of Discipline," the anonymous book for which Udall was prosecuted, with great ingenuity

before the populace, with all the mummery of their low buffoonery, and even mimicking their own idioms. The populace, however, seems to have been divided in their opinions respecting the sanity of his politics, as appears by some ludicrous lines, made on Penry's death, by a northern rhymer:—

"The Welshman is hanged,
Who at our kirke fanged,
And at the state banged,
And brened are his buks.
And though he be hanged,
Yet he is not wranged,
The de'il has him fanged
In his kraked kluks."

Weever's *Funerall Monuments*, p. 50. Edit. 1631.

he observed, that this was rather an argument that he was not the author, for "scholars use not to put their own books in the catalogue of those they have in their study." We observe with astonishment the tyrannical decrees of our courts of justice, which lasted till the happy revolution. The bench was as depraved in their notions of the rights of the subject in the reign of Elizabeth, as in those of Charles II. and James II. The Court refused to hear Udall's witnesses, on this strange principle, that "witnesses in favour of the prisoner were against the queen!" To which Udall replied, "It is for the queen to hear all things, when the life of any of her subjects is in question." The criminal felt what was just more than his judges; and yet the judge, though to be reprobated for his mode, calling so learned a man "Sirrah!" was right in the thing, when he declared that "you would bring the queen and the crown under your girdles." It is remarkable that Udall repeatedly employed that expression which Algernon Sidney left as his last legacy to the people, when he told them he was about to die for "that *Old Cause* in which I was from my youth engaged." Udall perpetually insisted on "*The Cause*." This was a term which served at least for a watch-word: it rallied the scattered members of the republican party. The precision of the expression might have been difficult to ascertain; and, perhaps, like every popular expedient, varied with "existing circumstances." I did not, however, know it had so remote an origin as in the reign of Elizabeth; and suspect it may still be freshened up, and varnished over, for any present occasion.

The last stroke of Udall's character is the history of his condemnation. He suffered the cruel mockery of a pardon granted conditionally, by the intercession of the Scottish monarch, but never signed by the Queen—and Udall mouldered away the remnant of his days in a rigid imprisonment.* Cartwright and Travers, the chief movers of

* Observe what different conclusions are drawn from the same fact

this faction, retreated with haste and caution from the victims they had conducted to the place of execution, while they themselves sunk into a quiet forgetfulness and selfish repose.

by opposite writers. Heylin, arguing that Udall had been justly condemned, adds, "the man remained a *living monument* of the archbishop's extraordinary goodness to him in the preserving of that life which by the law he had forfeited." But Neale, on the same point, considers him as one who "died for his conscience, and stands upon record *as a monument* of the oppression and cruelty of the government." All this opposition of feeling is of the nature of party-spirit; but what is more curious in the history of human nature, is the change of opinion in the same family, in the course of the samo generation.—The son of this Udall was as great a zealot for Conformity, and as great a sufferer for it from his father's party, when they possessed political power. This son would not submit to their oaths and covenants, but, with his bedridden wife, was left unmercifully to perish in the open streets.—WALKER's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, part ii. p. 178.

SUPPLEMENT

TO

MARTIN MAR-PRELATE.

As a literary curiosity, I shall preserve a very rare poetical tract, which describes with considerable force the Revolutionists of the reign of Elizabeth. They are indeed those of wild democracy: and the subject of this satire will, I fear, be never out of time. It is an admirable political satire against a mob government. In our poetical history, this specimen too is curious, for it will show that the stanza in alternate rhymes, usually denominated Elegiac, is adapted to very opposite themes. The solemnity of the versification is impressive, and the satire equally dignified and keen.

The taste of the mere modern reader had been more gratified by omitting some unequal passages; but, after deliberation, I found that so short a composition would be injured by dismembering extracts. I have distinguished by italics the lines to which I desire the reader's attention, and have added a few notes to clear up some passages which might appear obscure.

RYTHMES

AGAINST MARTIN MARRE-PRELATE.*

Ordo Sacerdotum fatuo turbatur ab omni,
Labitur et passim Religionis honos.

Since Reason, *Martin*, cannot stay thy pen,
We'il see what rime will do: have at thee then!

* In Herbert's Typog. Antiq. p. 1689, this tract is intituled, "A

A Dizard late skipt out upon our stage,
But in a sacke, that no man might him see;
And though we know not yet the paltrie page,
Himselfe hath *Martin* made his name to bee.
A proper name, and for his feates most fit;
The only thing wherein he hath showed wit.

Who knoweth not, that Apes, men *Martins* call,*
Which beast, this baggage seemes as't were himselfe:
So as both nature nurture, name, and all,
Of that's expressed in this apish elfe.
Which Ile make good Martin Marre-als face,
In three plaine poynts, and will not bate an ace.

For, first, *the Ape delights with moppes and mowes,*
And mocketh Prince and Peasants all alike;
This jesting Jacke, that no good manners knowes,
With his Asse-heeles presumes all states to strike.
Whose scoffes so stinking in each nose doth smell,
As all mouthes saie of Dolts he beares the bell.

Sometimes his chappes do walke in poynts too high,
Wherein the Ape himself a Woodcock tries,
Sometimes with floutes he drawes his mouth awrie,
And sweares by his ten bones, and falsely lies.

Whip for an Ape, or Martin displaied." I have also seen the poem with this title. Readers were then often invited to an old book by a change of title: in some cases I think the same work has been published with several titles.

* *Martin* was a name for a *bird*, and a cant term for an *Ass;* and, as it appears here, an *Ape*. Our *Martins*, considered as birds, were often reminded that their proper food was "hempen seed," which at length choked them. That it meant an *Ass*, appears from "Pappe with a Hatchet." "Be thou Martin the bird or Martin the beast, a bird with the longest bill, or a *beast with the longest ears*, there's a net spread for your neck. Sign B. 5. There is an old French proverb, quoted by Cotgrave, voce Martin: "*Plus d'un* Asne *a la foire, a nom* Martin."

Wherefore be what he will I do not passe;
He is the paltriest Ape that euer was.

Such fleering, leering, jeering fooles bopeepe,
Such hahas! teehees! weehees! wild colts play;
Such Sohoes! whoopes and hallowes; hold and keepe;
Such rangings, ragings, reuelings, roysters ray;
With so foule mouth, and knaue at euery catch,
'Tis some knaue's nest did surely *Martin* hatch.

Now out he runnes with Cuckowe king of May,
Then in he leapes with a wild Morrice daunce:
Then strikes he up *Dame Lawsen's** lustie lay;
Then comes Sir *Jeffries* ale-tub, tapp'd by chaunce,
Which makes me gesse, and I can shrewdly smell,
He loues both t' one and t' other passing well.

Then straight, as though he were distracted quite,
He chafeth like a cut-purse laid in warde;
And rudely railes with all his maine and might,
Against both knights and lords without regard:
So as *Bridewell* must tame his dronken fits,
And *Bedlem* help to bring him to his wits.

But, *Martin*, why, in matters of such weight,
Doest thou thus *play the dawe, and dauncing foole?*
O sir (quoth he) *this is a pleasant baite*
For men of sorts, to traine them to my schoole.

* Martin was a *protégé* of this *Dame Lawson.* There appear to have been few political conspiracies without a woman, whenever religion forms a part. This dame is thus noticed in the mock Epitaphs on Martin's funeral:

"Away with silk, for I will mourn in sacke;
Martin is dead, our new sect goes to wrack.
Come, gossips mine, put finger in the eie,
He made us laugh, but now must make us erie."

Dame Lawson.

"Sir Jeffrie's ale-tub" alludes to two knights, who were ruinously fined, and hardly escaped with life, for their patronage of Martin.

Ye noble states, how can you like hereof,
A shameless Ape at your sage head should scoffe ?

Good Noddie, now leaue scribbling in such matters ;
They are no tooles for fooles to tend unto ;
Wise men regard not what mad monkies patters !
'Twere trim a beast should teach men what to do.
Now *Tarleton's* dead, the consort lackes a Vice.
For knaue and foole thou maist bear prick and price.

The sacred sect, and perfect pure precise,
Whose cause must be by *Scoggin's* jests mainteinde,
Ye shewe, although that Purple, Apes disguise,
Yet Apes are still, and so must be, disdainde.
For though your Lyons lookes weake eyes escapes,
Your babling bookes bewraies you all for Apes.

The next point is, *Apes use to tosse and teare*
What once their fidling fingers fasten on ;
And clime aloft, and cast down euery where,
And neuer staies till all that stands be gon !
Now whether this in *Martin* be not true,
You wiser heads marke here what doth ensue.

What is it not that *Martin* doth not rent ?
Cappes, tippets, gownes, black chiuers, rotchets white ;
Communion bookes, and homelies : yea, so bent
To teare, as women's wimples feele his spite.
Thus tearing all, as all apes use to doo,
He teares withall the Church of Christ in two.

Marke now what thinges he meanes to tumble downe,
For to this poynt to look is worth the while,
In one that makes no choice 'twixt cap and crowne,
Cathedrall churches he would fain untile,
And snatch up bishops' lands, and catch away
All gaine of learning for his prouling pray.

And thinke you not he will pull downe at length
As well the top from tower as cocke from steeple;
And when his head hath gotten some more strength,
To play with Prince as now he doth with People:
Yes, he that now saith, Why should Bishops bee?
Will next crie out, *Why Kings? The Saincts are free!*

The Germaine boores with Clergiemen began,
But neuer left till Prince and Peeres were dead.
Jacke Leyden was a holy zealous man,
But ceast not till the Crowne was on his head.
And *Martin's* mate, *Jacke Strawe*, would alwaies ring
The Clergie's faults, but sought to kill the King.

"Oh that," quoth *Martin*, "*chwere* a Nobleman!"*
Avaunt vile villain! 'tis not for such swads.
And of the Counsell, too: marke Princes then:
These roomes are raught at by these lustie lads.
For Apes must clime, and neuer stay their wit,
Untill on top of highest hilles they sit.

What meane they els, in euery towne to craue
There Priest and King like Christ himself to be:
And for one Pope ten thousand Popes to have,
And to controll the highest he or she?
Aske Scotland that, whose King so long they crost,
As he was like his kingdome to haue lost.

Beware ye States and Nobles of this lande,
The Clergie is but one of these men's buttes.
The Ape at last on master's necke will stande;
Then gegge betimes these gaping greedie gutts.
Least that too soone, and then too late ye feele,
He strikes at head that first began with heele.

* *Chwere*, i. e. "that I were," alluding to their frequently adopting the corrupt phraseology of the populace, to catch the ears of the mob.

The third tricke is, *what Apes by flattering waies*
Cannot come by with biting, they will snatch;
Our *Martin* makes no bones, but plainely saies,
Their fists shall walke, they will both bite and scratch.
He'll make their hearts to ake, and will not faile,
*Where pen cannot, their penknife shall prevail.**

But this is false, he saith he did but mock:
A foole he was, that so his words did scanne.
He only meant with pen their pates to knocke;
A knaue he is, that so turns cat in pan.
But, *Martin*, sweare and stare as deepe as hell,
Thy sprite, thy spite and mischeuous minde doth tell.

The thing that neither Pope with bôoke nor bull,
Nor Spanish King with ships could doe without,
Our MARTINS *heere at home will worke at full:*
If Prince curbe not betimes that rabble rout.
That is, destroy both Church and State and all;
For if t' one faile, the other needes must fall.

Thou England, then, whom God doth make so glad,
Through Gospel's grace and Prince's prudent reigne,
Take heede least thou at last be made as sad,
Through *Martin's* makebates marring, to thy paine.
For he mars all and maketh nought, nor will,
Saue lies and strife, and works for *England's* ill.

And ye graue men that answere MARTIN'S *mowes,*
He mocks the more, and you in vain loose times.
Leaue Apes to Doggs to baite, their skins to Crowes,
And let old *Lanam*† lashe him with his rimes.
The beast is proud when men his enditings;
Let his workes goe the waie of all wast writings.

* It is a singular coincidence, that Arnauld, in his caustic retort on the Jesuits, said, "I do not fear your *pen*, but your *penknife*." The play on the words tells even better in our language than in the original—*plume* and *canif*.

† I know of only one *Lanehan*, who wrote "A Narrative of the

Now, *Martin*, you that say you will spawne out
Your brawling brattes, in euery towne to dwell,
We will prouide in each place for your route,
A belle and whippe that Apes do loue so well.
And if yo skippe, and will not wey the checke,
We 'il haue a springe, and catch you by the necke.

And so adieu, mad *Martin*-mar-the-land
Leaue off thy worke, and "more work"* hearest thou me;
Thy work's nought worth, take better worke in hand.
Thou marr'st thy worke, and thy work will marre thee.
Worke not anewe, lest it doth work thy wracke,
And then make worke for him that worke doth lacke.

Queen's Visit at Kenilworth Castle, 1575." He was probably a redoubtable satirist. I do not find his name in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*.

* Alluding to the title of one of their most virulent libels against Bishop Cooper. "More work for a Cooper." Cooper, in his admonition to the people of England, had justly observed, that this *Mar-Prelate* ought to have many other names. "The author calleth himself by a famed name, *Martin Mar-Prelate;* a very fit name, undoubtedly; but if this outrageous spirit of boldness be not stopped speedily, I fear he will prove himself to be not only *Mar-Prelate*, but *Mar-Prince*, *Mar-State*, *Mar-Law*, *Mar-Magistrate*, all together, until he bring it to an equalitie."

I will close this note with an extract from "Pappe with a Hatchet," which illustrates the ill effects of all sudden reforms, by an apposite and original image.

"There was an aged man, that lived in a well-ordered Commonwealth, by the space of threescore years, and finding, at the length, that by the heate of some men's braines, and the warmness of other men's blood, that newe alterations were in hammering, and that it grewe to such a height, that all the desperate and discontented persons were readie to runne their heads against their head; comming into the midst of these mutiners, cried, as loud as his yeeres would allow:—'Springalls, and vnripened youthes, whose wisedomes are yet in the blade, when this snowe shall be melted (laying his hand on his siluer haires) then shall you find store of dust, *and rather wish for the continuance of a long frost, than the incomming of an vntimely thaw.*'"—*Sig. D. 3. verso.*

And this I warn thee, Martin's Monckies-face,
Take heede of me; my rime doth charm thee bad.
I am a rimer of the Irish race,
And haue alreadie rimde thee staring mad.
But if thou cease not thy bald jests to spread,
I'le never leave till I have rimde thee dead.

LITERARY QUARRELS

FROM

PERSONAL MOTIVES.

Anecdote of a Bishop and a Doctor—Dr. Middleton and Dr. Bentley—Warburton and Dr. Taylor—Warburton and Edwards—Swift and Dryden—Pope and Bentley—why fiction is necessary for satire, according to Lord Rochester's confession—Rowe and Addison—Pope and Atterbury—Sir John Hawkins and George Steevens—a fierce controversial author a dangerous neighbour—a ludicrous instance of a literary quarrel from personal motives between Bohun and the Wykehamists.

Literary Quarrels have abundantly sprung from mere personal motives; and controversies purely literary, sometimes of magnitude, have broken out, and been voluminously carried on, till the public are themselves involved in the contest, while the true origin lies concealed in some sudden squabble; some neglect of petty civility; some unlucky epithet; or some casual observation dropped without much consideration, which mortified or enraged the author. How greatly has passion prevailed in literary history! How often the most glorious pages in the chronicles of literature are tainted with the secret history which must be placed by their side, so that the origin of many considerable works, which do so much honour to the heads of their authors, sadly accuse their hearts. But the heaven of Virgil was disturbed with quarrels—

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?"

Æneid.

"Can heavenly minds such high resentment show?"

Dryden.

And has not a profound observer of human affairs declared, *Ex privatis odiis respublica crescit?* individual hatreds aggrandize the republic. This miserable philosophy will satisfy those who are content, from private vices, to derive public benefits. One wishes for a purer morality, and a more noble inspiration.

To a literary quarrel from personal motives, we owe the origin of a very remarkable volume. When Dr. Parr delivered his memorable sermon, which, besides the "*sesquipedalia verba*," was perhaps the longest that ever was heard—if not listened to, Bishop Hurd, who had always played the part of one of the most wary of politicians in private life, and who had occasion once adroitly to explain the French word *Retenue*, which no man better understood, in a singularly unguarded moment, sarcastically observed that he did not like "the doctor's long vernacular sermon." The happy epithet was soon conveyed to the classical ear of the modern Grecian: it was a wasp in it! The bishop had, in the days of literary adventure, published some pieces of irony, which were thought more creditable to his wit than his feelings—and his great patron, Warburton, certain juvenile prose and verse—all which they had rejected from their works. But this it is to be an author!—his errors remain when he has outlived and corrected them. The mighty and vindictive Grecian in rage collected them all; exhausted his own genius in perpetuating follies; completed the works of the two bishops in utter spite; and in "Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian," has furnished posterity with a specimen of the force of his own "vernacular" style, giving a lesson to the wary bishop, who had scarcely ever wanted one all his life—of the dangers of an unlucky epithet!

Dr. Conyers Middleton, the author of the life of Cicero, seldom wrote but out of pique; and he probably owed his origin as an author to a circumstance of this nature. Middleton when young was a *Dilettante* in music; and Dr.

Bentley in contempt applied the epithet "fiddling Conyers." Had the irascible Middleton broken his violin about the head of the learned Grecian, and thus terminated the quarrel, the epithet had then cost Bentley's honour much less than it afterwards did. It seems to have excited Middleton to deeper studies, which the great Bentley not long after felt, when he published proposals for an edition of the New Testament in Greek. Middleton published his "Remarks, paragraph by paragraph, upon the proposals," to show that Bentley had neither talents nor materials proper for the work. This opened a great paper-war, and again our rabid wolf fastened on the majestic lion, "paragraph by paragraph." And though the lion did affect to bear in contempt the fangs of his little active enemy, the flesh was torn. "The proposals" sunk before "the paragraph by paragraph," and no edition of the Greek Testament by Bentley ever appeared. Bentley's proposals at first had met with the greatest success; the subscription-money amounted to two thousand pounds, and it was known that his nephew had been employed by him to travel abroad to collect these MSS. He declared he would make use of no MS. that was not a thousand years old, or above, of which sort he had collected twenty, so that they made up a total of twenty thousand years. He was four years studying them before he issued his proposals. The Dr. rested most on eight Greek MSS., the most recent of which was one thousand years old. All this wore a very imposing appearance. At a touch the whole magnificent edifice fell to pieces! Middleton says, "His twenty old MSS. shrink at once to eight, and he is forced again to own that even of these eight there are only four which had not been used by Dr. Mill;" and these, Middleton, by his sarcastic reasoning, at last reduces to "some pieces only of the New Testament in MS." So that twenty MSS. and their twenty thousand years, were battered by the "fiddling Conyers" into a solitary fragment of little value! Bentley re-

turned the subscription-money, and would not publish; the work still lies in its prepared state, and some good judges of its value have expressed a hope to see it yet published. But Bentley himself was not untainted in this dishonourable quarrel: he well knew that Middleton was the author of this severe attack; but to show his contempt of the real author, and desirous, in his turn of venting his disappointment on a Dr. Colbatch, he chose to attribute it to him, and fell on Colbatch with a virulence that made the reply perfectly libellous, if it was Bentley's, as was believed.

The irascibility of Middleton, disguising itself in a literary form, was still more manifested by a fact recorded of him by Bishop Newton. He had applied to Sir Robert Walpole for the mastership of the Charter-house, who honestly informed him that Bishop Sherlock with the other Bishops were against his being chosen. Middleton attributed the origin of this opposition to Bishop Sherlock, and wreaked his vengeance by publishing his "Animadversions upon Sherlock's Discourses on Prophecy." The book had been long published, and had passed through successive editions; but Middleton pretended he had never seen them before, and from this time Lambeth-house was a strong provocative for his vindictive temper.

Nor was the other great adversary of Middleton, he who so long affected to be the lord paramount, the Suzerian in the feudal empire, rather than the republic of letters—Warburton himself, less easily led on to these murderous acts of personal rancour. A pamphlet of the day has preserved an anecdote of this kind. Dr. Taylor, the Chancellor of Lincoln, once threw out in company an opinion derogatory to the scholarship of Warburton, who seems to have had always some choice spirits of his legion as spies in the camp of an enemy, and who sought their tyrant's grace by their violation of the social compact. The tyrant himself had an openness, quite in contrast with the dark under-works of his satellites. He boldly interrogated our critic, and

Taylor replied, undauntedly and more poignantly than Warburton might have suspected, that "he did not recollect ever *saying* that Dr. Warburton was no scholar, but that indeed he had always *thought* so." To this intrepid spirit the world owes one of the remarkable prefaces to the Divine Legation—in which the Chancellor of Lincoln, intrepid as he was, stands like a man of straw, to be buffeted and tossed about with all those arts of distortion which the wit and virulence of Warburton almost every day was practising at his "established places of execution," as his prefaces and notes have been wittily termed.

Even Warburton himself, who committed so many personal injuries, has, in his turn, most eminently suffered from the same motive. The personal animosity of a most ingenious man was the real cause of the utter destruction of Warburton's critical reputation. Edwards, the author of the "Canons of Criticism," when young and in the army, was a visitor at Allen's of Prior-Park, the patron of Warburton; and in those literary conversations which usually occupied their evenings, Warburton affected to show his superiority in his acquaintance with the Greek writers, never suspecting that a red coat covered more Greek than his own—which happened unluckily to be the case. Once, Edwards in the library, taking down a Greek author, explained a passage in a manner which did not suit probably with some new theory of the great inventor of so many; a contest arose, in which Edwards discovered how Warburton came by his illegitimate knowledge of Greek authors: Edwards attempted to convince him that he really did not understand Greek, and that his knowledge, such as it was, was derived from French translations—a provoking act of literary kindness, which took place in the presence of Ralph Allen and his niece, who, though they could not stand as umpires, did as witnesses. An incurable breach took place between the parties, and from this trifling alter-

cation, Edwards produced the bitter "Canons of Criticism," and Warburton those foaming notes in the Dunciad.

Such is the implacable nature of literary irascibility! Men so tenderly alive to intellectual sensibility, find even the lightest touch profoundly enter into the morbid constitution of the literary temper; and even minds of a more robust nature have given proof of a sickly delicacy hanging about them quite unsuspected. Swift is a remarkable instance of this kind: the foundation of the character of this great wit, was his excellent sense. Yet having, when young, composed one of the wild Pindarics of the time, addressed to the Athenian Society, and Dryden judiciously observing that "cousin Jonathan would never be a poet," the enraged wit, after he had reached the maturity of his own admirable judgment, and must have been well aware of the truth of the friendly prediction, could never forgive it. He has indulged the utmost licentiousness of personal rancour; he even puns miserably on his name to degrade him as the *emptiest* of writers. His spirited translation of Virgil, which was admired even by Pope, he levels by the most grotesque sarcastic images to mark the poet's diminutive genius—he says this versionmaker is so lost in Virgil, that he is like "the lady in a lobster; a mouse under a canopy of state; a shrivelled beau within the penthouse of a full-bottomed perriwig." He never was generous enough to contradict his opinion, and persisted in it to the last.—Some critic, about Swift's own time, astonished at his treatment of Dryden, declares he must have been biassed by some prejudice—the anecdote here recorded, not then probably known, discovers it.

What happened to Pope on the publication of his Homer shows all the anxious temper of the author. Being in company with Bentley, the poet was very desirous of obtaining the doctor's opinion on it, which Bentley contrived to parry as well as he could; but in these matters an author who calculates on a compliment, will risk every thing to obtain

it. The question was more plainly put, and the answer was as plainly given. Bentley declared that "the verses were good verses, but the work is not Homer—it is Spondanus!" From this interview posterity derives from the mortified poet full-length figure of "*the slashing* Bentley" in the fourth book of the Dunciad;

> "The mighty Scholiast, whose unwearied pains
> Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains."

When Bentley was told by some officious friend that Pope had abused him, he only replied, "Ay, like enough! I spoke against his Homer, and the *portentous cub* never forgives!" Part of Pope's severe criticism only is true; but to give full effect to their severity, poets always infuse a certain quantity of fiction. This is an artifice absolutely necessary to practise; so I collect from a great master in the arts of satire, and who once honestly avowed, that no satire could be composed, unless it was *personal;* and no personalities would sufficiently adorn a poem, without *lies*. This great satirist was Rochester. Burnet details a curious conversation between himself and his lordship on this subject. The bishop tells us that "he would often go into the country, and be for some months wholly employed in study, or the sallies of his wit, chiefly directed to satire. And this he often defended to me by saying, there were some people that could not be kept in order, or admonished but in this way." Burnet remonstrated, and Rochester replied—"A man could not write with life, unless he were *heated by revenge;* for to make a satire without resentments, upon the cold notions of philosophy, was as if a man would, in cold blood, cut men's throats who had never offended him. And he said, the *lies* in these libels came often in as *ornaments*, that could not be spared without *spoiling the beauty* of the poem." It is as useful to know how the materials of satire are put together; as thus the secret of pulling it to pieces more readily, may sometimes be obtained.

These facts will sufficientiy establish this disgraceful

principle of the personal motives which have influenced the quarrels of authors, and which they have only disguised, by giving them a literary form. Those who are conversant in literary history can tell how many works, and some considerable ones, have entirely sprung out of the vengeance of authors. Johnson, to whom the feelings of the race were so well known, has made a curious observation, which none but an author could have made :—" The best advice to authors would be, that they should keep out of the way of one another." He says this in the life of Rowe, on the occasion of Addison's observations on Rowe's Character. Rowe had expressed his happiness to Pope at Addison's promotion; and Pope, who wished to conciliate Addison towards Rowe, mentioned it, adding, that he believed Rowe was sincere. Addison replied, " That he did not suspect Rowe feigned; but *the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure ;* and it would affect him in the same manner as if he heard I was going to be hanged." Warburton adds, that Pope said he could not deny but Addison understood Rowe well. Such is the fact, on which Johnson throws out an admirable observation :—" This censure time has not left us the power of confirming or refuting; but observation daily shows that much stress is not to be laid on hyperbolical accusations and pointed sentences, which even he that utters them desires to be applauded, rather than credited. Addison can hardly be supposed to have meant all that he said. *Few characters can bear the microscopic scrutiny of* WIT *quickened by* ANGER." I could heap up facts to demonstrate this severe truth. Even of Pope's best friends, some of their severities, if they ever reached him, must have given the pain he often inflicted. His friend Atterbury, to whom he was so partial, dropped an expression, in the heat of conversation, which Pope could never have forgiven; that our poet had " a crooked mind in a crooked body." There was a rumonr, after Pope's death, that he had left behind him a satirical Life of Dean

Swift. Let genius, whose faculty detects the foiblcs of a brother, remember he is a rival, and be a generous one. In that extraordinary morsel of literary history, the Conversations of Ben Jonson with his friend Drummond of Hawthornden, preserving his opinions of his contemporaries, if I err not in my recollection, I believe that he has not spoken favourably of a single individual!

The personal motives of an author, influencing his literary conduct, have induced him to practise meannesses and subterfuges. One remarkable instance of this nature is that of Sir John Hawkins, who indeed had been hardly used by the caustic pleasantries of George Steevens. Sir John, in his edition of Johnson, with ingenious malice, contrived to suppress the acknowledgment made by Johnson to Steevens, of his diligence and sagacity, at the close of his preface to Shakespeare. To preserve the panegyric of Steevens, mortified Hawkins beyond endurance; yet, to suppress it openly, his character as an editor did not permit. In this dilemma, he pretended he reprinted the preface from the edition of 1765; which, as it appeared before Johnson's acquaintance with Steevens, could not contain the tender passagc. However, this was unluckily discovered to be only a subterfuge, to get rid of the offensive panegyric. On examination, it proved not true; Hawkins did not reprint from this early edition, but from the latest, for all the corrections are inserted in his own. "If Sir John were to be tried at Hick's Hall (long the seat of that justice's glory,) he would be found guilty of *clipping*,' archly remarks the periodical critic.

A fierce controversial author may become a dangerous neighbour to another author: a petulant fellow, who does not write, may be a pestilent one; but he who prints a book against us may disturb our life in endless anxieties There was once a dean who actually teazed to death his bishop, wore him out in journeys to London, and at length

drained all his faculties—by a literary quarrel from personal motives.

Dr. Thomas Pierce, Dean of Sarum,—a perpetual controversialist, and to whom it was dangerous to refuse a request, lest it might raise a controversy,—wanted a prebend of Dr. Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, for his son Robert. He was refused; and now, studying revenge, he opened a controversy with the bishop, maintaining that the king had the right of bestowing all dignities, in all cathedrals in the kingdom, and not the bishops. This required a reply from the bishop, who had been formerly an active controversialist himself. Dean Pierce renewed his attack with a folio volume, entitled "A Vindication of the King's Sovereign Right," &c., 1683.—Thus it proceeded, and the web thickened around the bishop, in replies and rejoinders. It cost him many tedious journeys to London, through bad roads, fretting at "the King's Sovereign Right" all the way; and, in the words of a witness, "in unseasonable times and weather, that by degrees his spirits were exhausted, his memory quite gone, and he was totally unfitted for business."* Such was the fatal disturbance occasioned by Dean Pierce's folio of "the King's Sovereign Right," and his son Bob being left without a prebend!

I shall close this article with a very ludicrous instance of a literary quarrel from personal motives. This piece of secret history had been certainly lost, had not Bishop Lowth condescended to preserve it, considering it as necessary to assign a sufficient reason for the extraordinary libel it produced.

Bohun, an antiquarian lawyer, in a work entitled "The English Lawyer," in 1732, in illustrating the origin of the Act of *Scandalum Magnatum*, which arose in the time of William of Wykeham, the chancellor and bishop of Edward III. and the founder of New College, in Oxford, took

* Lansdown MSS. 1042—1316.

that opportunity of committing the very crime on the venerable manes of Wykeham himself. He has painted this great man in the darkest colours. Wykeham is charged with having introduced "Alice Piers, his niece or," &c. for the truth is, he was uncertain who she was, to use his peculiar language, "into the king's bosom;" to have joined her in excluding the Black Prince from all power in the state; and he hints at this hero having been poisoned by them; of Wykeham's embezzling a million of the public money, and, when chancellor, of forging an Act of Parliament to indemnify himself, and thus passing his own pardon. It is a singularity in this libellous romance, that the contrary of all this only is true. But Bohun has so artfully interwoven his historical patches of misrepresentations, surmises, and fictions, that he succeeded in framing a historical libel.

Not satisfied with this vile tissue, in his own obscure volume, seven years afterwards, being the editor of a work of high reputation, Nathaniel Bacon's "Historical and Political Discourse of the Laws and Government of England," he further satiated his frenzy, by contriving to preserve his libel in a work which he was aware would outlive his own.

Whence all this persevering malignity? Why this quarrel of Mr. Bohun, of the Middle Temple, with the long-departed William of Wykeham?

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

He took all these obscure pains, and was moved with this perpetual rancour against William of Wykeham, merely to mortify the Wykehamists; and slandered their founder, with the idea that the odium might be reflected on New College. Bohun, it seems, had a quarrel with them concerning a lease, on which he had advanced money; but the holder had contrived to assign it to the well-known Eustace Budgell: the college confirmed the assignment. At an interview before the warden, high words had arisen be-

tween the parties: the warden withdrew; and the wit gradually shoved the antiquary off the end of the bench on which they were sitting: a blow was struck, and a cane broken. Bohun brought an action, and the Wykehamists travelled down to give bail at Westminster Hall, where the legal quarrel was dropped, and the literary one then began. Who could have imagined that the venerable bishop and chancellor of Edward III. was to be involved in a wretched squabble about a lease, with an antiquary and a wit? "Fancying," says Bishop Lowth, "he could inflict on the Society of New College a blow, which would affect them more sensibly by wounding the reputation of their founder, he set himself to collect everything he could meet with, that was capable of being represented to his discredit, and to improve it with new and horrible calumnies of his own invention." Thus originated this defamatory attack on the character of William of Wykeham! And by arts, which active writers may practice, and innocent readers cannot easily suspect, a work of the highest reputation, like that of Nathaniel Bacon's, may be converted into a vehicle of personal malignity; while the author himself disguises his real purpose under the specious appearance of literature! The present case, it must be acknowledged, is peculiar, where a dead person was attacked with a spirit of rancour to which the living only appear subject; but the author was an antiquary, who lived as much with the dead as the living: his personal motive was the same as those already recorded, and here he was acting with a double force on the dead and the living!

But here I stop my hand, my list would else be too complete. Great names are omitted—Whitaker and Gibbon;* Pope and Lord Hervey;† Wood and South;‡ Rowe, Mores, and Ames;§ and George Steevens and Gough.

* Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, vol. i. 243.

† Walpole's Memoirs, vol. iii. 40.

‡ The Life of Wood, by Gutch, vol. i.

§ Nichols's Literary Anecdotes.

This chapter is not honourable to authors; but historians are only Lord Chief Justices, who must execute the laws, even on their intimate friends, when standing at the bar. The chapter is not honourable—but it may be useful; and that is a quality not less valuable to the public. It lets in their readers to a kind of knowledge, which opens a necessary comment on certain works, and enlarges our comprehension of their spirit.

If in the heat of controversy authors imprudently attack each other with personalities, they are only scattering mud, and hurling stones, and will incur the ridicule or the contempt of those who, unfriendly to the literary character, feel a secret pleasure in its degradation: but let them learn, that to open a literary controversy from mere personal motives; thus to conceal the dagger of private hatred under the mantle of literature; is an expedient of short duration, for the secret history is handed down with the book; and when once the dignity of the author's character sinks, in the meanness of his motives, powerful as the work may be, even Genius finds its lustre diminished, and Truth itself becomes suspicious.

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